THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

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THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

BOOK I.

HISTORY OF JAPAN,

From 660 B.C. to 1872 A.D.

BOOK II.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS, AND STUDIES IN JAPAN,

1870–1874.

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, A.M.,
FORMERLY OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY OF TOKIO, JAPAN.

SEVENTH EDITION,
WITH SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS:
JAPAN IN 1883, 1886, 1890, AND 1894.

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TO

JAPANESE LOVERS OF KNOWLEDGE IN EVERY AGE:

THE DEAD,

WHO FIRST KINDLED THE SACRED FIRE, WHO PASSED ON THE TORCH;

THE MARTYRS,

WHO SUFFERED DEATH FOR THEIR LOYALTY, PATRIOTISM, DEVOTION TO NATIONAL
UNITY, RESTORATION, AND REGENERATION;

THE STUDENTS,

WHO, IN NOBLE THIRST FOR TRUTH, FOUND HONORED GRAVES IN ALIEN SOIL;

THE LIVING,

WITH WHOM RESTS THE FUTURE OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL LAND,

THIS SKETCH

OF THEIR COUNTRY AND PEOPLE, MADE IN THE INTEREST OF TRUTH, AND
SET DOWN WITHOUT EXTENUATION OR MALICE, IS,
WITH FRATERNAL REGARD,

DEDICATED

BY THEIR COMRADE AND FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

JAPAN, once in the far-off Orient, is now our nearest Western neighbor. Her people walk our streets; her youth sit, peers and rivals of our students, in the class-room; her art adorns our homes, and has opened to us a new Gate Beautiful. The wise men from the West are, at this writing, opening their treasures of tea, silk, gold-lacquer, bronzes, and porcelain at the first centennial of our nation's birth.

We hail the brightness of the rising of this first among Asiatic nations to enter modern life, to win and hold a place among the foremost peoples of the earth. It is time that a writer treated Japan as something else than an Oriental puzzle, a nation of recluses, a land of fabulous wealth, of universal licentiousness or of Edenic purity, the fastness of a treacherous and fickle crew, a Paradise of guileless children, a Utopia of artists and poets. It is time to drop the license of exaggeration, and, with the light of common day, yet with sympathy and without prejudice, seek to know what Dai Nippon is and has been.

It has been well said by a literary critic and reader of all the books on the subject that to write a good history of Japan is difficult, not so much from lack of materials, but from the differences in psychology. This I realize. My endeavor, during eight years' living contact with these people, has been, from their language, books, life, and customs, to determine their mental parallax, and find out how they think and feel.

I have not made this book in libraries at home, but largely on the soil of the mikado's empire. I have slight obligation to acknowledge to foreign writers, except to those working scholars in Japan who have written during the last decade with knowledge of the language. To them I owe much; first and most of all to Mr. Ernest Satow, who, in the special department of historical research, stands leader. To Messrs. W. Dixon, Aston, Mitford, Hepburn, Brown, Blakiston, Von Brandt, and Parkes, I am also indebted. I am under many obligations to the editor of *The Japan Mail.* This scholarly paper, published in Yokohama, is a most valuable mirror of contemporaneous Japanese history, and a rich store-house of facts, especially the papers of the Asiatic Society of Japan. *The Japan Herald* and *The Japan Gazette* have also been of great service to me, for which I here thank the proprietors. The constant embarrassment in treating many subjects has been from wealth of material. I have been obliged to leave out several chapters on important subjects, and to treat others with mere passing allusions.

In the early summer of 1868, two Higo students, Isé and Numagawa, arrived in the United States. They were followed by retainers of the daimiōs of Satsuma and Echizen, and other feudal princes. I was surprised and delighted to find these earnest youth equals of American students in good-breeding, courtesy, and mental acumen. Some of them remained under my instruction two years, others for a shorter time. Among my friends or pupils in New Brunswick, New Jersey, are Mr. Yoshida Kiyonari, H. I. J. M. Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington; Mr. Takagi Samro, H. I. J. M. Vice-consul at San Francisco; Mr. Tomita Tetsunosŭké, H. I. J. M. Consul at New York; Mr. Hatakéyama Yoshinari, President of the Imperial University of Japan; Captain Matsŭmura Junzo, of the Japanese navy. Among others were the two sons of Iwakura Tomomi, Junior Prime Minister of Japan; and two young nobles of the Shimadzŭ family of Satsuma. I also met Prince Adzuma, nephew of the mikado, and many of the prominent men, ex-daimiōs, Tokugawa retainers, soldiers in the war of 1868, and representatives of every department of service under the old shōgunate and new National Government. Six white marble shafts in the cemetery at New Brunswick, New Jersey, mark the resting-place of Kusukabé Tarō, of Fukui, and his fellow-countrymen, whose devotion to study cost them their lives. I was invited by the Prince of Echizen, while Regent of the University, through the American superintendent, Rev. G. F. Verbeck, to go out to organize a scientific school on the American principle in Fukui, Echizen, and give instruction in the physical sciences. I arrived in Japan, December 29th, 1870, and remained until July 25th, 1874. During all my residence I enjoyed the society of cultivated scholars, artists, priests, antiquaries, and students, both in the provincial and national capitals. From the living I bore letters of introduction to the prominent men in the Japanese Government, and thus were given to me opportunities for research and observation not often afforded to foreigners. My facilities for regular and extended travel were limited only by my duties. Nothing Japanese was foreign to me, from palace to beggar's hut. I lived in Dai Nippon during four of the most pregnant years of the nation's history. Nearly one year was spent alone in a daimiō's capital far in the interior, away from Western influence, when feudalism was in its full bloom, and the old life in vogue. In the national capital, in the time well called "the flowering of the nation," as one of the instructors in the Imperial University, having picked students from all parts of the empire, I was a witness of the marvelous development, reforms, dangers, pageants, and changes of the epochal years 1872, 1873, and 1874. With pride I may say truly that I have felt the pulse and heart of New Japan.

I have studied economy in the matter of Japanese names and titles, risking the charge of monotony for the sake of clearness. The scholar will, I trust, pardon me for apparent anachronisms and omissions. For lack of space or literary skill, I have had, in some cases, to condense with a brevity painful to a lover of fairness and candor. The title justifies the emphasis of one idea that pervades the book.

In the department of illustrations, I claim no originality, except in their selection. Many are from photographs taken for me by natives in Japan. Those of my artist-friend, Ōzawa, were nearly all made from life at my suggestion. I have borrowed many fine sketches *from native books*, through Aimé Humbert, whose marvelously beautiful and painstaking work, "Japon Illustré," is a mine of illustration. Few artists have excelled in spirit and truth Mr. A. Wirgman, the artist of *The London Illustrated News*, a painter of real genius, whose works in oil now adorn many home parlors of ex-residents in Japan, and whose gems, fine gold, and dross fill the sprightly pages of *The Japan Punch.* Many of his sketches adorn Sir Rutherford Alcock's book on the vicissitudes of diplomatists, commonly called "The Capital of the Tycoon," or "Three Years in Japan." I am indebted both to this gentleman and to Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who wrote the charming volume, "Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan," for many illustrations, chiefly from native sketches. Through the liberality of my publishers, I am permitted to use these from their stores of plates. I believe I have in no case reproduced old cuts without new or correct information that will assist the general reader or those who wish to study the various styles of the native artists, five of which are herein presented. Hokusai, the Dickens, and Kano, the Audubon of Japanese art, are well represented. The photographs of the living and of the renowned dead, from temples, statues, or old pictures, from the collections of daimiōs and nobles, are chiefly by Uchida, a native photographer of rare ability, skill, and enthusiasm, who unfortunately died in 1875. Four vignettes are copied from the steel-plate engravings on the greenbacks printed in New York for the Ono National Banking Company of Tōkiō, by the Continental Bank-note Company of New York.

I gratefully acknowledge the assistance derived from native scholars in Fukui and Tōkiō, especially Messrs. Iwabuchi, Takakashi, and Idéura, my readers and helpers. To the members of the Mei Roku Sha, who have honored me with membership in their honorable body, I return my best thanks. This club of authors and reformers includes such men as Fukuzawa, Arinori Mōri, Nakamura Masanawo, Kato Hiroyuki, Nishi Shiu, the Mitsukuri brothers, Shiuhei and Rinshō, Uchida Masawo, Hatakéyama Yoshinari, and others, all names of fame and honor, and earnest workers in the regeneration of their country. To my former students now in New York, who have kindly assisted me in proof-reading, and last and first of all to Mr. Tosui Imadaté, my friend and constant companion during the last six years, I return my thanks and obligations. I omit in this place the names of high officers in the Japanese Government, because the responsibility for any opinion advanced in this work rests on no native of Japan. That is all my own. To my sister, the companion, during two years, of several of my journeys and visits in the homes of the island empire, I owe many an idea and inspiration to research. To the publishers of the *North American Review*, *Appletons' Journal*, and *The Independent* my thanks are due for permission to print part of certain chapters first published in these periodicals.

I trust the tone of the work will not seem dogmatic. I submit with modesty what I have written on the Ainōs. I am inclined to believe that India is their original home; that the basic stock of the Japanese people is Ainō; and that in this fact lies the root of the marvelous difference in the psychology of the Japanese and their neighbors, the Chinese.

"Can a nation be born at once?" "With God all things are possible."

W. E. G.

New York, May 10th, 1876.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A NEW issue of this work having been called for in a little over four months from the date of its publication, the author has endeavored to render the second edition more worthy than the first. This has been done by the addition of valuable matter in the appendix and foot-notes, and the recasting of a few pages, on which original has been substituted for compiled matter.

Critics have complained that in Book I. the line between the mythical, or legendary, and the historic period has not been clearly drawn. A writer in *The Japan Mail* of November 25th, 1876, says:

> "After an introductory chapter on the physical features of the country, the author plunges into the dense mists of the historic and the prehistoric ages, where he completely loses his way for about a millennium and a half, until he at length strikes into the true path, under the guidance of the *Nihon Guai Shi.*"

Did the critic read Chapter III.? The author, before essaying the task, knew only too well the difficulties of the work before him. He made no attempt to do the work of a Niebuhr for Japan. His object was not to give an infallible record of absolute facts, nor has he pretended to do so. He merely sketched in outline a picture of what thirty-three millions of Japanese believe to be their ancient history. He relied on the intelligence of his readers, and even on that of the critics (who should not skip Chapter III.), to appreciate the value of the narratives of the *Kojiki* and the *Nihongi*—the oldest extant books in the Japanese language, and on which all other accounts of the ancient period are based. He was not even afraid that any school-boy who had been graduated beyond his fairy tales would think the dragon-born Jimmu a character of equal historic reality with that of Cæsar or Charlemagne.

On the other hand, the author believes that history begins before writing, and that he who would brand the whole of Japanese tradition before the sixth century A.D. as "all but valueless" must demonstrate, and not merely affirm. The author preferred to introduce Jingu and Yamato Daké to Occidental readers, and let them take their chances before the light of research. Will this century see the scholar and historian capable of reeling off the thread of pure history, clear and without fracture, from the cocoon of Japanese myth, legend, and language? The author, even with his profound reverence for Anglo-Japanese scholarship, hopes for, yet doubts it.

In one point the author has been misapprehended. He nowhere attempts to explain whence came the dominant (Yamato) tribe or tribes to Japan. He believes the Japanese people are a mixed race, as stated on page 86; but where the original seats of that conquering people may have been on whom the light of written, undoubted history dawns in the seventh century, he has not stated. That these were in Mantchuria is probable, since their mythology is in some points but a transfiguration of Mantchu life. The writer left the question an open one. He is glad to add, without comment, the words of the *Mail* critic, who is, if he mistakes not, one of the most accomplished linguists in Japan, and the author of standard grammars of the written and spoken language of Japan:

> "As regards the position of the Japanese language, it gives no dubious response. Japanese has all the structural and syntactical peculiarities common to the Alatyan or Ural-Altaic group; and the evidence of the physiognomical tests points unmistakably to the same origin for the people. The short, round skull, the oblique eyes, the prominent cheek-bones, the dark-brown hair, and the scant beard, all proclaim the Mantchus and Coreans as their nearest congeners. In fact, it is no longer rash to assert as certain that the Japanese are a Tungusic race, and their own traditions and the whole course of their history are incompatible with any other conclusion than that Corea is the route by which the immigrant tribes made their passage into Kiushiu from their ancestral Mantchurian seats."

The brevity of the chapter on the Ashikaga period, which has been complained of, arose, not from any lack of materials, but because the writer believed that this epoch deserved a special historian. Another reason that explains many omissions, notably, that of any detailed reference to Japanese art, is, that this volume is not an encyclopedia.

The author returns his hearty thanks to his Japanese friends, and to the critics whose scrutiny has enabled him in any way to improve the work. W. E. G.

NEW YORK, *January* 10*th*, 1877.

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BOOK I.

HISTORY OF JAPAN FROM 660 B.C. TO 1872 A.D.

THE ORTHOGRAPHY AND PRONUNCIATION OF JAPANESE WORDS.

It is impossible to represent Japanese words exactly by any foreign alphabet; but a knowledge of the sounds heard in Japan, and by using letters which have each one invariable value, will enable a foreigner to reproduce Japanese names with tolerable accuracy. When the native authors and grammarians do not agree, absolute unanimity among foreign scholars is not to be expected; but palpable absurdities, impossible combinations of letters, and mistakes arising out of pure ignorance of the language may be avoided. The system given below, and used throughout this work, is, at least, rational, and is based on the structure and laws of combination in the language itself. This system is substantially (the differences aiming to secure greater simplicity) that of Hepburn's Japanese-English and English-Japanese, and of Satow's English-Japanese dictionary; the Romanized version of the Scriptures, published by the American Bible Society; of the "American Cyclopædia;" the revised editions of Worcester's, and Webster's, dictionary; in Brown's, Aston's, Satow's, Brinckley's, and Hepburn's grammar and works on the Japanese language; Monteith's, Mitchell's, Cornell's, Warren's, and Harper's (American), and the Student's (English) geography and atlas; Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan;" Adams's "History of Japan;" the official documents of the Japanese Government, Department of Education, schools, and colleges; the British and American Legations and Consulates; the Anglo-Japanese press, and almost all scholars and writers who make accuracy a matter of concern.

The standard language (not the local dialect) of Tōkiō—now the literary as well as the political capital of the nation—is taken as the basis, and the words are then transliterated from the *katagana* spelling, as given by the best native scholars. The vowels are sounded as follows:

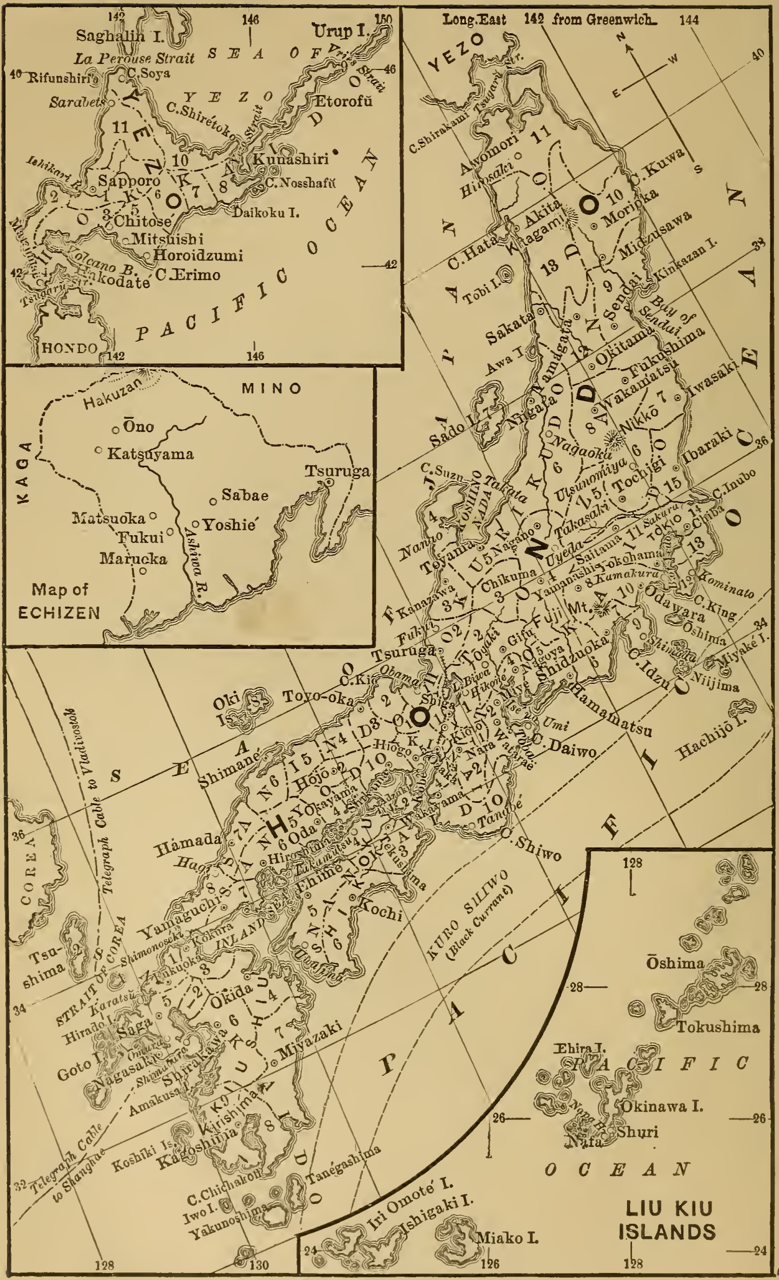
a has the sound of *a* in father, arm;
ai has the sound of *ai* in aisle, or *i* in bite;
i has the sound of *i* in pique, machine;
u has the sound of *u* in rule, or *oo* in boot;
ua has the sound of *ua* in quarantine;
e has the sound of *e* in prey, they;
ei has the sound of *ay* in saying;
o has the sound of *o* in bore, so.

Long vowels are marked thus, ō, ū; short vowels, ŭ, ĭ.

The combination *uai* is sounded as *wai; iu* as *yu; E* or *é*, as *e* in *prey;* but *e*, as in *men; g* is always hard, and *s* surd, as in *sit*, *sap*.

C before a vowel, *g* as in *gin*, *gem; l*, *q*, *s* sonant; *x*, and the digraphs *ph* and *th*, are not used.

The map facing page 17 is reduced, and the names transliterated from the large copper-plate map of the empire compiled and published by the Japanese War Department in 1872. The numerals refer to the provinces on page 601.



Dai Nippon (the Empire of Japan).

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

I.

THE BACKGROUND.

It is manifest that to understand a people and their national life, the physical conditions under which they live must be known. To enjoy the picture, we must study the background.

Dai Nippon, as the natives call their beautiful land, occupies a significant position on the globe. Lying in the Pacific Ocean, in the temperate zone, it bends like a crescent off the continent of Asia. In the extreme north, at the island of Saghalin, the distance from the main-land of Asia is so slight that the straits may be crossed easily in a canoe. From Kiushiu, with the island of Tsushima lying between, the distance from Corea is but one day's sail in a junk. For 4000 miles eastward from the main island stretches the Pacific, shored in by the continent of America. From Yezo to Kamtchatka, the Kuriles stretch like the ruins of a causeway, prolonged by the Aleutian Islands, to Alaska. The configuration of the land is that resulting from the combined effects of volcanic action and the incessant motion of the corroding waves. The area of the empire is nearly equal to that of our Middle and New England States. Of the 150,000 square miles of surface, two-thirds consist of mountain land. The island of Saghalin (ceded to Russia in May, 1875) is one mountain chain; that of Yezo one mountain mass. On the main island,* a solid backbone of mountainous elevations runs continuously from

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* Dai Nippon, or Nihon, means Great Japan, and is the name of the entire empire, not of the main island. The foreign writers on Japan have almost unanimously blundered in calling the largest island "Niphon." Hondo is the name given to the main island in the Military Geography of Japan (Heiyo Nippon Chiri Yoshi, Tōkiō, 1872) published by the War Department, and which is used in this work throughout.

Rikuoku to Shinano, whence it branches off into subordinate chains that are prolonged irregularly to Nagato and into Kiushiu and Shikokŭ. Speaking generally, the heights of the mountains gradually increase from the extremities to the centre. In Saghalin, they are low; in Yezo, they are higher: increasing gradually on the north of the main island, they culminate in the centre in the lofty ranges of Shinano, and the peaks of Nantaizan, Yatsugadaké, Hakuzan (nine thousand feet high), and Fuji, whose summit is over twelve thousand feet above the sea. Thence toward the south they gradually decrease in height. There are few high mountains along the sea-coast. The land slopes up gradually into hills, thence into lesser peaks, and finally into lofty ranges.

As Fuji, with his tall satellites, sweeps up from the land, so Japan itself rises up, peak-like, from the sea. From the shores the land plunges abruptly down into deep water. Japan is but an emerged crest of a submarine mountain—perhaps the edge of hard rock left by the submergence of the earth-crust which now floors the Sea of Japan and the Gulf of Tartary. There seems little reason to doubt that Saghalin, Yezo, Hondo, and Kiushiu were in geologic ages united together, forming one island. Surrounded on all sides by swift and variable currents, the islands everywhere on the sea-borders exhibit the effect of their action. At most points the continual detritus is such as to seriously encroach on the land area, and the belief holds among certain native sea-coast dwellers, strengthened by the traditional tales of past ravages, that in process of time the entire country, devoured by successive gnawings of the ocean, will finally sink into its insatiable maw.

The geological formations of the country—the natural foundations—are not as yet accurately determined. Enough, however, is known to give us a fair outline of fact, which future research and a thorough survey must fill up.* Of the soil, more is known.

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* Baron Richthofen, in a paper read before the Geological Society of Berlin, June 4th, 1873, thus generalizes the geology of Japan: The west and east portion of the aggregate body of the Japanese islands is in every way the direct continuation of the mountain system which occupies the south-eastern portion of China, the axial chain of which extends from the frontier of Annam to the island of Chusan, in the direction of W. 30° S., E. 30° N. It is accompanied on either side by a number of parallel chains. The prolongation of this group of linear chains passes through the island of Kiushiu to the great bend of Japan (Suruga and Shinano). Through Kiushiu and the southern part of the main island, the structure of the hills and the rocks of which they are made up (chiefly Silurian

Even in a natural state, without artificial fertilization, most of the tillable land produces good crops of grain or vegetables. On myriads

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and Devonian strata, accompanied by granite) and the lines of strike are the same as those observed in South-eastern China. This system is intersected at either end by another, which runs S.S.W., N.N.E. On the west it commences in Kiushiu, and extends southward in the direction of the Liu Kiu Islands, while on the east it constitutes the northern branch of the main island, and, with a slight deviation in its course, continues through the islands of Yezo and Saghalin. A third system, which properly does not belong to Japan, is indicated by the S.W. and N.E. line of the Kuriles.

The above outline throws light on the distribution of volcanoes. The first system, where it occupies the breadth of the country for itself alone, is as free from volcanoes, or any accumulation of volcanic rocks, as it is in South-eastern China. The second system is accompanied by volcanoes. But the greatest accumulation of volcanic rocks, as well as of the extinct volcanoes, is found in the places of interference, or those regions where the lines of the two systems cross each other, and, besides, in that region where the third system branches off from the second. To the same three regions the volcanoes which have been active in historic times have been confined.

In the geological structure of Kiushiu, the longer axis is from N. to S., but intersected by several solid bars made up of very ancient rocks, and following the strike of W. 30° S., E. 30° N. They form high mountain barriers, the most central of which, south of the provinces of Higo and Bungo, rises to over seven thousand feet, and is extremely wild and rugged. In Satsuma, the various families of volcanic rocks have arrived at the surface in exactly the same order of succession as in the case of Hungary, Mexico, and many other volcanic regions, viz., first, propylite, or trachytic greenstone; second, andesite; third, trachyte and rhyolite; fourth, the basaltic rocks. The third group was not visited by him. Thomas Antisell, M.D., and Professor Benjamin J. Lyman, M.E., and Henry S. Munroe, M.E., American geologists in Yezo, have also elucidated this interesting problem. From the first I quote. The mountain systems of Yezo and farther north are similar to those in the northern part of the main island. There are in Yezo two distinct systems of mountains. One, coming down directly from the north, is a continuation of the chain in Karafto (Saghalin), which, after passing down south along the west shore of Yezo, is found in Rihuoku, Ugo, Uzen, and farther south. The second enters Yezo from the Kuriles Islands and Kamtchatka, running N. 20–25° E. and S. 20–25° W., and crossing in places the first system. It is from the existence and crossing of these chains that Yezo derives its triangular form. The two systems possess very different mineral contents for their axes. The first has an essentially granitic and feldspathic axis, produced, perhaps, by shrinkage, and is slow of decomposition of its minerals forming the soils. The second has an axis, plutonic or volcanic, yielding basalts, traps, and diorites, decomposing readily, producing deep and rich soils. Hence the different kinds of vegetation on the two chains. Where the two chains cross, also, there is found a form of country closed up in the north and east by hills, the valleys opening to the south and west. This volcanic chain is secondary in the main island of Japan; but in Yezo and in Kiushiu it attains great prominence.

Professor Benjamin S. Lyman, an American geologist, has also made valuable surveys and explorations in Yezo, the results of which are given in the "Reports of Horace Capron and his Foreign Assistants," Tōkiō, 1875.

of rice-fields, which have yielded richly for ages, the fertility is easily maintained by irrigation and the ordinary application of manure, the natives being proficient in both these branches of practical husbandry.

The rivers on such narrow islands, where steep mountains and sharply excavated valleys predominate, are of necessity mainly useless for navigation. Ordinarily they are little more than brooks that flow lazily in narrow and shallow channels to the sea. After a storm, in rainy weather, or in winter, they become swollen torrents, often miles wide, sweeping resistlessly over large tracts of land which they keep perpetually desolate—wildernesses of stones and gravel, where fruitful fields ought to be. The area of land kept permanently waste in Japan on this account is enormous. The traveler, who to-day crosses a clear brook on a plank, may to-morrow be terrified at a roaring flood of muddy water in which neither man, beast, nor boat can live a moment. There are, however, some large plains, and in those we must look to find the navigable rivers. In the mountains of Shinano and Kōdzŭké are found the sources of most of the streams useful for navigation on the main island. On the plains of the Kuantō (from Suruga to Iwaki), Ōshiu (Rikuchiu and Rikuzen), Mino, and Echigo, are a few rivers on which one may travel in boats hundreds of miles. One may go by water from Tōkiō to Niigata by making a few portages, and from Ōzaka to the end of Lake Biwa by natural water. In the northern part of Hondo are several long rivers, notably the Kitagami and Sakata. In Yezo is the Ishikari. In Shikokŭ are several fine streams, which are large for the size of the islands. Kiushiu has but one or two of any importance. Almost every one of these rivers abounds in fish, affording, with the surrounding ocean, an inexhaustible and easily attainable supply of food of the best quality. Before their history began, the aboriginal islanders made this brain-nourishing food their chief diet, and through the recorded centuries to the quick-witted Japanese proper it has been the daily meat.

In the geologic ages volcanic action must have been extremely violent, as in historic time it has been almost continual. Hundreds, at least, of mountains, now quiet, were once blazing furnaces. The evergreenery that decks them to-day reminds one of the ivy that mantles the ruins, or the flowers that overgrow the neglected cannon on the battle-field. Even within the memory of men now living have the most awful and deadly exhibitions of volcanic desolation been witnessed. The annals of Japan are replete with the records of these flame-and-lava-vomiting mountains, and the most harrowing tales of human life destroyed and human industry overwhelmed are truthfully portrayed by the pencil of the artist and the pen of the historian in the native literature. Even now the Japanese count over twenty active and hundreds of dormant volcanoes. As late as 1874, the volcano of Taromai, in Yezo, whose crater had long since congealed, leaving only a few puffing solfataras, exploded, blowing its rocky cap far up into the air, and scattering a rain of ashes as far as the sea-shore, many miles distant. Even the nearly perfect cone of Shiribéshi, in Yezo, is but one of many of nature's colossal ruins. Asama yama, never quiet, puffs off continual jets of steam, and at this moment of writing is groaning and quaking, to the terror of the people around it. Even the superb Fuji, that sits in lordly repose and looks down over the lesser peaks in thirteen provinces, owes its matchless form to volcanic action, being clothed by a garment of lava on a throne of granite. Hakuzan, on the west coast, which uprears its form above the clouds, nine thousand feet from the sea-level, and holds a lakelet of purest water in its bosom, once in fire and smoke belched out rocks and ulcered its crater jaws with floods of white and black lava. Not a few of these smoking furnaces by day are burning lamps by night to the mariner. Besides the masses and fields of scoria one everywhere meets, other evidences of the fierce unrest of the past are noticed. Beds of sulphur abound. Satsuma, Liu Kiu, and Yezo are noted for the large amount they easily produce. From the sides of Hakuzan huge crystals of sulphur are dug. Solfataras exist in active operation in many places. Sulphur-springs may be found in almost every province. Hot-springs abound, many of them highly impregnated with mineral salts, and famous for their geyser-like rhythm of ebb and flow. In Shinano and Echigo the people cook their food, and the farmer may work in his fields by night, lighted by the inflammable gas which issues from the ground, and is led through bamboo tubes.

Connected with volcanic are the seismic phenomena. The records of Japan from the earliest time make frequent mention of these devastating and terrifying visitations of subterranean disorder. Not only have villages, towns, and cities been shaken down or ingulfed, but in many neighborhoods tradition tells of mountains that have disappeared utterly, or been leveled to earth. The local histories, so numerous in Japan, relate many such instances, and numerous gullies and depressions produced by the opening and partial closure of the earth-lips are pointed out. One, in the province of Echizen, is over a mile long, and resembles a great trench.

In addition to a good soil, Japan has been generously endowed by the Creator with mineral riches. Most of the useful varieties of stone are found throughout the empire. Granite and the harder rocks, through various degrees of softness, down to the easily carved or chipped sandstones and secondary formations useful for fortifications, buildings, tombs, walks, or walls, exist in almost every province.

Almost all the useful metals long known to man are found in this island empire. Gold and silver in workable quantities are found in many places. The island of Sado is a mass of gold-bearing quartz. Copper is very abundant, and of the purest kind. Lead, tin, antimony, and manganese abound. Of zinc and mercury there is but little. Iron is chiefly in the form of magnetic oxide. It occurs in the diluvium of rivers and along the sea-coast, lying in beds, often of great thickness. The first quality of iron may be extracted from it. Ironstone and many other varieties of ore are also found. Petroleum issues from the ground in Echigo, Suruga, Echizen, Yezo, and in Saghalin; the ocean at some portions on the coast of the latter is said to be smeared with a floating scum of oil for miles.

The botanical wealth of Japan is very great. A considerable number of vegetable species have doubtless been introduced by human agency into Japan from the Asiatic continent, but the indigenous plants and those imported by natural means are very numerous.

The timber of the main island, Kiushiu, and Shikokŭ is superb in appearance and growth, of great variety, beauty, and adaptability to the uses of man. Yezo is one vast boom and lumber yard. Thirty-six varieties of useful timber-trees, including true oak, are found there. The Kuriles also afford rich supplies, and are capable of becoming to the empire proper what forest-clad Norway is to England. Yamato, on the main-land, is also famous for its forests, ranging from tallest evergreen trees of great size, fineness of grain, and strength of fibre, to the soft and easily whittled pines; but the incessant demands for firing and carpentry make devastating inroads on the growing timber. Split wood for cooking, and charcoal for warmth, necessitate the system of forestry long in vogue in some parts of the empire requiring a tree to be planted for every one cut down; and nurseries of young forest trees are regularly set out, though the custom is not universal. Most of the trees and many of the plants are evergreen, thus keeping the islands clothed in perpetual verdure, and reducing the visual difference between winter and summer, in the southern half of Hondo, at least, to a nearly tropical minimum.

The various varieties of bamboo, graceful in appearance, and by its strength, symmetry, hollowness, and regularity of cleavage, adapted to an almost endless variety of uses, are almost omnipresent, from the scrub undergrowth in Yezo to that cultivated in luxuriant groves in Satsuma so as to be almost colossal in proportion. There is, however, as compared with our own country, a deficiency of fruit-trees and edible vegetables. The first use of most of the bread grains and plants is historic. In very ancient times it is nearly certain that the soil produced very little that could be used for food, except roots, nuts, and berries. This is shown both by tradition and history, and also by the fact that the names of vegetables in Japan are mostly foreign.

The geographical position of the Japanese chain would lead us to expect a flora American, Asiatic, and semi-tropical in its character. The rapid variations of temperature, heavy and continuous rains, succeeded by scorching heats and the glare of an almost tropical sun, are accompanied and tempered by strong and constant winds. Hence we find semi-tropical vegetable forms in close contact with Northern temperate types. In general the predominant nature of the Japan flora is shrubby rather than herbaceous.*

The geographical position of Japan hardly explains the marked resemblance of its flora to that of Atlantic America,† on the one hand, and that of the Himalaya region, on the other. Such, however, is the fact: the Japanese flora resembles that of Eastern North America more than that of Western North America or Europe.*

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* In the "Enumeratio Plantarum," which treats of all the known exogens and conifers in Japan, 1699 species are enumerated, distributed in 643 genera, which are collocated in 122 orders. In other words, an imperfect botanical survey of the Nippon chain of islands shows that in it are represented nearly half the natural orders, ten per cent. of the genera, and nearly three per cent. of the species of dicotyledons known to exist on the surface of the globe. Future research must largely increase the number of species.

† Very large and splendidly illustrated works on botany exist in the Japanese language. The native botanists classify according to the Linnæan system. In their "Enumeratio Plantarum" (Paris, 1874), Drs. A. Franchet and L. Savatier have given a *résumé* of all the known dicotyledonous plants in Japan. It is a work of great research and conscientious accuracy. I have seen excellent and voluminous native works, richly illustrated, on ichthyology, conchology, zoölogy, entomology, reptilology, and mineralogy. Some of these works are in ninety volumes each. Ten thousand dollars were spent by a wealthy scholar in Mino in the publication of one of them. They would not satisfy the requirements of the exact science of this decade, but they constitute an invaluable thesaurus to the botanical investigator. I am indebted for most of the information concerning the Japanese flora to a paper in the *Japan Mail* of September 25th, 1875, from the pen of a competent reviewer of Dr. Savatier's great work.

The fauna of the island is a very meagre one, and it is also quite probable that the larger domestic animals have been imported. Of wild beasts, the bear, deer, wolf, badger, fox, and monkey, and the smaller ground animals, are most probably indigenous. So far as studied, however, the types approach those of the remote American rather than those of the near Asiatic continent.

It is most probable, and nearly certain, that prehistoric Japan did not possess the cow, horse, sheep, or goat. Even in modern Japan, the poverty of the fauna strikes the traveler with surprise. The birds are mostly those of prey. Eagles and hawks are abundant. The crows, with none to molest their ancient multitudinous reign, are now, as always in the past, innumerable. The twittering of a noticeably small number of the smaller birds is occasionally heard; but bird-song seems to have been omitted from the catalogue of natural glories of this island empire. Two birds, the stork and heron, now, as anciently, tread the fields in stately beauty, or strike admiration in the beholder as they sail in perfect grace in mid-air. The wild ducks and geese in flocks have, from time immemorial, summered in Yezo and wintered in Hondo.

The domestic fowls consist almost entirely of ducks and chickens. The others have, doubtless, been imported. Of sea-birds there are legions on the uninhabited coasts, and from the rocks the fishermen gather harvests of eggs.

Surrounding their land is the great reservoir of food, the ocean. The seas of Japan are probably unexcelled in the world for the multitude and variety of the choicest species of edible fish. The many bays and gulfs indenting the islands have been for ages the happy hunting-grounds of the fisherman. The rivers are well stocked with many varieties of fresh-water fish. In Yezo the finest salmon exist in inexhaustible supply, while almost every species of edible shell-fish, mollusca and crustacea, enlivens the shores of the islands, or fertilizes the soil with its catacombs. So abundant is fish that fish-manure is an article of standard manufacture, sale, and use. The variety and luxuriance of edible sea-weed are remarkable.

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* The results of Dr. Asa Gray's investigations of the herbarium brought to the United States by the Perry expedition are summed up as follows:

48 per cent. had corresponding European representatives,
37 " " " " Western North American representatives,
61 " " " " Eastern North American representatives;

while

27 per cent. were identical with European species,
20 " " " " " Western North American species,
23 " " " " " Eastern North American species.

"Dr. Gray's report was drawn up in 1858, when Japanese botany was little known, and considerable alteration might be made in his figures; but there can be little doubt that the general result would be the same."

The aspects of nature in Japan, as in most volcanic countries, comprise a variety of savage hideousness, appalling destructiveness, and almost heavenly beauty. From the mountains burst volcanic eruptions; from the land come tremblings; from the ocean rises the tidal wave; over it blows the cyclone. Floods of rain in summer and autumn give rise to inundations and land-slides. During three months of the year the inevitable, dreaded typhoon may be expected, as the invisible agent of hideous ruin. Along the coast the winds and currents are very variable. Sunken and emerging rocks line the shore. All these make the dark side of nature to cloud the imagination of man, and to create the nightmare of superstition. But Nature's glory outshines her temporary gloom, and in presence of her cheering smiles the past terrors are soon forgotten. The pomp of vegetation, the splendor of the landscape, and the heavenly gentleness of air and climate come to soothe and make vivacious the spirits of man. The seasons come and go with well-nigh perfect regularity; the climate at times reaches the perfection of that in a temperate zone —not too sultry in summer, nor raw in winter. A majority of the inhabitants rarely see ice over an inch thick, or snow more than twenty-four hours old. The average lowest point in cold weather is probably 20° Fahrenheit.*

The surrounding ocean and the variable winds temper the climate in summer; the Kuro Shiwo, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, modifies the cold of winter. A sky such as ever arches over the Mediterranean bends above Japan, the ocean walls her in, and ever green and fertile land is hers. With healthful air, fertile soil, temperate climate, a land of mountains and valleys, with a coast-line indented with bays and harbors, food in plenty, a country resplendent with natural beauty, but liable at any moment to awful desolation and hideous ruin, what influences had Nature in forming the physique and character of the people who inhabit Japan?

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* For statistics relating to nearly all the subjects treated of in this chapter, see appendices at the end of this volume.

II.

THE ABORIGINES.*

In seeking the origin of the Japanese people, we must take into consideration the geographical position of their island chain, with reference to its proximity to the main-land, and its situation in the ocean currents. Japanese traditions and history may have much to tell us concerning the present people of Japan—whether they are exclusively an indigenous race, or the composite of several ethnic stocks. From a study, however imperfect, of the language, physiognomy, and bodily characteristics, survivals of ancient culture, historic geology, and the relics of man's struggle with nature in the early ages, and of the actual varieties of mankind now included within the mikado's dominions,† we may learn much of the ancestors of the present Japanese.

The horns of the crescent-shaped chain of Dai Nippon approach the Asiatic continent at the southern end of Corea and at Siberia. Nearly the whole of Saghalin is within easy reach of the continent by canoe. At the point called Norato, a little north of the fifty-second parallel, the opposite shore, but five miles distant, is easily seen. The water is here so shallow that junks can not cross it at low tide. After long prevalent favorable winds, the ground is left dry, and the natives can walk dry-shod into Asia. During three or four months in the year it is frozen over, so that, with dog-teams or on foot, communication is often a matter of a single hour. In Japanese atlases, on the map of Karafto, a sand-bank covered by very shallow water is figured as occupying the space between the island and the continent. A people even without canoes might make this place a gate of entrance into Saghalin. The people thus entering Japan from the north would have the attraction of richer supplies of food and more genial climate to tempt them southward. As matter of fact, communication is continually taking place between the Asiatic main-land and Saghalin.

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* I use the term "aborigines" for the sake of convenience, being by no means absolutely sure that those I so designate were the first people *in situ.* It has been conjectured and held by some native scholars that there was in Japan a pre-Ainō civilization; though of this there is scarcely a shadow of proof, as there is proof for an ancient Malay civilization higher than the present condition of the Malays. By the term "aborigines" I mean the people found on the soil at the dawn of history.

† In compiling this chapter I have used, in addition to my own material and that derived from Japanese books, students, and residents in Yezo, the careful notes of the English travelers, Captains Bridgeford and Blakiston, and Mr. Ernest Satow, and the reports and verbal accounts of the American engineers and geologists in the service of the Kai Takŭ Shi (Department for the Development of Yezo), organized in 1869 by the Imperial Government of Japan. Of these latter, I am especially indebted to Professors B. S. Lyman, Henry S. Munroe, and Thomas Antisell, M.D.

Japan occupies a striking position in the ocean currents which flow up from the Indian Ocean and the Malay peninsula. That branch of the great equatorial current of the Pacific, called the Kuro Shiwo, or Black Stream, on account of its color, flows up in a westerly direction past Luzon, Formosa, and the Liu Kiu Islands, striking the south point of Kiushiu, and sometimes, in summer, sending a branch up the Sea of Japan. With great velocity it scours the east coast of Kiushiu, the south of Shikokŭ; thence, with diminished rapidity, enveloping both the group of islands south of the Bay of Yedo and Ōshima; and, at a point a little north of the latitude of Tōkiō, it leaves the coast of Japan, and flows north-east toward the shores of America. With the variable winds, cyclones, and sudden and violent storms continually arising, for which the coasts of Eastern Asia are notorious, it is easily seen that the drifting northward from the Malay Archipelago of boats and men, and sowing of the shores of Kiushiu, Shikokŭ, and the western shores of Hondo with people from the south and west, must have been a regular and continuous process. This is shown to be the fact in Japanese history, in both ancient and modern times, and is taking place nearly every year of the present century.

It seems most probable that the savages descended from the north, tempted south by richer fisheries and a warmer climate, or urged on by successive immigrations from the continent. There is abundant evidence from Japanese history of the habitation of the main island by the Ainōs, the savages whose descendants now occupy Yezo. Shikokŭ and Kiushiu were evidently peopled by mixed races, sprung of the waifs from the various shores of Southern Asia. When the conquerors landed in Kiushiu, or, in sacred Japanese phrase, "when our divine ancestors descended from heaven to the earth," they found the land peopled by savages, under tribal organizations, living in villages, each governed by a head-man. Conquering first the aborigines of Kiushiu and Shikokŭ, they advanced into the main island, fought and tranquilized the Ainōs, then called Ebisŭ, or barbarians, and fixed their capital not far from Kiōto. The Ainōs were not subjugated in a day, however, and continual military operations were necessary to keep them quiet. Only after centuries of fighting were they thoroughly subdued and tranquilized. The traveler to-day in the northern part of the main island may see the barrows of the Ainōs' bones slain by Japanese armies more than a millennium ago. One of these mounds, near Moriōka, in Rikuchiu, very large, and named "Yezo mori" (Ainō mound), is especially famous, containing the bones of the aborigines slaughtered, heaps upon heaps, by the Japanese shōgun (general), Tamura, who was noted for being six feet high, and for his many bloody victories over the Ebisŭ.

For centuries more, the distinction between conquerors and conquered, as between Saxon and Norman in England, was kept up; but at length the fusion of races was complete, and the homogeneous Japanese people is the result. The remnants of Ainōs in Yezo, shut off by the straits of Tsugarŭ from Hondo, have preserved the aboriginal blood in purity.

The traditional origin of the Ainōs, said to be given by themselves, though I suspect the story to be an invention of the conquerors, or of the Japanese, is as follows: A certain prince, named Kamui, in one of the kingdoms in Asia, had three daughters. One of them having become the object of the incestuous passion of her father, by which her body became covered with hair, quit his palace in the middle of the night, and fled to the sea-shore. There she found a deserted canoe, on board which was only a large dog. The young girl resolutely embarked with her only companion to journey to some place in the East. After many months of travel, the young princess reached an uninhabited place in the mountains, and there gave birth to two children, a boy and a girl. These were the ancestors of the Ainō race. Their offspring in turn married, some among each other, others with the bears of the mountains. The fruits of this latter union were men of extraordinary valor, and nimble hunters, who, after a long life spent in the vicinity of their birth, departed to the far north, where they still live on the high and inaccessible table-lands above the mountains; and, being immortal, they direct, by their magical influences, the actions and the destiny of men, that is, the Ainōs.

The term "Ainō" is a comparatively modern epithet, applied by the

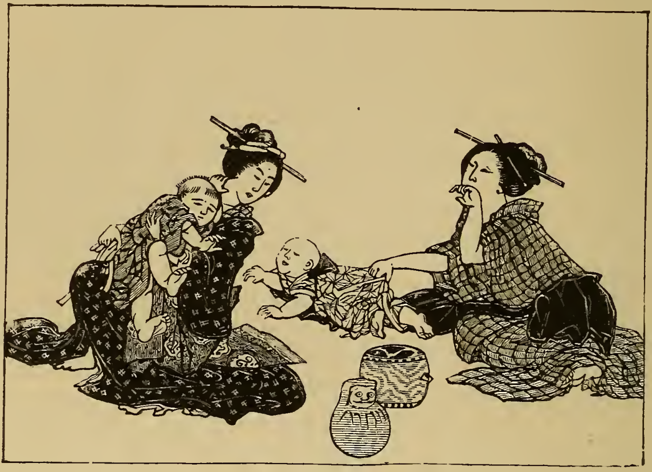
Japanese. Its derivation, as given by several eminent native scholars whom I have consulted, is from *inu*, a dog. Others assert that it is an abbreviation of *ai no ko*, "offspring of the middle;" that is, a breed between man and beast. Or, if the Japanese were believers in a theory called of late years the "Darwinian," an idea by no means unknown in their speculations, the Ainōs would constitute the "missing link," or "intermediate" between man and the brutes. In the ancient Japanese literature, and until probably the twelfth century, the Ainōs were called Ebisŭ, or savages.

The proofs from language of the Ainō ancestry of the Japanese are very strong. So far as studied, the Ainō tongue and the Altai dialects are said to be very similar. The Ainō and Japanese languages differ no more than certain Chinese dialects do from each other. Ainōs and Japanese have little difficulty in learning to speak the language of each other. The most ancient specimens of the Japanese tongue are found to show as great a likenesss to the Ainō as to modern Japanese.

Further proofs of the general habitation of Hondo by the Ainōs appear in the geographical names which linger upon the mountains and rivers. These names, musical in sound, and possessing, in their significance, a rude grandeur, have embalmed the life of a past race, as the sweet names of "Juniata" and "Altamaha," or the sonorous onomatopes of "Niagara," "Katahdin," and "Tuscarora" echo the ancient glories of the well-nigh extinct aborigines of America, who indeed may be brethren of the Ainōs. These names abounding in the north, especially in the provinces north of the thirty-eighth parallel, are rare in the south, and in most cases have lost their exact ancient pronunciation by being for centuries spoken by Japanese tongues.

The evidences of an aboriginal race are still to be found in the relics of the Stone Age in Japan. Flint, arrow and spear heads, hammers, chisels, scrapers, kitchen refuse, and various other trophies, are frequently excavated, or may be found in the museum or in homes of private persons. Though covered with the soil for centuries, they seem as though freshly brought from an Ainō hut in Yezo. In scores of striking instances, the very peculiar ideas, customs, and superstitions, of both Japanese and Ainō, are the same, or but slightly modified.

Amidst many variations, two distinctly marked types of features are found among the Japanese people. Among the upper classes, the fine, long, oval face, with prominent, well-chiseled features, deep-sunken eye-sockets, oblique eyes, long, drooping eyelids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high and narrow forehead, rounded nose, bud-like mouth, pointed chin, small hands and feet, contrast strikingly with the round, flattened face, less oblique eyes almost level with the face, and straight noses, expanded and upturned at the roots. The former type prevails among the higher classes—the nobility and gentry; the latter, among the agricultural and laboring classes. The one is the Ainō, or northern type; the other, the southern, or Yamato type. In the accompanying cut this difference is fairly shown in the strongly contrasting types of the Japanese lady and her servant, or child's nurse. The modern Ainōs are found inhabiting the islands of Yezo, Saghalin, the Kuriles, and a few of the outlying islands. They number less than twenty thousand in all.

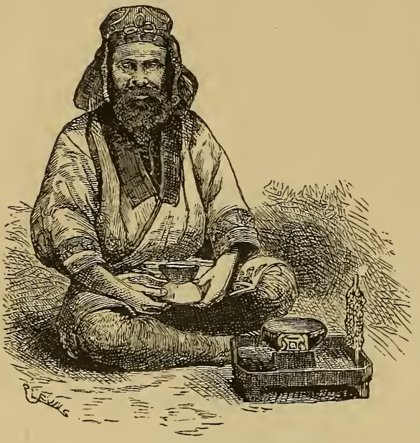


The High and the Low Type of the Japanese Face—Aristocratic and Plebeian. (Lady and Maid-servant.)

As the Ainō of to-day is and lives, so Japanese art and traditions depict him in the dawn of history: of low stature, thick-set, full-bearded, bushy hair of a true black, eyes set at nearly right angles with the nose, which is short and thick, and chipped at the end, muscular in frame and limbs, with big hands and feet. His language, religion, dress, and general manner of life are the same as of old. He has no alphabet, no writing, no numbers above a thousand. His rice, tobacco, and pipe, cotton garments, and worship of Yoshitsuné, are of course later innovations—steps in the scale of civilization. Since the Restoration of 1868, a number of Ainōs of both sexes have been living in Tōkiō, under instruction of the Kai Takŭ Shi (Department for the Colonization of Yezo). I have had frequent opportunities of studying their physical characteristics, language, and manners.

Their dwellings in Yezo are made of poles covered over with thick straw mats, with thatched roofs, the windows and doors being holes covered with the same material. The earth beaten down hard forms the floor, on which a few coarse mattings or rough boards are laid. Many of the huts are divided into two apartments, separated by a mud and wattle partition. The fire-place, with its pot-hooks, occupies the centre. There being no chimney, the interior walls become thickly varnished with creosote, densely packed with flakes of carbon, or festooned with masses of soot. They are adorned with the implements of the chase, and the skulls of animals taken in hunting. Scarcely any furniture except cooking-pots is visible. The empyreumatical odor and the stench of fish do not conspire to make the visit to an Ainō hut very pleasant.

Raised benches along two walls of the hut afford a sleeping or lounging place, doubtless the original of the *tokonoma* of the modern Japanese houses. They sit, like the Japanese, on their heels. Their food is mainly fish and sea-weed, with rice, beans, sweet-potatoes, millet, and barley, which, in Southern Yezo, they cultivate in small plots. They obtain rice, tobacco, saké, or rice-beer, an exhilarating beverage which they crave as the Indians do "fire-water," and cotton clothing from their masters, the Japanese. The women weave a coarse, strong, and durable cloth, ornamented in various colors, and ropes from the barks of trees. They make excellent dug-out canoes from elm-trees. Their dress consists of an under, and an upper garment having tight sleeves and reaching to the knees, very much like that of the Japanese. The woman's dress is longer, and the sleeves wider. They wear, also, straw leggings and straw shoes. Their hair, which is astonishingly thick, is clipped short in front, and falls in masses down the back and sides to the shoulders. It is of a true black, whereas the hair of the Japanese, when freed from unguents, is of a dark or reddish brown, and I have seen distinctly red hair among the latter. The beard and mustaches of the Ainōs are allowed to attain their fullest development, the former often reaching the length of twelve or fourteen inches. Hence, Ainōs take kindly to the "hairy foreigners," Englishmen and Americans, whose bearded faces the normal Japanese despise, while to a Japanese child, as I found out in Fukui, a man with mustaches appears to be only a dragon without wings or tail. Some, not all, of the older men, but very few of the younger, have their bodies and limbs covered with thick black hair, about an inch long. The term "hairy Kuriles," applied to them as a characteristic hairy race, is a mythical expression of book-makers, as the excessively hirsute covering supposed to be universal among the Ainōs is not to be found by the investigator on the ground. Their skin is brown, their eyes are horizontal, and their noses low, with the lobes well rounded out. The women are of proportionate stature to the men, but, unlike them, are very ugly. I never met with a handsome Ainō female, though I have seen many of the Yezo women. Their mouths seem like those of ogres, and to stretch from ear to ear. This arises from the fact that they tattoo a wide band of dirty blue, like the woad of the ancient Britons, around their lips, to the extent of three-quarters of an inch, and still longer at the tapering extremities. The tattooing is so completely done, that many persons mistake it for a daub of blue paint, like the artificial exaggeration of a circus clown's mouth. They increase their hideousness by joining their eyebrows over the nose by a fresh band of tattooing. This practice is resorted to in the case of married women and females who are of age, just as that of blackening the teeth and shaving the eyebrows is among the Japanese.



An Ainō Chief from Yezo. (From a photograph taken in Tōkiō, 1872.)

They are said to be faithful wives and laborious helpmates, their moral qualities compensating for their lack of physical charms. The women assist in hunting and fishing, often possessing equal skill with the men. They carry their babies pickapack, as the Japanese mothers, except that the strap passing under the child is put round the mother's forehead. Polygamy is permitted.

Their weapons are of the rudest form. The three-pronged spear is used for the salmon. The single-bladed lance is for the bear, their most terrible enemy, which they regard with superstitious reverence. Their bows are simply peeled boughs, three feet long. The arrows are one foot shorter, and, like those used by the tribes on the coast of Siberia and in Formosa, have no feather on the shaft. Their pipes are of the same form as those so common in Japan and China; and one obtained from an Ainō came from Santan, a place in Amurland.

The Ainōs possess dogs, which they use in hunting, understand the use of charcoal and candles, make excellent baskets and wicker-work of many kinds; and some of their fine bark-cloth and ornamented weapons for their chiefs show a skill and taste that compare very favorably with those exhibited by the North American Indians. Their oars, having handles fixed crosswise, or sculls made in two pieces, are almost exactly like those of the Japanese. Their river-canoes are dug out of a log, usually elm. Two men will fashion one in five days. For the sea-coast, they use a frame of wood, lacing on the sides with bark fibre. They are skillful canoe-men, using either pole or paddle.

The language of the Ainō is rude and poor, but much like the Japanese. It resembles it so closely, allowing for the fact that it is utterly unpolished and undeveloped, that it seems highly probable it is the original of the present Japanese tongue. They have no written character, no writing of any sort, no literature. A further study may possibly reveal valuable traditions held among them, which at present they are not known by me to have.

In character and morals, the Ainōs are stupid, good-natured, brave, honest, faithful, peaceful, and gentle. The American and English travelers in Yezo agree in ascribing to them these qualities. Their method of salutation is to raise the hands, with the palms upward, and stroke the beard. They understand the rudiments of politeness, as several of their verbal expressions and gestures indicate.

Their religion consists in the worship of kami, or spirits. They do not appear to have any special minister of religion or sacred structure.* They have festivals commemorative of certain events in the past, and they worship the spirit of Yoshitsuné, a Japanese hero, who is supposed to have lived among them in the twelfth century, and who taught them some of the arts of Japanese civilization.

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* Some visitors to the Ainō villages in Yezo declare that they have noticed there the presence of the phallic shrines and symbols. It might be interesting if this assertion, and the worship of these symbols by the Ainōs, were clearly proved. It would help to settle definitely the question of the origin in Japan of this oldest form of fetich worship, the evidences of which are found all over the Nippon island-chain, including Yezo. I have noticed the prevalence of these shrines and symbols especially in Eastern and Northern Japan, having counted as many as a dozen, and these by the roadside, in a trip to Nikkō. The barren of both sexes worship them, or offer them *ex voto.* In Sagami, Kadzusa, and even in Tōkiō itself, they were visible as late as 1874, cut in stone and wood. Formerly the toy-shops, porcelain-shops, and itinerant venders of many wares were well supplied with them, made of various materials; they were to be seen in the cor-

The outward symbols of their religion are sticks of wood two or three feet long, which they whittle all around toward the end into shavings, until the smooth wand contains a mass of pendent curls, as seen in the engraving, page 32. They insert several of these in the ground at certain places, which they hold sacred. The Ainōs also deify mountains, the sea, which furnishes their daily food, bears, the forests, and other natural objects, which they believe to possess intelligence. These wands with the curled shavings are set up in every place of supposed danger or evil omen. The traveler in Yezo sees them on precipices, gorges of mountains, dangerous passes, and river banks.

When descending the rapids of a river in Yezo, he will notice that his Ainō boatmen from time to time will throw one of these wands into the river at every dangerous point or turning. The Ainōs pray raising their hands above their heads. The Buddhist bonzes have in vain attempted to convert them to Buddhism. They have rude songs, which they chant to their kami, or gods, and to the deified sea, forest, mountains, and bears, especially at the close of the hunting and fishing season, in all affairs of great importance, and at the end of the year. The following is given as a specimen:

"To the sea which nourishes us, to the forest that protects us, we present our grateful thanks. You are two mothers that nourish the same child; do not be angry if we leave one to go to the other."

"The Ainōs will always be the pride of the forest and the sea."

The inquirer into the origin of the Japanese must regret that as yet we know comparatively little of the Ainōs and their language. Any opinion hazarded on the subject may be pronounced rash. Yet, after a study of all the obtainable facts, I believe they unmistakably

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nucopia-banners at New-year's, paraded in the festivals, and at unexpected times and places disturbed the foreign spectator. It was like a glimpse of life in the antediluvian world, or of ancient India, whence doubtless they came, to see evidences of this once widely prevalent form of early religion. Buddhist priests whom I have consulted affirm, with some warmth, that they arose in the "wicked time of Ashikaga," though the majority of natives, learned and unlearned, say they are the relics of the ancient people, or aborigines. In 1872 the mikado's Government prohibited the sale or exposure of these emblems in any form or shape, together with the more artistic obscenities, pictures, books, carvings, and photographs, sent out from the studios of Paris and London.

point to the Ainōs as the primal ancestors of the Japanese; that the mass of the Japanese people of to-day are substantially of Ainō stock. An infusion of foreign blood, the long effects of the daily hot baths and the warm climate of Southern Japan, of Chinese civilization, of agricultural instead of the hunter's method of life, have wrought the change between the Ainō and the Japanese.

It seems equally certain that almost all that the Japanese possess which is not of Chinese, Corean, or Tartar origin has descended from the Ainō, or has been developed or improved from an Ainō model. The Ainōs of Yezo hold politically the same relation to the Japanese as the North American Indians do to the white people of the United States; but ethnically they are, with probability bordering very closely on certainty, as the Saxons to the English.*

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* I need scarcely, except to relieve, by borrowed humor, the dull weighing of facts, and the construction of an opinion void of all dogmatism, notice the assertion elaborated at length by some Americans, Scotchmen, and others too, for aught I know, that the Ainōs are the "ten lost tribes of Israel," or that they are the descendants of the sailors and gold-hunters sent out by King Solomon to gain spoil for his temple at Jerusalem. Really, this search after the "lost tribes"—or have they consolidated into the Wandering Jew?—is becoming absurd. They are the most discovered people known. They have been found in America, Britain, Persia, India, China, Japan, and in Yezo. I know of but one haystack left to find this needle in, and that is Corea. It will undoubtedly be found there. It has been kindly provided that there are more worlds for these Alexanders to conquer. It is now quite necessary for the archæological respectability of a people that they be the "lost tribes." To the inventory of wonders in Japan some would add that of her containing "the dispersed among the Gentiles," notwithstanding that the same claim has been made for a dozen other nations.

The Ainō Arrow-poison.—Dr. Stuart Eldredge, who has studied the properties of the Ainō arrow-poison, states that it is made by macerating and pounding the roots of one or more of the virulent species of aconite, mixing the mass into a paste, with (perhaps) inert ingredients, and burying it in the ground for some time. The stiff, dark, reddish-brown paste is then mixed with animal fat, and about ten grains' weight of the paste is applied to the bamboo arrow-tips which are used to set the bear-traps. The wounded animals are found dead near the trap, and their flesh is eaten with impunity, though the hunter cuts off the parts immediately near the wound. The Ainōs know of no antidote for the poison. (See "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan, 1876.")

III.

MATERIALS OF HISTORY.

Before attempting a brief sketch of Japanese history, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of the sources of such history, and the character and amount of the materials. A dynasty of rulers who ostentatiously boast of twenty-five centuries of unbroken succession should have solid foundation of fact for their boast. The august representatives of the mikado Mutsŭhito,* the one hundred and twenty-third of the imperial line of Dai Nippon, who, in the presence of the President and Congress of the United States, and of the sovereigns of Europe, claimed the immemorial antiquity of the Japanese imperial rule, should have credentials to satisfy the foreigner and silence the skeptic.

In this enlightened age, when all authority is challenged, and a century after the moss of oblivion has covered the historic grave of the doctrine of divine right, the Japanese still cling to the divinity of the mikado, not only making it the dogma of religion and the engine of government, but accrediting their envoys as representatives of, and asking of foreign diplomatists that they address his imperial Japanese majesty as the King of Heaven (Tennō). A nation that has passed through the successive stages of aboriginal migration, tribal government, conquest by invaders, pure monarchy, feudalism, anarchy, and modern consolidated empire, should have secreted the material for much interesting history. In the many lulls of peace, scholars would arise, and opportunities would offer, to record the history which previous generations had made. The foreign historian who will bring the

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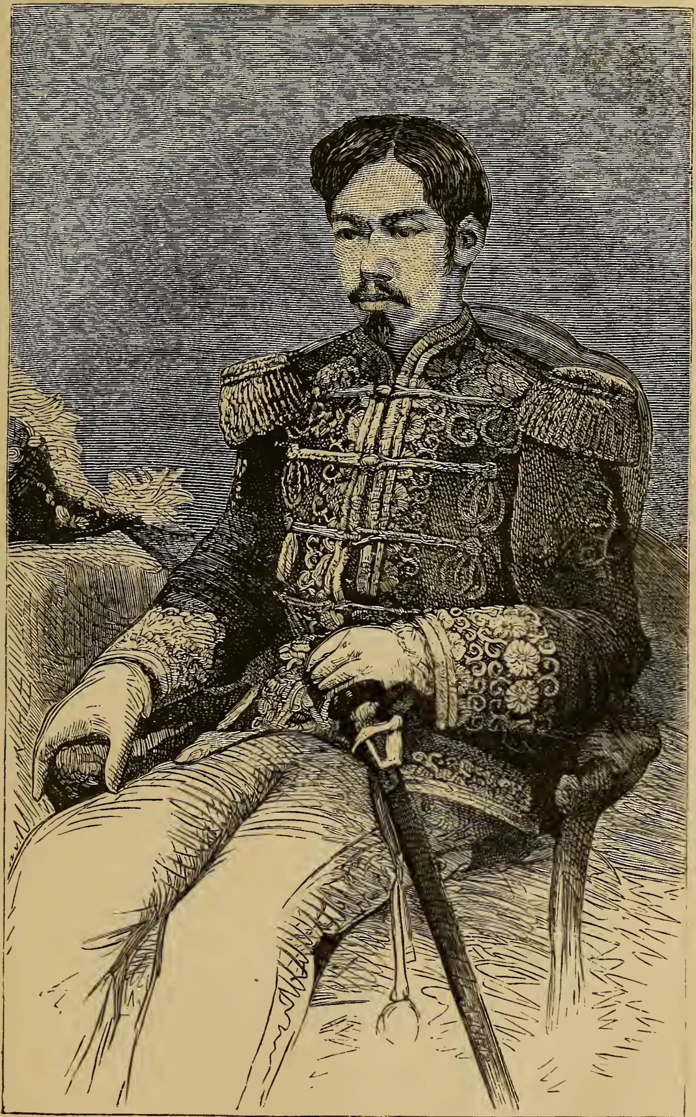
* Mutsŭhito ("meek man"), the present emperor, is the second son of the mikado Komei (1847–1867), whom he succeeded, and the Empress Fujiwara Asako. He was born November 3d, 1850. He succeeded his father February 3d, 1867; was crowned on the 28th day of the Eighth month, 1868; and was married on the 28th of the Twelth month, 1868, to Haruko, daughter of Ichijō Tadaka, a noble of the second degree of the first rank. She was born on the 17th of the Fourth month, 1850. The dowager-empress Asako, mother of the emperor, is of the house of Kujō, and was born on the 14th day of the Twelfth month, 1833.



His Imperial Japanese Majesty, Mutsŭhito, Emperor of Japan, and the 123d Mikado of the Line.

necessary qualifications to the task of composing a complete history of Japan, *i. e.*, knowledge of the languages and literature of Japan, China, Corea, and the dialects of the Malay Archipelago, Siberia, and the other islands of the North Pacific, historical insight, sympathy, and judicial acumen, has before him a virgin field.

The body of native Japanese historical writings is rich and solid. It is the largest and most important division of their voluminous literature. It treats very fully the period between the rise of the noble families from about the ninth century until the present time. The real history of the period prior to the eighth century of the Christian era is very meagre. It is nearly certain that the Japanese possessed no writing until the sixth century A.D. Their oldest extant composition is the *Kojiki*, or "Book of Ancient Traditions." It may be called the Bible of the Japanese. It comprises three volumes, composed A.D. 711, 712. It is said to have been preceded by two similar works, written respectively in A.D. 620 and A.D. 681; but neither of these has been preserved. The first volume treats of the creation of the heavens and earth; the gods and goddesses, called kami; and the events of the holy age, or mythological period. The second and third give the history of the mikados* from the year 1 (660 B.C.) to the 1288th of the Japanese era. It was first printed during A.D. 1624–1642. The *Nihongi*, completed A.D. 720, also contains the Japanese cosmogony, records of the mythological period, and brings down the annals of the mikado to A.D. 699. These are the oldest books in the language. Numerous and very valuable commentaries upon them have been written. They contain so much that is fabulous, mythical, or exaggerated, that their statements, especially in respect of dates, can not be accepted as true history. According to the *Kojiki*, Jinmu Tennō was the first emperor; yet it is extremely doubtful whether he was a historical personage. The best foreign scholars and critics regard him as a mythical character. The accounts of the first mikados are very meagre. The accession to the throne, marriage and death of the sovereign, with notices of occasional rebellions put down, tours made, and worship celebrated, are recorded, and interesting glimpses of the progress of civilization obtained.

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* "The term 'mikado' is in general adhered to throughout this work. Other titles found in the native literature, and now or formerly in common use, are, Tenshi (Son of Heaven); Tennō, or Ten Ō (Heaven-king); Kotei (Sovereign Ruler of Nations); Kinri (The Forbidden Interior); Dairi (Imperial Palace); Chotei (Hall of Audience); Ō-ō, or Dai Ō (Great King); Ō Uji (The Great Family); Gosho (Palace). In using these titles, the common people add *sama*, a respectful term, after them. Several of them, as is evident, were used originally to denote places. It was quite common for the people in later time to speak of the mikado as Miako sama, or Uyé sama (Superior Lord), in distinction from the shōgun, whom they designated as Yedo sama. The Chinese characters employed to express the term 'mikado' mean Honorable Gate, an idea akin to the Turkish Sublime Porte. Satow, however, derives it from *mi*, great, august, awful; and *to* (*do* in composition), place; the notion being that the mikado is too far above ordinary mortals to be spoken of directly. Hence the Gate of the Palace is used as a figure for him. So, also, Ren-ka (Base of the Chariot, or Below the Palanquin); and Heika (Foot of the Throne, or of the Steps leading to the Daïs), are used to denote the imperial person. A term anciently used was Nin Ō (King of Men)."

A number of works, containing what is evidently good history, illustrate the period between the eighth and eleventh centuries. A still richer collection of both original works and modern compilations treat of the mediæval period from the eleventh to the sixteenth century—the age of intestine strife and feudal war. The light which the stately prose of history casts upon the past is further heightened by the many poems, popular romances, founded on historic fact, and the classic compositions called *monogatari*, all of which help to make the perspective of by-gone centuries melt out into living pictures. That portion of the history which treats of the introduction, progress, and expulsion of Christianity in Japan has most interest to ourselves. Concerning it there is much deficiency of material, and that not of a kind to satisfy Occidental tastes. The profound peace which followed the victories of Iyeyasŭ, and which lasted from 1600–1868—the scholastic era of Japan—gave the peaceful leisure necessary for the study of ancient history, and the creation of a large library of historical literature, of which the magnificent works called the *Dai Nihon Shi* ("History of Great Japan"), and *Nihon Guai Shi* ("Japanese Outer, or Military History"), are the best examples.

Under the Tokugawa shōguns (1603–1868) liberty to explore, chronicle, and analyze the past in history was given; but the seal of silence, the ban of censorship, and the mandate forbidding all publication were put upon the production of contemporary history. Hence, the peaceful period, 1600 to 1853, is less known than others in earlier times. Several good native annalists have treated of the post-Perry period (1853–1872), and the events leading to the Restoration.

In the department of unwritten history, such as unearthed relics, coins, weapons, museums, memorial stones, tablets, temple records, etc., there is much valuable material. Scarcely a year passes but some rich trover is announced to delight the numerous native archæologists.

The Japanese are intensely proud of their history, and take great care in making and preserving records. Memorial-stones, keeping green the memory of some noted scholar, ruler, or benefactor, are among the most striking sights on the highways, or in the towns, villages, or temple-yards, betokening the desire to defy the ravages of oblivion and resist the inevitable tooth of Time.

Almost every large city has its published history; towns and villages have their annals written and preserved by local antiquarians; family records are faithfully copied from generation to generation; diaries, notes of journeys or events, dates of the erections of buildings, the names of the officiating priests, and many of the subscribing worshipers, are religiously kept in most of the large Buddhist temples and monasteries. The *bonzes* (Jap. *bōzŭ*) delight to write of the lives of their saintly predecessors and the mundane affairs of their patrons. Almost every province has its encyclopedic history, and every highroad its itineraries and guide-books, in which famous places and events are noted. Almost every neighborhood boasts its Old Mortality, or local antiquary, whose delight and occupation are to know the past. In the large cities professional story-tellers and readers gain a lucrative livelihood by narrating both the classic history and the legendary lore. The theatre, which in Japan draws its subjects for representation almost exclusively from the actual life, past or present, of the Japanese people, is often the most faithful mirror of actual history. Few people seem to be more thoroughly informed as to their own history: parents delight to instruct their children in their national lore; and there are hundreds of child's histories of Japan.

Besides the sober volumes of history, the number of books purporting to contain truth, but which are worthless for purposes of historical investigation, is legion. In addition to the motives, equally operative in other countries for the corruption or distortion of historical narrative, was the perpetual desire of the Buddhist monks, who were in many cases the writers, to glorify their patrons and helpers, and to damn their enemies. Hence their works are of little value. So plentiful are these garbled productions, that the buyer of books always asked for *jitsu-roku*, or "true records," in order to avoid the "*zu-zan*," or "editions of Zu," so called from Zu, a noted Chinese forger of history.

In the chapters on the history of Japan, I shall occasionally quote from the text of some of the standard histories in literal translation. I shall feel only too happy if I can imitate the terse, vigorous, and luminous style of the Japanese annalists. The vividness and pictorial detail of the classic historians fascinate the reader who can analyze the closely massed syntax. Many of the pages of the *Nihon Guai Shi*, especially, are models of compression and elegance, and glow with the chastened eloquence that springs from clear discernment and conviction of truth, gained after patient sifting of facts, and groping through difficulties that lead to discovery. Many of its sentences are epigrams. To the student of Japanese it is a narrative of intensest interest.

The *Kojiki* and *Nihongi*, which give the only records of very ancient Japan, and on which all other works treating of this period are based, can not be accepted as sober history. Hence, in outlining the events prior to the second century of the Christian era, I head the chapters, not as the "Dawn of History," but the "Twilight of Fable." From these books, and the collections of ancient myths (*Koshi Seibun*), as well as the critical commentaries and explanations of the Japanese rationalists, which, by the assistance of native scholars, I have been able to consult, the two following chapters have been compiled.*

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* In the following chapters, I use throughout the modern names of places and provinces, to avoid confusion. The ancient name of Kiushiu was Tsukushi, which was also applied to the then united provinces of Chikuzen and Chikugo. Buzen and Bungo were anciently one province, called Toyo. Higo and Hizen are modern divisions of Hi no kuni ("The Land of Fire"). Tamba, corrupted from Taniwa, and Tango ("Back of Taniwa") were formerly one. Kadzusa and Shimōsa, contracted from Kami-tsu-fusa and Shimo-tsu-fusa (*kami*, upper; *shimo*, lower; *tsu*, ancient form of *no; fusa*, a proper name, tassel), were once united. Kōdzuke and Shimotsuké, formed like the preceding, were "Upper" and "Lower" Ké. All the region north of Echizen, known and unknown, including Echizen, Etchiu, Echigo, Kaga, Noto, Uzen, and Ugo, was included under the name Koshi no kuni. Later synonyms for Kiushiu are Saikoku (Western Provinces), or Chinzei in books. Chiugoku (Central Provinces) is applied to the region from Tamba to Nagato. Kamigata is a vague term for the country around and toward Kiōto.

The Language.—The apparatus for the study of the Japanese language and the critical examination of its texts is now, thanks to Anglo-Japanese scholars, both excellent and easily accessible. The following are such: Grammars—W. G. Aston's "Grammar of the Spoken Language" (Nagasaki, 1869), and "Grammar of the Written Language of Japan, with a short Chrestomathy;" London, 1872: second edition, 1877. E. Satow's "Kuaiwa Hen, 25 Exercises in the Yedo Colloquial, for the Use of Students, with Notes," 4 vols.; Yokohama, 1873. J. J. Hoffman, "A Japanese Grammar;" Leiden, 1868: second edition, 1876. S. R. Brown, "Colloquial Japanese;" Shanghae, 1863. "Prendergast's Mastery System, adapted to the Study of Japanese or English;" Yokohama, 1875. Dictionaries—J. C. Hepburn, "Japanese-English and English-Japanese;" Shanghae, 1867: second edition, with grammatical introduction; Shanghae, 1872: pocket edition, New York, 1873. Satow and Ishibashi, "English-Japanese Dictionary of the Spoken Language;" London, 1876. See also valuable papers by Messrs. Satow, Aston, Dallas, Edkins, and Chamberlain, in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan."

IV.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

In the beginning all things were in chaos. Heaven and earth were not separated. The world floated in the cosmic mass, like a fish in water, or the yolk in an egg. The ethereal matter sublimed and formed the heavens, the residuum became the present earth, from the warm mold of which a germ sprouted and became a self-animate being, called Kuni-toko-tachi no mikoto.* Two other beings of like genesis appeared. After them came four pairs of beings (*kami*). These were all single (*hitori-gami*, male, sexless, or self-begotten).

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* It will be seen at once that the Japanese scheme of creation starts without a Creator, or any First Cause; and that the idea of space apart from matter is foreign to the Japanese philosophical system. *Mikoto* (masc.), *mikami* (fem.), mean "augustness." It is *not* the same term as mikado. *No* is the particle *of.*

The opening sentence of the *Kojiki* is as follows: At the time of the beginning of heaven and earth there existed three *hashira-gami* (pillar or chief *kami*, or gods). The name of one kami was *Amé-no-naka-nushi-no-kami* (Lord of the Middle of Heaven); next, *Taka-mi-musubi-no-kami* (High Ineffable Procreator); next, *Kami-musubi-no-kami* (Ineffable Procreator). These three, existing single, hid their bodies (died, or passed away, or became pure spirit [?]). Next, when the young land floated like oil moving about, there came into existence, sprouting upward like the *ashi* (rush) shoot, a kami named *Umaji-ashikabi-kikoji-no-kami* (Delightful Rush-sprout); next, *Amé-no-toko-tachi-no-kami.* These two chief kami, existing single, hid their bodies. Next, came into existence these three, *Kuni-no-toko-tachi-no-mikoto*, etc., etc.

The *Nihongi* opens as follows: Of old, when heaven and earth were not yet separated, and the *in* (male, active, or positive principle) and the *yo* (female, passive, or negative principle) were not yet separated, chaos, enveloping all things, like a fowl's egg, contained within it a germ. The clear and ethereal substance expanding, became heaven; the heavy and thick substance agglutinating, became earth. The ethereal union of matter was easy, but the thickened substance hardened with difficulty. Therefore, heaven existed first; the earth was fixed afterward. Subsequently deity (*kami*) was born (*umaru*). Now, it is said that, "in the beginning of heaven and earth, the soil floated about like a fish floating on the top of the water," etc.

Evidently in the *Kojiki* we have the purely Japanese theory of creation, and in the *Nihongi* the same account, with Chinese philosophical ideas and terms added. In both, matter appears before mind, and the deities have no existence before matter.

Proceeding now to the work of creation, the kami separated the primordial substance into the five elements—wood, fire, metal, earth, and water—and ordained to each its properties and combination. As yet, the division into sexes had not taken place. In [Chinese] philosophical language, the male (*yo*) and female (*in*) principles that pervade all things had not yet appeared. The first manifestation of the male essence was *Izanagi;* of the female, *Izanami.* Standing together on the floating bridge of heaven, the male plunged his jeweled falchion, or spear, into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island, upon which they descended. The creative pair, or divine man and woman, designing to make this island a pillar for a continent, separated—the male to the left, the female to the right—to make a journey round the island. At their meeting, the female spirit spoke first, "How joyful to meet a lovely man!" The male spirit, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, required the circuit to be repeated. On their second meeting, the man cried out, "How joyful to meet a lovely woman!" They were the first couple; and this was the beginning of the art of love, and of the human race. The island (Awaji), with seven other large, and many thousand small ones, became the Everlasting Great Japan.* At Izanami's first conception, the female essence

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* The various names of Japan which I have found in the native literature, or have heard in colloquial use, are as follows: 1. *Nihon*, or *Nippon*, compounded of the words *ni*, *nichi*, or *nitsu* (sun, day) and *hon* (root, origin, beginning); hence Sunrise, Dawn, or Dayspring. Japan is the foreigner's corruption of the Chinese Ji-pun, or Ji-puan. The name may have been given by the Chinese or Coreans to the land lying east of them, whence the sun rose, or by the conquerors coming from Manchuria, by way of Corea, eastward. Or, it may have arisen anciently among the natives of the western provinces of Japan. It is found in Chinese books from the time of the Tang dynasty (618–905 A.D.). 2. *Dai Nihon Koku* (Country of Great Japan). 3. *Ō Yashima no Kuni* (Country of the Eight Great Islands), created by Izanagi and Izanami. 4. *Onogorojima* (Island of the Congealed Drops), which fell from the jeweled falchion or spear of Izanagi. 5. *Shiki Shima* (Outspread Islands), a name common in poetry, and referring to their being spread out like stepping-stones in a Japanese garden. 6. *Toyohara Akitsu Kuni* (Country between Heaven and Earth). 7. *Toyoakitsu Kuni* (Dragon-fly-shaped Country), from the resemblance to this insect with its wings outspread. 8. *Toyo Ashiwara Kuni* (Fertile Plain of Sweet Flags). 9. *Ō Yamato no Kuni* (Land of Great Peace). The same characters are read *Wa Koku* by the Chinese, and sometimes by the Japanese. 10. *Fuso Koku.* Fuso is the name of a tree which is fabled to petrify; hence, an emblem of national stability. 11. *On Koku* (Honorable Country). 12. *Shin Koku* (Land of the Holy Spirits). 13. *Kami no Kuni* (The God-land, or Land of the Gods). 14. *Horai no Kuni* (Land of the Elixir of Immortality), an allusion to the legend that a Chinese courtier came to

in being more powerful, a female child was born, greatly to the chagrin of the father, who wished for male offspring. The child was named Ama-terasŭ ō mikami, or, the Heaven-illuminating Goddess. She shone beautifully, and lighted the heavens and the earth. Her father, therefore, transferred her from earth to heaven, and gave her the ethereal realm to rule over. At this time the earth was close to heaven, and the goddess easily mounted the pillar, on which heaven rested, to her kingdom.

The second child was also a female, and was called Tsuki no kami, and became the Goddess of the Moon. The third child, Hiruko (leech), was a male, but not well formed. When three years old, being still unable to stand, his parents made an ark of camphor-wood, and set him adrift at sea. He became the first fisherman, and was the God of the Sea and of Storms.

After two girls and a cripple had thus been born, the father was delighted with the next fruit of his spouse, a fine boy, whom they named Sosanoö no mikoto. Of him they entertained the highest hopes. He grew up, however, to be a most mischievous fellow, killing people, pulling up their trees, and trampling down their fields. He grew worse as he grew up. He was made ruler over the blue sea; but he never kept his kingdom in order. He let his beard grow down over his bosom. He cried constantly; and the land became a desert, the rivers and seas dried up, and human beings died in great numbers. His father, inquiring the reason of his surly behavior, was told that he wished to go to his mother, who was in the region under the earth. He then made his son ruler over the kingdom of night. The august scape-grace still continued his pranks, unable to refrain from mischief. One day, after his sister, the Sun-goddess, had planted a field with rice, he turned a wild horse loose, which trampled down and spoiled all her work. Again, having built a store-house for the new rice, he defiled it so that it could not be used. At another time, his sister was sitting at her loom, weaving. Sosanoö, having skinned a live horse by drawing its skin off from the tail to the head, flung the reeking hide over the loom, and the carcass in the room. The goddess was so frightened that she hurt herself with the shuttle, and, in her wrath, retired to a

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Japan in search of the elixir of immortality. He brought a troop of young men and maidens with him. Dying in Japan, he was buried in Kii, and the young couples, marrying, colonized Japan. 15. *Ko Koku* (The Mikado's Empire), Land ruled by a Theocratic Dynasty. 16. *Tei Koku Nihon* (The Empire ruled by a Theocratic Dynasty, or, Japan, the Empire governed by Divine Rulers).

cave, closing the mouth with a large rock. Heaven, earth, and the four quarters became enshrouded in darkness, and the distinction between day and night ceased. Some of the turbulent and ill-mannered gods took advantage of the darkness to make a noise like the buzzing of flies, and the confusion was dreadful.

Then all the gods (eight hundred thousand in number) assembled on the heavenly river-plain of Yasu, to discuss what was to be done to appease the anger of the great goddess. The wisest of the gods was intrusted with the charge of thinking out a stratagem to entice her forth. The main part of the plan was to make an image of the self-imprisoned goddess, which was to be more beautiful than herself, and thus excite at once her curiosity and her jealousy. It was to be a round mirror like the sun.

A large rock from near the source of the river was taken to form an anvil. To make the bellows, they took the whole skin of a deer, and, with iron from the mines of heaven, the blacksmith-god made two mirrors, which successively failed to please the gods, being too small. The third was large and beautiful, like the sun.

The heavenly artisans now prepared to make the finest clothes and jewelry, and a splendid palace for the Sun-goddess, when she should come out. Two gods planted the paper-mulberry and hemp, and prepared bark and fibre; while three other gods wove them into coarse, striped, and fine cloth, to deck her dainty limbs. Two gods, the first carpenters, dug holes in the ground with a spade, erected posts, and built a palace. Another deity, the first jeweler, made a string of *magatama* (curved jewels), the material for a necklace, hair-pins, and bracelets. Two other gods held in their hands the sacred wands, called *tama-gushi.*

Two gods were then appointed to find out, by divination, whether the goddess was likely to appear. They caught a buck, tore out a bone from one of its forelegs, and set it free again. The bone was placed in a fire of cherry-bark, and the crack produced by the heat in the blade of the bone was considered a satisfactory omen.

A sakaki-tree was then pulled up by the roots. To the upper branches was hung the necklace of jewels, to the middle was attached the mirror, and from the lower branches depended the coarse and fine cloth. This was called a *gohei.* A large number of perpetually crowing cocks was obtained from (what had been) the region of perpetual day. These irrepressible chanticleers were set before the cave, and began to crow lustily in concert. The God of Invincibly Strong Hands was placed in concealment near the rocky door, ready to pull the goddess out at her first peering forth. A goddess with a countenance of heavenly glossiness, named Uzumé, was appointed manager of the dance. She first bound up her flowing sleeves close to her body, under the armpits, by a creeping plant, called *masaki*, and donned a head-dress made of long moss. While she blew a bamboo tube, with holes pierced in it between the joints, the other deities kept time to the music with two flat, hard pieces of wood, which they clapped together. Another kami took six bows, and, from the long moss hanging from the pine-trees on the high hills, she strung the bows, and made the harp called the *koto.* His son made music on this instrument by drawing across the strings grass and rushes, which he held in both hands. Bonfires were now lighted before the door of the cavern, and the orchestra of fifes, drums, cymbals, and harp began. The goddess Uzumé now mounted the circular box, having a bâton of twigs of bamboo grass in one hand, with a spear of bamboo twined with grass, on which small bells tinkled. As she danced, the drum-like box prepared for her resounded, and she, becoming possessed by a spirit of folly, sung a song in verses of six syllables each, which some interpret as the numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 100, 1000, 10,000. The goddess, as she danced, loosened her dress, exposing her nude charms. All this was caused by the spirit which possessed her. It so excited the mirth of the gods that they laughed so loudly that heaven shook. The song and its interpretations are:

"Hito, futa, miyo	One, two, three, four,
Itsu, muyu, nana	Five, six, seven,
Ya, koko-no, tari	Eight, nine, ten,
Momo, chi, yorodzu	Hundred, thousand, ten thousand."

"Ye gods, behold the cavern doors!
Majesty appears—hurra!
Our hearts are quite satisfied;
Behold my charms."

or,

"Gods, behold the door!
Lo! the majesty of the goddess!
Shall we not be filled with rapture?
Are not my charms excellent?"

The Sun-goddess within, unable to account for the ill-timed mirth, since heaven and earth were in darkness, rose, and approaching the rocky door, listened to the honeyed words of one of the gods, who was praising her. Impelled further by curiosity, she opened the door slightly, and asked why Uzumé danced and the gods laughed? Uzumé replied, "I dance because there is an honorable deity who surpasses your glory." As she said this, the exceedingly beauteous god Futodama showed the mirror. The Sun-goddess within, astonished at her own loveliness, which she now first beheld in the reflection, stepped out a little further to gratify her curiosity. The God of Invincibly Strong Hands, who stood concealed, pulled the rock door open, caught her by the hand, and dragged her forth. The wisest of the gods, who superintended the whole proceedings, took a rope of twisted rice-straw, passed it behind her, and said, "Do not go behind this." They then removed the Sun-goddess to her new palace, and put a straw rope around it to keep off evil gods. Her wicked brother was punished by having each particular hair of his head pulled out, and his finger and toe nails extracted. He was then banished.

Izanami's fifth child, the last in whose conception the two gods shared, was a son, called the God of Wild Fire. In bringing him forth the goddess suffered great pain; and from the matter which she vomited in her agony sprung the God and Goddess of Metal. She afterward created the gods of Clay and Fresh Water, who were to pacify the God of Fire when inclined to be turbulent. Izanami had enjoined her consort not to look at her during her retirement, but he disregarded her wish. She fled from him, and departed to the nether regions. Izanagi, incensed at the God of Fire, clove him in three pieces with his sword. From these fragments sprung the gods of Thunder, of Mountains, and of Rain. He then descended into the region of night to induce Izanami to come back to the earth. There he met his consort, who would not return. He found the region to be one of perpetual and indescribable foulness, and, before he left, he saw the body of his wife had become a mass of putrefaction. Escaping into the upper world, he washed himself in the sea, and, in the act of escape and purification, many gods were created. According to one version, Amaterasŭ was produced out of his left eye, and Sosanoö out of his nose. Those deities created out of the filth from which he cleansed himself became the wicked gods, who now war against the good gods and trouble mankind. The God of Clay and the Goddess of Fresh Water married. Their offspring was Naka musubi. From his head grew the mulberry and silk-worm, and from his navel sprung the five cereals, rice, wheat, beans, millet, and sorghum.

Another legend, changing the sex of Sosanoö, says the Sun-goddess spoke to Sosanoö (the Moon-goddess), who reigned jointly with her over the high plain of heaven, and said, "I have heard that there is a food-possessing goddess in the central country of luxuriant reedy moors (Japan). Go and see." Descending from heaven, he came to the august abode of the Goddess of Food, and asked for refreshment. The goddess, creating various forms of food, such as boiled rice from the land, fish from the sea, beasts, with coarse and fine hair, from the hills, set them on a banqueting-table before Sosanoö, who, enraged at the manner of the creation of the food, killed her.

Reporting the matter in heaven, Amaterasŭ was angry at Sosanoö, and degraded her (the Moon-goddess) from joint rule, and condemned her to appear only at night, while she, the Sun-goddess, slept. Amaterasŭ then sent a messenger the second time to see whether the Food-goddess was really dead. This was found to be the case. Out of the dead body were growing, millet on the forehead; silk-worms and a mulberry-tree on the eyebrows; grass on the eyes; on the belly, rice, barley, and large and small beans. The head finally changed into a cow and horse. The messenger took them all, and presented them to Amaterasŭ. The Sun-goddess rejoiced, and ordained that these should be the food of human beings, setting apart rice as the seed of the watery fields, and the other cereals as the seed of the dry fields. She appointed lords of the villages of heaven, and began for the first time to plant the rice-seeds. In the autumn the drooping ears ripened in luxuriant abundance. She planted the mulberry-trees on the fragrant hills of heaven, and rearing silk-worms, and chewing cocoons in her mouth, spun thread. Thus began the arts of agriculture, silk-worm rearing, and weaving.

When Sosanoö was in banishment, there was a huge eight-headed dragon that had devastated the land and eaten up all the fair virgins. Sosanoö enticed the monster to partake of an intoxicating liquor set in eight jars, and then slew him while in stupor. In the tail of the dragon he found a sword of marvelous temper, which he presented to Amaterasŭ. This sword, called "Cloud-cluster," afterward became one of the three sacred emblems constituting the regalia of the Japanese sovereigns. In these last days of commerce, Sosanoö's exploit is pictured on the national paper money. He is also said to have invented poetry. Being as irregularly amorous as the Jupiter of another mythology, he was the father of many children by various mothers. One of the most illustrious of his offspring was Daikokŭ, now worshiped in every household as the God of Fortune. In the later stages of the mythology, heaven and earth are found peopled with myriads of kami, some of whom have inhabited heaven from the beginning, while those on the earth have been ruling or contending together from an indefinite period. Finally, before ushering in the third or final stage of the mythical history, there are general war and confusion among the gods on earth, and Amaterasŭ resolves to bring order out of the troubles, and to subdue and develop the land for herself.

She desired to make a son of her own a ruler over the terrestrial world. One had been produced from her necklace, called Oshi-homi no mikoto, who married Tamayori himé no mikoto, one of the granddaughters of Izanagi and Izanami. Their offspring was Ninigi no mikoto. After much delay, caused by the dispatch and failure of envoys to the gods of the earth, he prepared to descend from heaven to his realm on earth. The Sun-goddess gave her grandson various treasures, chief of which were the mirror, emblem of her own soul, and now worshiped at Isé, the sword Cloud-cluster, taken by Sosanoö from the dragon's tail, and a stone or seal. Concerning the mirror she said, "Look upon this mirror as my spirit; keep it in the same house and on the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshiping my actual presence."

Another version of this divine investiture is given in these words: "For centuries upon centuries shall thy followers rule this kingdom. Herewith receive from me the succession and the three crown talismans. Should you at any future time desire to see me, look in this mirror. Govern this country with the pure lustre that radiates from its surface. Deal with thy subjects with the gentleness which the smooth rounding of the stone typifies. Combat the enemies of thy kingdom with this sword, and slay them on the edge of it."

Accompanied by a number of inferior gods of both sexes, he descended on the floating bridge of heaven, on which the first pair had stood when separating the dry land from the water, to the mountain of Kirishima, between Hiuga and Ōzumi, in Kiushiu. After his descent, the sun and earth, which had already receded from each other to a considerable distance, became further separated, and communication by the floating bridge of heaven ceased. According to the commentators on the sacred books, as Japan lay directly opposite to the sun when it separated from the earth, it is clear (to a devout Japanese) that Japan lies on the summit of the globe. As it was created first, it is especially the Land of the Gods, the Holy Land, the Country of the Divine Spirits. All other countries were formed later by the spontaneous consolidation of the foam and mud of the sea. All foreign countries were of course created by the power of the heavenly gods, but they were not begotten by Izanagi and Izanami, nor did they give birth to the Sun-goddess, which is the cause of their inferiority. Japan is superior to all the world for the reasons given above. The traditions current in other countries as to the origin of the world are of course incorrect, since, being so far from the sources of truth, they can not be accurate, and must be greatly distorted. From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence. This opinion, long held by Japanese in general, still lingers among the fanatical Shintō scholars, and helps to explain the intense hatred and contempt manifested toward foreigners as late as within the last decade.

Ninigi no mikoto descended on Kirishima yama, and was received with due honors by one of the kami of the place. He had a son, who lived five hundred and eighty years. This son married a sea-monster, who appeared to him in the form of a woman, and by her he had a son, who became ruler, and was succeeded by a son born of an aunt. Ninigi, the heavenly descendant, was thus the great-grandfather of Jimmu Tennō, the first emperor of Japan.

It is not easy to weave into a continuous and consistent whole the various versions of the Japanese accounts of creation and the acts of the gods, or to be always safe in deciding their origin, sex, or relations to each other; for these spirits act like Milton's, and "as they please, they limb themselves." These myths arising among the primitive Japanese people of various localities, who never attempted to formulate them, are frequently at hopeless variance with each other; and the ingenuity and ability of the learned native commentators on the sacred books, especially the *Nihongi* and *Kojiki*, are exercised to the highest degree to reconcile them.

One author devotes twenty volumes of comment to two of the text of the *Kojiki* in these earnest efforts, making his works a rich mine to the student of Japanese antiquities. Translated into English, in the spirit of a devout Japanese, an exalted Biblical or Miltonic style should be used. Mr. Aston thus renders a passage from the *Nakatomi no harai*, one of the most ancient monuments of the language, describing the descent of the god Ninigi to the earth (Japan): "They caused him to thrust from him heaven's eternal throne, to fling open heaven's eternal doors, to cleave with might his way from out heaven's many-piled clouds, and then to descend from heaven."

A literal, or even free, translation into plain English could not, however, be made in a book to be read, unexpurgated, in the family circle. Many physiological details, and not a few references probably, pure to the native pure, would not be suffered by the tastes or moral codes in vogue among the mass of readers in Europe or America. Like the mythology of Greece, that of Japan is full of beauty, pathos, poetic fancy, charming story, and valorous exploit. Like that, it forms the soil of the national art, whether expressed in bronze, porcelain, colors; or poetry, song, picture, the dance, pantomime, romance, symbolism; or the æsthetics of religion.

In spite of Buddhism, rationalism, and skeptical philosophy, it has entered as fully into the life and art and faith of the people of Japan as the mythology of the Aryan nations has entered into the life and art of Europe. Like that of the nations classic to us, the Japanese mythology, when criticised in the light of morals, and as divorced from art, looked at by one of alien clime, race, and faith, contains much that is hideous, absurd, impure, and even revolting. Judged as the growth and creation of the imagination, faith, and intellect of the primitive inhabitants of Japan, influenced by natural surroundings, it is a faithful mirror of their country, and condition and character, before these were greatly modified by outside religion or philosophy. Judged as a religious influence upon the descendants of the ancient Nihonese—the Japanese, as we know them—it may be fairly held responsible for much of the peculiar moral traits of their character, both good and evil. The Japanese mythology is the doctrinal basis of their ancient and indigenous religion, called Kami no michi, or Shintō (way or doctrine of the gods, or, by literal rendering, theology).

One of the greatest pleasures to a student of Japanese art, antiquities, and the life as seen in the Japan of to-day, is to discover the survivals of primitive culture among the natives, or to trace in their customs the fashions and ceremonies current tens of centuries ago, whose genesis is to be sought in the age of the gods. Beneath the poetic and mythical costume are many beautiful truths.

One of the many Japanese rationalistic writers explains the hiding of Amaterasŭ in the cave as an eclipse of the sun. Ebisŭ, the third child of the first pair, is now worshiped as the God of Daily Food, fish being the staple of Japanese diet. He is usually represented as a jolly angler, with a red fish (*tai*) under one fat arm, and a rod and line under the other. One need not go far from Kiōto to find the identical spots of common earth which the fertile imagination of the children of Nippon has transfigured into celestial regions. Thus, the prototype of "the dry bed of the river Ame no yasŭ" is now to be seen in front of the city of Kiōto, where the people still gather for pleasure or public ceremony. The "land of roots," to which Sosanoö was banished, is a region evidently situated a few miles north-west of Kiōto. The dancing of Suzumé before the cavern is imitated in the pantomimic dance still seen in every Japanese village and city street. The mirror made from iron in the mines of heaven by the Blacksmith god was the original of the burnished disks before which the Japanese beauty of to-day, sitting for hours on knee and heels, and nude to the waist, heightens her charms. A mask of Suzumé, representing the laughing face of a fat girl, with narrow forehead, having the imperial spots of sable, and with black hair in rifts on her forehead, cheeks puffed out, and dimpled chin, adorns the walls of many a modern Japanese house, and notably on certain festival days, and on their many occasions of mirth. The stranger, ignorant of its symbolic import, could, without entering the palace, find its prototype in five minutes, by looking around him, from one of the jolly fat girls at the well or the rice-bucket. The *magatama* jewels, curved and perforated pieces of soap-stone occasionally dug up in various parts of Japan, show the work of the finger of man, and ancient pictures depict the chiefs of tribes decked with these adornments. In the preparations made to attract forth the Sun-goddess, we see the origin of the arts of music by wind and stringed instruments, dancing, divination, adornment, weaving, and carpentry. To this day, when the Japanese female is about to sweep, draw water, or perform household duties, she binds up her sleeves to her armpits, with a string twisted over her shoulders, like the sleeve-binder of the dancing goddess. Before Shintō shrines, trees sacred to the kami, at New-year's-day before gates and doors, and often in children's plays, one sees stretched the twisted ropes of rice-straw. In the month of August especially, but often at the fairs, festivals, and on holidays, the wand of waving jewels, made by suspending colored paper and trinkets to a branch of bamboo, and something like a Christmas-tree, is a frequent sight. The *gohei* is still the characteristic emblem seen on a Shintō shrine. All these relics, trivial and void of meaning to the hasty tourist, or the alien, whose only motive for dwelling on the island is purely sordid, are, in the eye of the native, and the intelligent foreigner, ancient, sacred, and productive of innocent joy, and to the latter, sources of fresh surprise and enjoyment of a people in themselves intensely interesting.

V.

THE TWILIGHT OF FABLE.

Between the long night of the unknown ages that preceded the advent of the conquerors, and the morning of what may be called real history, there lies the twilight of mythology and fabulous narration.

The mythology of Nippon, though in essence Chinese, is Japanese in form and coloring, and bears the true flavor of the soil from whence it sprung. The patriotic native or the devout Shintōist may accept the statements of the *Kojiki* as genuine history; but in the cold, clear eye of an alien they are the inventions of men shaped to exalt the imperial family. They are a living and luxurious growth of fancy around the ruins of facts that in the slow decay of time have lost the shape by which recognition is possible. Chinese history does indeed, at certain points, corroborate what the Japanese traditions declare, and thus gives us some sure light; but for a clear understanding of the period antedating the second century of the Christian era, the native mythology and the fabulous narrations of the *Kojiki* are but as moonlight.

Jimmu Tennō, the first mikado, was the fifth in descent from the Sun-goddess. His original name was Kan Yamato Iware Hiko no mikoto. The title Jimmu Tennō, meaning "spirit of war," was posthumously applied to him many centuries afterward. When the *Kojiki* was compiled, pure Japanese names only were in use. Hence, in that book we meet with many very long quaint names and titles which, when written in the Chinese equivalents, are greatly abbreviated. The introduction of the written characters of China at a later period enabled the Japanese to express almost all their own words, whether names, objects, or abstract ideas, in Chinese as well as Japanese. Thus, in the literature of Japan two languages exist side by side, or imbedded in each other. This applies to the words only. Japanese syntax, being incoercible, has preserved itself almost entirely unchanged.

The *Kojiki* states that Jimmu was fifty years old when he set out upon his conquests. He was accompanied by his brothers and a few retainers, all of whom are spoken of as kami, or gods. The country of Japan was already populated by an aboriginal people dwelling in villages, each under a head-man, and it is interesting to notice how the inventors of the *Kojiki* account for their origin. They declare, and the Japanese popularly believe, that these aboriginal savages were the progeny of the same gods (Izanagi and Izanami) from whom Jimmu sprung; but they were wicked, while Jimmu was righteous.

The interpretation doubtless is, that a band of foreign invaders landed in Hiuga, in Kiushiu, or they were perhaps colonists, who had occupied this part of the country for some time previous. The territory of Hiuga could never satisfy a restless, warlike people. It is mountainous, volcanic, and one of the least productive parts of Japan.

At the foot of the famous mountain of Kirishima, which lies on the boundary between Hiuga and Ōzumi, is the spot where Jimmu resided, and whence he took his departure.

Izanagi and Izanami first, and afterward Ninigi, the fourth ancestor of Jimmu, had descended from this same height to the earth. Every Japanese child who lives within sight of this mountain gazes with reverent wonder upon its summit, far above the sailing clouds and within the blue sky, believing that here the gods came down from heaven.

The story of Jimmu's march is detailed in the *Kojiki*, and the numerous popular books based upon it. A great many wonderful creatures and men that resembled colossal spiders were encountered and overcome. Even wicked gods had to be fought or circumvented. His path was to Usa, in Buzen; thence to Okada; thence by ship through the windings of the Suwo Nada, a part of the Inland Sea,* landing in Aki. Here he built a palace, and remained seven years. He then went to the region of Bizen, and, after dwelling there eight years, he sailed to the East. The waves were very rough and rapid at the spot near the present site of Ōzaka,* where he finally succeeded in landing, and he gave the spot the name *Nami Haya* (swift waves). This afterward became, in the colloquial, and in poetry, Naniwa.

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* The "Inland Sea" (Séto Uchi) is a name which has been given by foreigners, and adopted by the Japanese, who until modern times had no special name for it as a whole. Indeed, the whole system of Japanese geographical nomenclature proves that the generalizations made by foreigners were absent from their conceptions. The large bays have not a name which unifies all their parts and limbs into one body. The long rivers possess each, not one name, but many local appellations along their length. The main island was nameless, so were Shikokŭ and Kiushiu for many centuries. Yezo, to the native, is a region, not an island. Even for the same street in a city a single name, as a rule, is not in use, each block receiving a name by itself. This was quite a natural proceeding when the universe, or "all beneath heaven," meant Japan. The Séto Uchi has been in Japanese history what the Mediterranean was to the course of empire in Europe, due allowance being made for proportions, both physical and moral. It extends nearly east and west two hundred and forty miles, with a breadth varying from ten to

Hitherto the career of the invaders had been one of victory and easy conquest, but they now received their first repulse. After severe fighting, Jimmu was defeated, and one of his brothers was wounded. A council of war was held, and sacred ceremonies celebrated to discover the cause of the defeat. The solemn verdict was that as children of the Sun-goddess they had acted with irreverence and presumption in journeying in opposition to the course of the sun from west to east, instead of moving, as the sun moves, from east to west. Thereupon they resolved to turn to the south, and advance westward. Leaving the ill-omened shores, they coasted round the southern point

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thirty miles, with many narrow passages. It has six divisions (*nada*), taking their names from the provinces whose shores they wash. It contains a vast number of islands, but few known dangers, and has a sea-board of seven hundred miles, densely populated, abounding with safe and convenient anchorages, dotted with many large towns and provincial capitals and castled cities, and noted for the active trade of its inhabitants. It communicates with the Pacific by the channels of Kii on the east, Bungo on the south, and by the Straits of Shimonoséki ("the Gibraltar of Japan"), half a mile wide, on the west. It can be navigated safely at all seasons of the year by day, and now, under ordinary circumstances, by night, thanks to the system of light-houses thoroughly equipped with the latest instruments of optical science, including dioptric and catoptric, fixed and revolving, white and colored lights, in earthquake-proof towers, erected by English engineers in the service of the mikado's Government. The tides and currents of the Séto Uchi are not as yet perfectly known, but are found to be regular at the east and west entrances, the tide-waves coming from the Pacific. In many parts they run with great velocity. The cut on page 57 shows one of these narrow passages where the eddying currents rush past a rock in mid-channel, scouring the shores, and leaving just enough room for the passage of a large steamer.

A very destructive species of mollusk inhabits the Inland Sea, which perforates timber, making holes one-third of an inch in diameter. Sailing-vessels bound to Nagasaki sometimes find it better in winter to work through the Inland Sea rather than to beat round Cape Chichakoff against the Kuro Shiwo. This latter feat is so difficult that sailors are apt to drop the *o* from the Japanese name (Satano) of this cape (*misaki*) and turn it into an English or Hebrew word. Those who are trying to prove that the Japanese are the "lost tribes" might make one of their best arguments from this fact. Kaempfer, it may be stated, derived the Japanese, by rapid transit, from the Tower of Babel, across Siberia to the islands.

* The spelling of Ōzaka (accent on the ō) is in accordance with the requirements of Japanese rules of orthography, and the usage of the people in Ōzaka and Kiōto.

of Kii, and landed at Arasaka. Here a peaceful triumph awaited them, for the chief surrendered, and presented Jimmu with a sword. A representation of this scene, engraved on steel, now adorns the greenback of one of the denominations of the national bank-notes issued in 1872. The steps of the conqueror were now bent toward Yamato. The mountain-passes were difficult, and the way unknown; but by act of one of the gods, Michi no Omi no mikoto, who interposed for their guidance, a gigantic crow, having wings eight feet long, went before the host, and led the warriors into the rich land of Yamato. Here they were not permitted to rest, for the natives fought stoutly for their soil.

A Narrow Passage in the Inland Sea.

On one occasion the clouds lowered, and thick darkness brooded over the battle-field, so that neither of the hosts could discern each other, and the conflict stayed. Suddenly the gloom was cleft by the descent from heaven of a bird like a hawk, which, hovering in a flood of golden effulgence, perched upon the bow of Jimmu. His adversaries, dazzled to blindness by the awful light, fled in dismay. Jimmu, being now complete victor, proceeded to make his permanent abode, and fixed the *miako*, or capital, at Kashiwabara, some miles distant from the present site of Kiōto. Here he set up his government, and began to rule over all the lands which he had conquered. Peace was celebrated with rejoicings, and religious ceremonies of imposing magnificence. He distributed rewards to his soldiers and officers, and chose his chief captains to be rulers over provinces, apportioning them lands, to be held in return for military service. It will be noticed that this primal form of general government was a species of feudalism. Such a political system was of the most rudimentary kind; only a little better than the Council of the Six Nations of the Iroquois, or was similar to that of the Aztecs of Mexico.

The country being now tranquilized, weapons were laid aside, and attention was given to the arts of peace. Among the first things accomplished was the solemn deposit of the three sacred emblems—mirror, sword, and ball—in the palace. Sacrifices were offered to the Sun-goddess on Torimino yama.

Jimmu married the princess Tatara, the most beautiful woman in Japan, and daughter of one of his captains. During his life-time his chief energies were spent in consolidating his power, and civilizing his subjects. Several rebellions had to be put down. After choosing an heir, he died, leaving three children, at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven years, according to the *Nihongi*, and of one hundred and thirty-seven, according to the *Kojiki.*

It is by no means certain that Jimmu was a historical character. The only books describing him are but collections of myths and fables, in which exists, perhaps, a mere skeleton of history. Even the Japanese writers, as, for instance, the author of a popular history (*Dai Nihon Koku Kai Biaku Yuraii Ki*), interpret the narratives in a rationalistic manner. Thus, the "eight-headed serpents" in the *Kojiki* are explained to be persistent arch-rebels, or valorous enemies; the "ground-spiders," to be rebels of lesser note; and the "spider-pits or holes," the rebels' lurking-places. The gigantic crow, with wings eight feet long, that led the host into Yamato was probably, says the native writer, a famous captain whose name was Karasŭ (crow), who led the advance-guard into Yamato, with such valor, directness, and rapidity, that it seemed miraculous. The myth of ascribing the guidance of the army to a crow was probably invented later. A large number of the incidents related in the *Kojiki* have all the characteristics of the myth.

Chinese tradition ascribes the peopling of Japan to the following causes: The grandfather (Taiko) of the first emperor (Buwo) of the Shu dynasty (thirty-seven emperors, eight hundred and seventy-two years, B.C. 1120–249) in China, having three sons, wished to bequeath his titles and estates to his youngest son, notwithstanding that law and custom required him to endow the eldest. The younger son refused to receive the inheritance; but the elder, knowing that his father Taiko would persist in his determination, and unwilling to cause trouble, secretly left his father's house and dominions, and sailed away to the South of China. Thence he is supposed to have gone to Japan and founded a colony in Hiuga. His name was Taihaku Ki. From this legend the Chinese frequently apply the name Kishi Koku, or "country of the Ki family," to Japan.

Whatever may be the actual facts, Jimmu Tennō is popularly believed to have been a real person, and the first emperor of Japan. He is deified in the Shintō religion, and in thousands of shrines dedicated to him the people worship his spirit. In the official list of mikados, he is named as the first. The reigning emperor refers to him as his ancestor from whom he claims unbroken descent. The 7th day of the Fourth month (April 7th) is fixed as the anniversary of his ascension to the throne, and that day is a national holiday, on which the iron-clad navy of modern Japan fires salutes, from Krupp and Armstrong guns, in his honor, and the military, in French uniforms, from Snider and Remington rifles, burn *in memoriam* powder.

The era of Jimmu is the starting-point of Japanese chronology, and the year 1 of the Japanese era is that upon which he ascended the throne at Kashiwabara.* A large number of Japanese students and educated men who have been abroad, or who, though remaining at home, have shed their old beliefs, and imbibed the modern spirit of nihilism, regard Jimmu as a myth. The majority, however, cling to their old belief that the name Jimmu represents a historical verity, and hold it as the sheet-anchor of their shifting faith. A young Japanese, fresh from several years' residence in Europe, was recently rallied concerning his belief in the divinity of the mikado and in the truth of the *Kojiki*. His final answer was, "It is my duty to believe in them."

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* Dr. J. J. Hoffman, who has written the best Japanese grammar yet published. in expressing the exact date given in the *Kojiki*, in terms of the Julian style, says the 19th of February (660 B.C.) was the day of Jimmu's ascension. Professor F. Kaiser has found out by calculation that at eight A.M. on that day of the said year there was a new moon at the *miako*. "Therefore," says this grammarian, leaping on the wings of his own logic to a tremendous conclusion, and settling down into assured satisfaction, "the correctness of the Japanese chronology may not be called in question." (See page 157, and note of "A Japanese Grammar," J. J. Hoffman, Leyden, 1868.)

VI.

SŪJIN, THE CIVILIZER.

From the death of Jimmu Tennō to that of Kimmei, in whose reign Buddhism was introduced (A.D. 571), there were, according to the *Dai Nihon Shi*, thirty-one mikados. During this period of twelve hundred and thirty-six years, believed to be historic by most Japanese, the most interesting subjects to be noted are the reforms of Sūjin Tennō, the military expeditions to Eastern Japan by Yamato Daké, the invasion of Corea by the Empress Jingu Kōgō, and the introduction of Chinese civilization and of Buddhism.

The *Nihongi* details the history and exploits of these ancient rulers with a minuteness and exactness of circumstance that are very suspicious. It gives the precise birthdays and ages of the emperors, who in those days attained an incredible longevity. Takénouchi, the Japanese Methusaleh, lived to be over three hundred and fifty years old, and served as prime minister to five successive emperors. Twelve mikados lived to be over one hundred years old. One of them ruled one hundred and one years. The reigns of the first seventeen averaged over sixty-one years. From the seventeenth to the thirty-first, the average reign is little over twelve years. In the list there are many whose deeds, though exaggerated in the mirage of fable, are, in the main, most probably historic.

Sūjin, also called Shūjin or Sunin (B.C. 97–30), was, according to the *Dai Nihon Shi*, a man of intense earnestness and piety. The traits of courage and energy which characterized his youth gave him in manhood signal fitness for his chosen task of elevating his people. He mourned over their wickedness, and called upon them to forsake their sins, and turn their minds to the worship of the gods. A great pestilence having broken out, and the people being still unrepentant, the pious monarch rose early in the morning, fasted, and purified his body with water, and called on the kami to stay the plague. After solemn public worship the gods answered him, and the plague abated. A revival of religious feeling and worship followed. In his reign dates the building of special shrines for the adoration of the gods.

Hitherto the sacred ceremonies had been celebrated in the open air. Further, the three holy regalia (mirror, sword, and ball) had hitherto been kept in the palace of the mikado. It was believed that the efficacy of the spirit was so great that the mikado dwelling with the spirit was, as it were, equal to a god. These three emblems had been placed within the palace, that it might be said that where they were dwelt the divine power. A rebellion having broken out during his reign, he was led to believe that this was a mark of the disfavor of the gods, and in consequence of his keeping the emblems under his own roof. Reverencing the majesty of the divine symbols, and fearing that they might be defiled by too close proximity to his carnal body, he removed them from his dwelling, and dedicated them in a temple erected for the purpose at Kasanui, a village in Yamato. He appointed his own daughter priestess of the shrine and custodian of the symbols—a custom which has continued to the present time.

The shrines of Uji, in Isé, which now hold these precious relics of the divine age, are always in charge of a virgin princess of imperial blood. Later, being warned by the goddess Amaterasŭ to do so, she carried the mirror from province to province, seeking a suitable locality; but having grown old in their search, Yamato himé* continued it, and finally, after many changes, they were deposited in their present place A.D. 4. Copies of the mirror and sword were, however, made by Sūjin, and placed in a separate building within the palace called the "place of reverence." This was the origin of the chapel still connected with the mikado's imperial palace.

From the most early time the dwelling and surroundings of the mikado were characterized by the most austere simplicity, quite like the Shintō temples themselves, and the name *miya* was applied to both. In imagining the imperial palace in Japan, the reader on this side the Pacific must dissolve the view projected on his mind at the mention of the term "palace." Little of the stateliness of architecture or the splendor and magnificence of the interior of a European palace belongs to the Japanese imperial residence. A simple structure, larger than an ordinary first-class dwelling, but quite like a temple in outward appearance, and destitute of all meretricious or artistic ornamentation within, marks the presence of royalty, or semi-divinity, in Japan. Even in Kiōto, for centuries, the palace, except for its size and slightly greater elevation, could not be distinguished from the residences of the nobles, or from a temple. All this was in keeping with the sacredness of the personage enshrined within. For vain mortals, sprung from inferior or wicked gods, for upstart generals, or low traders bloated with wealth, luxury and display were quite seemly. Divinity needed no material show. The circumstances and attributes of deity were enough. The indulgence in gaudy display was opposed to the attributes and character of the living representative of the Heavenly Line. This rigid simplicity was carried out even after death. In striking contrast with the royal burial customs of the nations of Asia are those of Japan.

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* The suffix *himé* after female proper names means "princess." It is still used by the ladies of the imperial family, and by the daughters of the court nobles. *Maye*, with *no*, was also added to names of ladies of rank.

The Mikado's Method of Travel in very Ancient Times.

All over the East, the tombs of dead dynasties are edifices of all others the most magnificent. The durable splendor of the homes of the departed far exceed that of the palaces of the living. But in Japan, in place of the gorgeous mausoleums and the colossal masterpieces of mortuary architecture of continental Asia, the sepulchres of the mikados seem monuments of chaste poverty. Nearly all of the imperial tombs are within the three provinces of Yamato, Yamashiro, and Settsu. A simple base of stone, surmounted by a low shaft, set upon a hillock, surrounded by a trench, and inclosed with a neat railing of timber, marks the resting-places of the dead emperors. All this is in accordance with the precepts of Shintō.

The whole life of Sūjin was one long effort to civilize his half-savage subjects. He ordained certain days when persons of both sexes must lay aside their regular employment, and give the Government his or her quantum of labor. The term for the labor of the men means "bow-point," and of the women "hand-point," implying that in the one case military service was the chief requirement, and in the other that of the loom or the field. He endeavored, in order to secure just taxation, to inaugurate a regular periodical census, and to reform the methods of dividing and recording time.* He encouraged the building of boats, in order to increase the means of transportation, promote commerce, and to bring the people at the extremities of the country in contact with each other. Communication between Corea and Kiushiu was rendered not only possible, but promised to be regular and profitable. We read that, during his reign, an envoy, bringing presents, arrived from Mimana, in Corea, B.C. 33. Six years later, it is recorded that the prince, a chief of Shiraki, in Corea, came to Japan to live. It is evident that these Coreans would tell much of what they had seen in their own country, and that many useful ideas and appliances would be introduced under the patronage of this enlightened monarch. Sūjin may be also called the father of Japanese agriculture, since he encouraged it by edict and example, ordering canals to be dug, water-courses provided, and irrigation to be extensively carried on. Water is the first necessity of the rice-farmer of Asia. It is to him as precious a commodity as it is to the miner of California. Rice must be sown, transplanted, and grown under water. Hence, in a country where this cereal is the staple crop, immense areas of irrigated fields are necessary. One of the unique forms of theft in rice-countries, which, in popular judgment, equals in

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* The twenty-four divisions of the solar year (according to the lunar calendar), by which the Japanese farmers have for centuries regulated their labors, are as follows:

"Beginning of Spring"	February 3.
"Rain-water"	February 19.
"Awakening of the Insects"	March 5.
"Middle of the Spring"	March 20.
"Clear Weather"	April 5.
"Seed Rain"	April 20.
"Beginning of Summer"	May 5.
"Little Plenty"	May 20.
"Transplanting the Rice"	June 5.
"Height of the Summer"	June 21.
"Little Heat"	July 6.
"Great Heat"	July 23.
"Beginning of Autumn"	August 7.
"Local Heat"	August 23.
"White Dew"	September 8.
"Middle of Autumn"	September 23.
"Cold Dew"	October 8.
"Fall of Hoar-frost"	October 23.
"Beginning of Winter"	November 7.
"Little Snow"	November 22.
"Great Snow"	December 7.
"Height of the Winter"	December 22.
"Little Frost"	January 6.
"Great Frost"	January 20.

iniquity the stealing of ore at the mines, or horses on the prairies, is the drawing off water from a neighbor's field. In those old rude times, the Japanese water-thief, when detected, received but little more mercy than the horse-robber in the West. The immense labor necessary to obtain the requisite water-supply can only be appreciated by one who has studied the flumes of California, the tanks of India, or the various appliances in Southern Asia. In Japan, it is very common to terrace, with great labor, the mountain gulches, and utilize the stream in irrigating the platforms, thus changing a noisy, foaming stream into a silent and useful servant. In many cases, the water is led for miles along artificial canals, or ditches, to the fertile soil which needs it. On flat lands, at the base of mountains, huge reservoirs are excavated, and tapped as often as desired. In the bosom of the Hakoné Mountains, between Sagami and Suruga, is a deep lake of pure cold water, over five thousand feet above the sea-level. On the plain below are few or no natural streams. Centuries ago, but long after Sūjin's time, the mountain wall was breached and tunneled by manual labor, and now through the rocky sluices flows a flood sufficient to enrich the millions of acres of Suruga province. The work begun by Sūjin was followed up vigorously by his successor, as we read that, in the year A.D. 6, a proclamation was issued ordering canals and sluices to be dug in over eight hundred places.

The emperor had two sons, whom he loved equally. Unable to determine which of them should succeed him, he one day told them to tell him their dreams the next morning, and he should decide the issue by interpretation. The young princes accordingly washed their bodies, changed their garments, and slept. Next day the elder son said, "I dreamed that I climbed up a mountain, and, facing the east, I cut with the sword and thrust with the spear eight times." The younger said, "I climbed the same mountain, and, stretching snares of cords on every side, tried to catch the sparrows that destroy the grain." The emperor then interpreted the dream, "You, my son," said he to the elder, "looked in one direction. You will go to the East, and become its governor." "You, my son," said he to the younger, "looked in every direction. You will govern on all sides. You will become my heir." It happened as the father had said. The younger became emperor, and a peaceful ruler. The elder became the governor of, and a warrior in, the East.

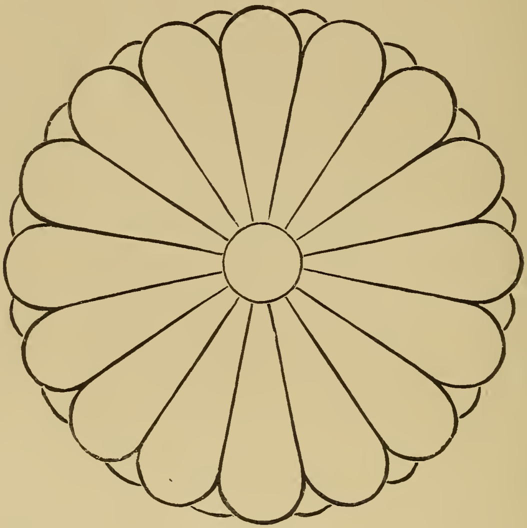
The story is interesting as illustrating the method of succession to the throne. Usually it was by primogeniture, but often it depended upon the will or whim of the father, the councils of his chiefs, or the intrigues of courtiers.

The energies of this pious mikado were further exerted in devising and executing a national military system, whereby his peaceably disposed subjects could be protected and the extremities of his dominions extended. The eastern and northern frontiers were exposed to the assaults of the wild tribes of Ainōs who were yet unsubdued. Between the peaceful agricultural inhabitants who owned the sway of the ruler in Yamato, and the untamed savages who gloried in their freedom, a continual border-war existed. The military division of the empire into four departments was made, and a shōgun, or general, was appointed over each. These departments were the Tō, Nan, and Sai kai dō, and Hokŭrokudō, or the East, South, and West-sea Circuits, and the Northern-land Circuit. The strict division of the empire into *dō*, or circuits, according with the natural features and partitions of the country, which is still recognized, was of later time; but already, B.C. 25, it seems to have been foreshadowed by Sūjin.

One of these shōguns, or generals, named Obiko, who was assigned to the Northern Department, lying north of Yamato and along the west coast, holds a high place of renown among the long list of famous Japanese warriors. It is said that when, just after he had started to join his command, he heard of a conspiracy against the mikado, returning quickly, he killed the traitor, restored order, and then resumed his duties in the camp at the North. His son held command in the East. In the following reign, it is written that military arsenals and magazines were established, so that weapons and rations were ready at any moment for a military expedition to repel incursions from the wild tribes on the border, or to suppress insurrections within the pale of the empire. The half-subdued inhabitants in the extremes of the realm needed constant watching, and seem to have been as restless and treacherous as the Indians on our own frontiers. The whole history of the extension and development of the mikado's empire is one of war and blood, rivaling, if not exceeding, that of our own country in its early struggles with the Indians. This constant military action and life in the camp resulted, in the course of time, in the creation of a powerful and numerous military class, who made war professional and hereditary. It developed that military genius and character which so distinguish the modern Japanese, and mark them in such strong contrast with other nations of Eastern Asia. The long-sustained military operations also served to consolidate the empire.

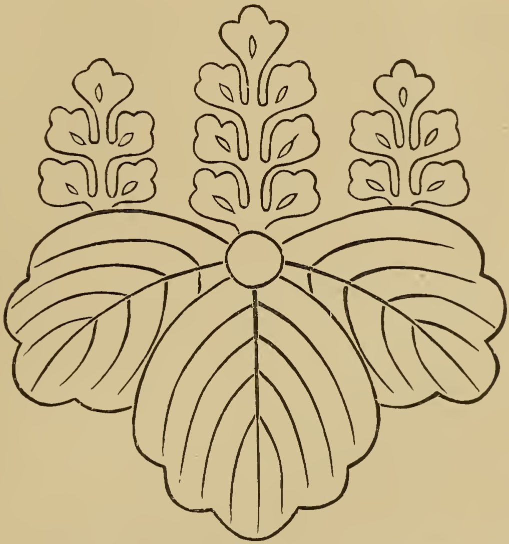
In these ancient days, however, there was no regular army, no special class of warriors, as in later times. Until the eighth century, the armies were extemporized from the farmers and people generally, as occasion demanded. The war over, they returned to their daily employments. The mikados were military chiefs, and led their armies, or gave to their sons or near relatives only, the charge of expeditions.

It is not my purpose to follow in detail the long series of battles, or even court conspiracies and intrigues, which fill the Japanese histories, and lead some readers to suppose that war was the normal condition of the palace and empire. I prefer to show the condition of the people, their methods of life, customs, ideas, and beliefs. Although wars without and intrigues within were frequent, these by no means made up the life of the nation. Peace had its victories, no less renowned than those of war. A study of the life of the people, showing their progress from barbarism to civilization, will, I think, be of more interest to the reader than details concerning imperial rebels, poisoners, or stabbers.



Imperial or Japanese Government Seal for Public Business. The Chrysanthemum.

In the Japanese histories, and in official language, literature, and etiquette of later days, there exists the conception of two great spheres of activity and of two kinds of transactions, requiring two methods of treatment. They are the *nai* and *guai*, the inner and the outer, the interior and exterior of the palace, or the throne and the empire. Thus the *Nihon Guai Shi*, by Rai Sanyo, or "External History of Japan," treats of the events, chiefly military, outside the palace. His other work, *Nihon Seiki*, treats rather of the affairs of the "forbidden interior" of the palace. In those early days this conception had not been elaborated.



Imperial Crest, or the Mikado's Seal, for Private or Palace Business. Leaf and Blossoms of the *Paulownia imperialis* (kiri.)

The mikado from ancient times has had two crests, answering to the coats of arms in European heraldry. One is a representation of a chrysanthemum (kiku), and is used for government purposes outside the palace. It is embroidered on flags and banners, and printed on official documents. Since the Restoration, in 1868, the soldiers of the imperial army wear it as a frontlet on their caps. The other crest, representing a blossom and leaves of the *Paulownia imperialis* (kiri), is used in business personal to the mikado and his family. The ancient golden chrysanthemum has, since 1868, burst into new bloom, like the flowering of the nation itself, and has everywhere displaced the trefoil of the parvenus of later feudalism—the Tokugawas, the only military vassals of the mikado who ever assumed the preposterous title of "Tycoon."

VII.

YAMATO-DAKÉ, THE CONQUEROR OF THE KUANTŌ.*

A NEW hero appears in the second century, whose personality seems so marked that it is impossible to doubt that within the shell of fabulous narration is a rich kernel of history. This hero, a son of the twelfth emperor, Keiko (71–130 A.D.), is pictured as of fair mien, manly and graceful carriage. In his youth he led an army to put down a rebellion in Kiushiu; and, wishing to enter the enemy's camp, he disguised himself as a dancing-girl, and presented himself before the sentinel, who, dazed by the beauty and voluptuous figure of the supposed damsel, and hoping for a rich reward from his chief, admitted her to the arch-rebel's tent. After dancing before him and his carousing guests, the delighted voluptuary drew his prize by the hand into his own tent. Instead of a yielding girl, he found more than his match in the heroic youth, who seized him, held him powerless, and took his life. For this valorous effort he received the name Yamato-Daké, or, the Warlike. Thirteen years after this victory, A.D. 110, the tribes in eastern Japan revolted, and Yamato-Daké went to subdue them. He stopped at the shrine of the Sun-goddess in Isé, and, leaving his own sword under a pine-tree, he obtained from the priestess the sacred sword, one of the holy emblems enshrined by Sūjin. Armed with this palladium, he penetrated into the wilds of Suruga, to fight the Ainōs, who fled before him from the plains into the woods and mountain fastnesses. The Ainō method of warfare, like that of our North American Indians, was to avoid an encounter in the open field, and to fight in ambush from behind trees, rocks, or in the rank undergrowth, using every artifice by which, as pursued, they could inflict the greatest damage upon an enemy with the least loss and danger to themselves. In the lore of the forest they were so well read that they felt at home in the most tangled wilds. They were able to take advantage of every sound and sign. They were accustomed to disguise themselves in bear-skins, and thus act as spies and scouts. Fire was one of their chief means of attack. On a certain occasion they kindled the underbrush, which is still seen so densely covering the uncleared portions of the base of Fuji. The flames, urged by the wind, threatened to surround and destroy the Japanese army—a sight which the Ainōs beheld with yells of delight. The Sun-goddess then appeared to Yamato-Daké, who, drawing the divinely bestowed sword—Murakumo, or "Cloud-cluster"—cut the grass around him. So invincible was the blade that the flames ceased advancing and turned toward his enemies, who were consumed, or fled defeated. Yamato-Daké

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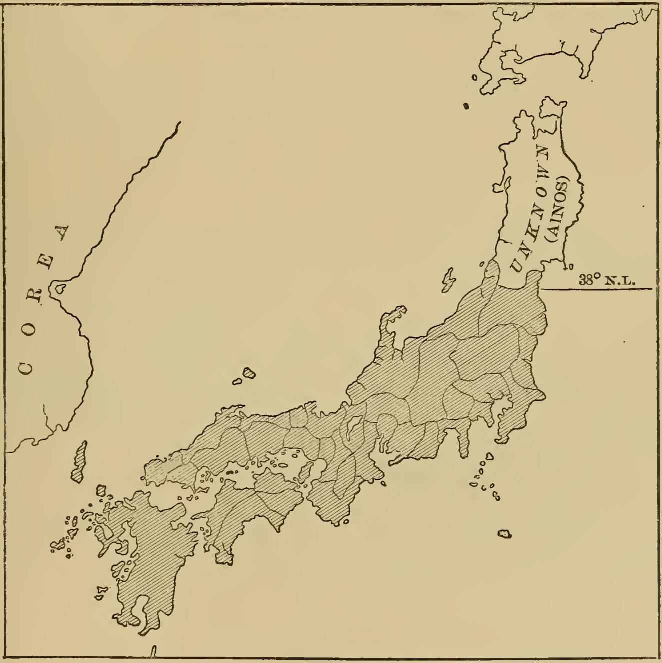
* Kuantō (east of the barrier). The term Kuantō was, probably as early as the ninth century, applied to that part of Japan lying east of the guard-gate, or barrier, at Ōzaka, a small village on the borders of Yamashiro and Omi. It included thirty-three provinces. The remaining thirty-three provinces were called Kuansei (west of the barrier). In modern times and at present, the term Kuantō (written also Kantō) is applied to the eight provinces (Kuan-hasshiu) east of the Hakoné range, consisting of Sagami, Musashi, Kōdzuké, Shimotsuké, Kadzusa, Awa, Shimōsa, and Hitachi. Sometimes Idzu, Kai, and the provinces of Hondo north of the thirty-eighth parallel, formerly called Mutsu and Déwa, are also included.

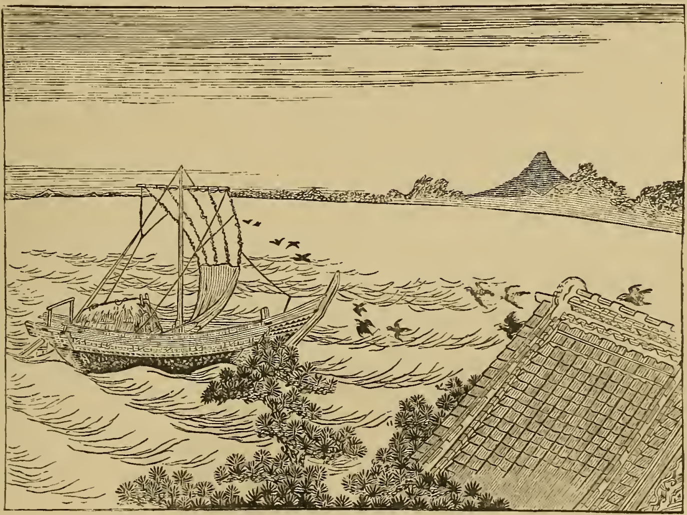


Japan, as known to the Ancient Mikados before the Fifth Century.

then gratefully acknowledging to the gods the victory vouchsafed to him, changed the name of the sword to Kusanagi (Grass-mower).

Crossing the Hakoné Mountains, he descended into the great plain of the East, in later days called the Kuantō, which stretches from the base of the central ranges and table-land of Hondo to the shores of the Pacific, and from Sagami to Iwaki. On reaching the Bay of Yedo at about Kamizaki, near Uraga, off which Commodore Perry anchored with his steamers in 1853, the hills of the opposite peninsula of Awa seemed so very close at hand, that Yamato-Daké supposed it would be a trifling matter to cross the intervening channel. He did not know what we know so well now, that at these narrows of the bay the winds, tides, currents, and weather are most treacherous. Having embarked with his host, a terrific storm arose, and the waves tossed the boat so helplessly about that death seemed inevitable. Then the frightened monarch understood that the Sea-god, insulted by his disparaging remark, had raised the storm to punish him. The only way to appease the wrath of the deity was by the sacrifice of a victim. Who would offer? One was ready. In the boat with her lord was his wife, Tachibana himé. Bidding him farewell, she leaped into the mad waves. The blinding tempest drove on the helpless boat, and the victim and the saved were parted. But the sacrifice was accepted. Soon the storm ceased, the sky cleared, the lovely landscape unveiled in serene repose. Yamato-Daké landed in Kadzusa, and subdued the tribes. At the head of the peninsula, at a site still pointed out within the limits of modern Tōkiō, he found the perfumed wooden comb of his wife, which had floated ashore. Erecting an altar, he dedicated the precious relic as a votive offering to the gods. A Shintō shrine still occupies the site where her spirit and that of Yamato-Daké are worshiped by the fishermen and sailors, whose junks fill the Bay of Yedo with animation and picturesque beauty. As usual, a pine-tree stands near the shrine. The artist has put Mount Fuji in the distance, a beautiful view of which is had from the strand. Yamato-Daké then advanced northward, through Shimōsa, sailing along the coast in boats to the border, as the Japanese claimed it to be, between the empire proper and the savages, which lay at or near the thirty-eighth parallel. The two greatest chiefs of the Ainōs, apprised of his coming, collected a great army to overwhelm the invader. Seeing his fleet approaching, and awed at the sight, they were struck with consternation, and said, "These ships must be from the gods. If so, and we draw bow against them, we shall be destroyed." No sooner had

Yamato-Daké landed than they came to the strand and surrendered. The hero kept the leaders as hostages, and having tranquilized the tribes, exacting promise of tribute, he set out on the homeward journey. His long absence from the capital in the wilds of the East doubtless disposed him to return gladly. He passed through Hitachi and Shimōsa, resting temporarily at Sakura, then through Musashi and Kai. Here he is said to have invented the distich, or thirty-one-syllable poem, so much used at the present day. After his army had been refreshed by their halt, he sent one of his generals into Echizen and Echigo to tranquilize the North-west and meet him in Yamato.



Junk in the Bay of Yedo, near the Shrine of Tachibana himé.

He himself marched into Shinano. Hitherto, since crossing the Hakoné range, he had carried on his operations on the plains. Shinano is a great table-land averaging twenty-five hundred, and rising in many places over five thousand, feet above the sea-level, surrounded and intersected by the loftiest peaks and mountain ranges in Japan. Ninety-five miles north-west of Tōkiō is the famous mountain pass of Usui Tōgé, the ascent of which from Sakamoto, on the high plain below, is a toilsome task. At this point, twenty-six hundred feet above Sakamoto, unrolls before the spectator a magnificent view of the Bay of Yedo and the plain below, one of the most beautiful and impressive in Japan. Here Yamato stood and gazed at the land and water.

draperied in the azure of distance, and, recalling the memory of his beloved wife, who had sacrificed her life for him, he murmured, sadly, "Adzuma, adzuma" (My wife, my wife). The plain of Yedo is still, in poetry, called Adzuma. One of the princes of the blood uses Adzuma as his surname; and the ex-Confederate iron-clad ram *Stonewall*, now of the Japanese navy, is christened Adzuma-kuan.

To cross the then almost unknown mountains of Shinano was a bold undertaking, which only a chief of stout heart would essay.* To travel in the thinly populated mountainous portions of Japan even at the present time, at least to one accustomed to the comfort of the palace-cars of civilization, is not pleasant. In those days, roads in the Kuantō were unknown. The march of an army up the slippery ascents, through rocky defiles, over lava-beds and river torrents, required as much nerve and caution as muscle and valor. To their superstitious fancies, every mountain was the abode of a god, every cave and defile the lurking-place of spirits. Air and water and solid earth were populous with the creatures of their imagination. Every calamity was the manifestation of the wrath of the local gods; every success a proof that the good kami were specially favoring them and their leaders. The clouds and fogs were the discomfiting snares of evil deities to cause them to lose their path. The asphyxiating exhalations from volcanoes, or from the earth, which to this day jet out inflammable gas, were the poisonous breath of the mountain gods, insulted by the daring intrusion into their sacred domain. On one occasion the god of the mountain came to Yamato-Daké, in the form of a white deer, to trouble him. Yamato-Daké, suspecting the animal, threw some wild garlic in its eye, causing it to smart so violently that the deer died.

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* The cold in winter in the high mountain regions of Shinano is severe, and fires are needed in the depth of summer. Heavy falls of snow in winter make traveling tedious and difficult. I went over this part of Yamato-Daké's journey in 1873, completing a tour of nine hundred miles. As I have gone on foot over the mountain *togés* (passes) from Takata, in Echigo, to Tōkiō, in Musashi, and likewise have been a pedestrian up and over the pass of St. Bernard, I think, all things considered, the achievement of Yamato-Daké fully equal in courage, skill, daring, patience, and romantic interest to that of Napoleon. The tourist to-day who makes the trip over this route is rewarded with the most inspiring views of Fuji, Asama yama, Yatsugadaké, and other monarchs in this throne-room of nature in Japan. In the lowlands of Kodzuké also is the richest silk district in all Japan, the golden cocoons, from which is spun silver thread, covering the floors of almost every house during two summer months, while the deft fingers of Japanese maidens, pretty and otherwise, may be seen busily engaged in unraveling the shroud of the worm, illustrating the living proverb, "With time and patience even the mulberry-leaf becomes silk."

Immediately the mountain was shrouded in mist and fog, and the path disappeared. In the terror and dismay, a white dog—a good kami in disguise—appeared, and led the way safely to the plains of Mino.

Again the host were stricken by the spirit of the white deer. All the men and animals of the camp were unable to stand, stupefied by the mephitic gas discharged among them by the wicked kami. Happily, some one bethought him of the wild garlic, ate it, and gave to the men and animals, and all recovered. At the present day in Japan, partly in commemoration of this incident, but chiefly for the purpose of warding off infectious or malarious diseases, garlic is hung up before gates and doors in time of epidemic, when an attack of disease is apprehended. Thousands of people believe it to be fully as efficacious as a horseshoe against witches, or camphor against contagion. Descending to the plains of Mino, and crossing through it, he came to Ibuki yama, a mountain shaped like a truncated sugar-loaf, which rears its colossal flat head in awful majesty above the clouds. Yamato-Daké attempted to subdue the kami that dwelt on this mountain. Leaving his sword, "Grass-mower," at the foot of the mountain, he advanced unarmed. The god transformed himself into a serpent, and barred his progress. The hero leaped over him. Suddenly the heavens darkened. Losing the path, Yamato-Daké swooned and fell. On drinking of a spring by the way, he was able to lift up his head. Henceforward it was called Samé no idzumi, or the Fountain of Recovery. Reaching Ōtsu, in Isé, though still feeble, he found, under the pine-tree, the sword which he had taken off before, and forthwith composed a poem: "O pine, were you a man, I should give you this sword to wear for your fidelity." He had been absent in the Kuantō three years. He recounted before the gods his adventures, difficulties, and victories, made votive offerings of his weapons and prisoners, and gave solemn thanks for the deliverance vouchsafed him. He then reported his transactions to his father, the mikado, and, being weak and nigh to death, he begged to see him. The parent sent a messenger to comfort his son. When he arrived, Yamato-Daké was dead. He was buried at Nobono, in Isé. From his tomb a white bird flew up; and on opening it, only the chaplet and robes of the dead hero were found. Those who followed the bird saw it alight at Koto-hiki hara (Plain of the Koto-players) in Yamato, which was henceforth called Misazaki Shiratori (Imperial Tomb of the White Bird). His death took place A.D. 113, at the age of thirty-six. Many temples in the Kuantō and in various parts of Japan are dedicated to him.

I have given so full an account of Yamato-Daké to show the style and quality of ancient Japanese tradition, and exhibit the state of Eastern Japan at that time, and because under the narration there is good history of one who extended the real boundaries of the early empire.* Yamato-Daké was one of the partly historic and partly ideal heroes that are equally the cause and the effect of the Japanese military spirit. It may be that the future historians of Japan may consider this chapter as literary trash, and put Yamato-Daké and all his deeds in the same limbo with Romulus and his wolf-nurse, William Tell and his apple; but I consider him to have been a historical personage, and his deeds a part of genuine history.

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* The names of the various provinces of Japan are given below. Each name of Japanese origin has likewise a synonym compounded of the Chinese word *shiu* (province), affixed to the pronunciation of the Chinese character with which the first syllable of the native word is written. In some cases the Chinese form is most in use, in which case it is italicized. In a few cases both forms are current.

Go Kinai (Five Home Provinces).

Yamashiro, or Joshiu.
Yamato, “ Washiu.
Kawachi, “ Kashiu.
Idzumi, “ *Senshiu*.
Settsu, “ Sesshiu.

Tōkaidō (Eastern-sea Region).

Iga, or Ishiu.
Isé, “ *Seishiu*.
Shima, “ Shishiu.
Owari, “ *Bishiu*.
Mikawa, “ *Sanshiu*.
Tōtōmi, “ *Enshiu*.
Suruga, “ *Sunshiu*.
Idzu, “ Dzushiu.
Kai, “ *Kōshiu*.
Sagami, “ *Sōshiu*.
Musashi. “ *Bushiu*.
Awa, “ *Bōshiu*.
Kadzusa, “ Sōshiu.
Shimōsa, “ Sōshiu.
Hitachi, “ Jōshiu.

Tōzandō (Eastern-mountain Region).

Ōmi, or *Gōshiu*.
Mino, “ Noshiu.
Hida, “ Hishiu.
Shinano, “ *Shinshiu*.
Kōdzuké, “ *Jōshiu*.
Shimotsuké, “ *Yashiu*.
Mutsu
Iwashi,
Iwashiro,
Rikuzen, “ Ōshiu.
Rikuchiu,
Michinoku,
Dêwa
Uzen, “ Ushiu.
Ugo,
Divided since 1868.

Hokurikudō (Northern-land Region).

Wakasa, or *Jakushiu*.
Echizen, “ Esshiu.
Kaga, “ *Kashiu*.
Noto, “ Nōshiu.
Etchiu, “ Esshiu.

Hokurikudō (Continued).

Echigo, “ Esshiu.
Sado (island), “ Sashiu.

Sanindo (Mountain-back Region).

Tamba, or Tanshiu.
Tango, “ Tanshiu.
Tajima, “ Tanshiu.
Inaba, “ *Inshiu*.
Hoki, “ Hakushiu.
Idzumo, “ *Unshiu*.
Iwami, “ Sekishiu.
Oki (islands).

Sanyodō (Mountain-front Region).

Harima, or *Banshiu*.
Mimasaka, “ *Sakushiu*.
Bizen, “ Bishiu.
Bitchiu, “ Bishiu.
Bingo, “ Bishiu.
Aki, “ Geishiu.
Suwō, “ Bōshiu.
Nagato, “ Chōshiu.

Nankaidō (Southern-sea Region).

Kii, or Kishiu.
Awaji (island), “ Tanshiu.
Awa, “ *Ashiu*.
Sanuki, “ Sanshiu.
Iyo, “ Yoshiu.
Tosa, “ *Toshiu*.

Saikaidō (Western-sea Region).

Chikuzen, or Chikushiu.
Chikugo, “ Chikushiu.
Buzen, “ Hōshiu.
Bungo, “ Hōshiu.
Hizen, “ Hishiu.
Higo, “ Hishiu.
Hiuga, “ Nisshiu.
Ōzumi, “ Gūshiu.
Satsuma, “ Sasshiu.

The “Two Islands.”

Tsushima, or *Taishiu*.
Iki, “ Ishiu.

VIII.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CONTINENTAL CIVILIZATION.

If Japan is to Asia what Great Britain is to Europe—according to the comparison so often made by the modern Japanese—then Corea was to Dai Nippon what Norman France was to Saxon England. Through this peninsula, and not directly from China, flowed the influences whose confluence with the elements of Japanese life produced the civilization which for twelve centuries has run its course in the island empire. The comparison is not perfect, inasmuch as Japan sent the conqueror to Corea, whereas Normandy sent William across the Channel. In the moral and æsthetic conquest of Rome by Greece, though vanquished by Roman arms, we may perhaps find a closer resemblance to the events of the second triad of the Christian centuries in the history of Japan.

Is it true among historic nations that anciently the position of woman was higher than in later times? It has been pointed out by more than one writer on Greece "that in the former and ruder period women had undoubtedly the higher place, and their type exhibited the highest perfection." This is certainly the case in Japan. The women of the early centuries were, according to Japanese history, possessed of more intellectual and physical vigor, filling the offices of state, religion, and household honors, and approaching more nearly the ideal cherished in those countries in which the relation of the sexes is that of professed or real equality. Certain it is that, whereas there are many instances of ancient Japanese women reaching a high plane of social dignity and public honor, in later ages the virtuous woman dwelt in seclusion; exemplars of ability were rare; and the courtesan became the most splendid type of womanhood. This must be more than the fancy of poets. As in the Greece of Homer and the tragedians, so in early Nippon, woman's abilities and possibilities far surpassed those that were hers in the later days of luxury and civilization. To a woman is awarded the glory of the conquest of Corea, whence came letters, religion, and civilization to Japan.

In all Japanese tradition or history, there is no greater female character than the empress Jingu (godlike exploit). Her name was Okinaga Tarashi himé, but she is better known by her posthumous title of Jingu Kōgō, or Jingu, the wife or spouse of the mikado. She was equally renowned for her beauty, piety, intelligence, energy, and martial valor. She was not only very obedient to the gods, but they delighted to honor her by their inspiration. She feared neither the waves of the sea, the arrows of the battle-field, nor the difficulties that wait on all great enterprises. Great as she was in her own person, she is greater in the Japanese eyes as the mother of the god of war.

In the year 193 a rebellion broke out at Kumaso, in Kiushiu. The mikado Chiuai (191–200) headed his army, and marched to subdue the rebels. Jingu Kōgō, or Jingu, the empress, followed him by ship, embarking from Tsuruga, in Echizen—a port a few miles north-west of the head of Lake Biwa—meeting her husband at Toyo no ura, near the modern Shimonoséki, of indemnity fame. While worshiping on one of the islands of the Inland Sea, the god spoke to her, and said, "Why are you so deeply concerned to conquer Kumaso? It is but a poor, sparse region, not worth conquering with an army. There is a much larger and richer country, as sweet and lovely as the face of a fair virgin. It is dazzling bright with gold, silver, and fine colors, and every kind of rich treasures is to be found in Shiraki (in Corea). Worship me, and I will give you power to conquer the country without bloodshed; and by my help, and the glory of your conquest, Kumaso shall be straightway subdued." The emperor, hearing this from his wife, which she declared was the message of the gods, doubted, and, climbing to the summit of a high mountain, looked over the sea, and seeing no land to the westward, answered her: "I looked everywhere and saw water, but no land. Is there a country in the sky? If not, you deceived me. My ancestors worshiped all the gods: is there any whom they did not worship?"

The gods, answering through the inspired empress, made reply: "If you believe only your doubts, and say there is no country when I have declared there is one, you blaspheme, and you shall not go thither; but the empress, your wife, has conceived, and the child within her shall conquer the country." Nevertheless, the emperor doubted, and advanced against Kumaso, but was worsted by the rebels. While in camp, he took sick and died suddenly. According to another tradition, he was slain in battle by an arrow. His minister, Takénouchi, concealed his death from the soldiers, and carried the corpse back to Toyo no ura, in Nagato. The brave Jingu, with the aid of Takénouchi, suppressed the rebellion, and then longed for conquest beyond the sea.

While in Hizen, in order to obtain a sign from the gods she went down to the sea-shore, and baited a hook with a grain of boiled rice, to catch a fish. "Now," said she, "I shall conquer a rich country if a fish be caught with this grain of rice." The bait took. A fish was caught, and Jingu exultingly accepted the success of her venture as a token of celestial approval of her design. "Médzurashiki mono!" (wonderful thing), exclaimed the royal lady. The place of the omen is still called Matsura, corrupted from the words she used. In further commemoration, the women of that section, every year, in the first part of the Fourth month, go fishing, no males being allowed the privilege on that day. The pious Jingu prepared to invade Corea; but wishing another indication of the will of the kami, she on one occasion immersed her hair in water, saying that, if the gods approved of her enterprise, her tresses would become dry, and be parted into two divisions. It was as she desired. Her luxuriant black hair came from the water dry, and parted in two. Her mind was now fixed. She ordered her generals and captains to collect troops, build ships, and be ready to embark. Addressing them, she said: "The safety or destruction of our country depends upon this enterprise. I intrust the details to you. It will be your fault if they are not carried out. I am a woman, and young; I shall disguise myself as a man, and undertake this gallant expedition, trusting to the gods, and to my troops and captains. We shall acquire a wealthy country. The glory is yours, if we succeed; if we fail, the guilt and disgrace shall be mine." Her captains, with unanimity and enthusiasm, promised to support her and carry out her plans. The enterprise was a colossal one for Japan at that time. Although the recruiting went on in the various provinces, and the ships were built, the army formed slowly. Chafing at the delay, but not discouraged, again she had recourse to the efficacy of worship and an appeal to the gods. Erecting a tabernacle of purification, with prayers and lustrations and sacrifices she prayed the kami to grant her speedy embarkation and success. The gods were propitious. Troops came in. The army soon assembled, and all was ready, A.D. 201.

Before starting, Jingu issued orders to her soldiers, as follows:

"No loot.

"Neither despise a few enemies nor fear many.

"Give mercy to those who yield, but no quarter to the stubborn.

"Rewards shall be apportioned to the victors; punishments shall be meted to the deserters."

Then the words of the gods came, saying, "The Spirit of Peace will always guide you and protect your life. The Spirit of War will go before you and lead your ships."

Jingu again returned thanks for these fresh exhibitions of divine favor, and made her final preparations to start, when a new impediment threatened to delay hopelessly the expedition, or to rob it of its soul and leader, the Amazonian chief. She discovered that she was pregnant. Again the good favor of the gods enabled her to triumph over the obstacles which nature, or the fate of her sex, might throw in the path of her towering ambition. She found a stone which, being placed in her girdle, delayed her accouchement until her return from Corea.

It does not seem to have been perfectly clear in the minds of those ancient filibusters where Corea was, or for what particular point of the horizon they were to steer. They had no chart or compass. The sun, stars, and the flight of birds were their guides. In a storm they would be helpless. One fisherman had been sent to sail westward and report. He came back declaring there was no land to be seen. Another man was dispatched, and returned, having seen the mountains on the main-land. The fleet sailed in the Tenth month. Winds, waves, and currents were all favorable. The gods watched over the fleet, and sent shoals of huge fishes to urge on the waves that by their impact lifted the sterns and made the prows leap as though alive. The ships beached safely in Southern Corea, the Japanese army landed in the glory of sunlight and the grandeur of war in splendid array. The king of this part of Corea had heard from his messengers of the coming of a strange fleet from the East, and, terrified, exclaimed, "We never knew there was any country outside of us. Have our gods forsaken us?" The invaders had no fighting to do as they expected. It was a bloodless invasion. The Coreans came, holding white flags, and surrendered, offering to give up their treasures. They took an oath that they would be tributary to Japan, that they would never cause their conquerors to dispatch another expedition, and that they would send hostages to Japan. The rivers might flow backward, or the pebbles in their beds leap up to the stars, yet would they not break their oath. Jingu set up weapons before the gate of the king in token of peace. By his order eighty ships well laden with gold and silver, articles of wealth, silk and precious goods of all kinds, and eighty hostages, men of high families, were put on board.

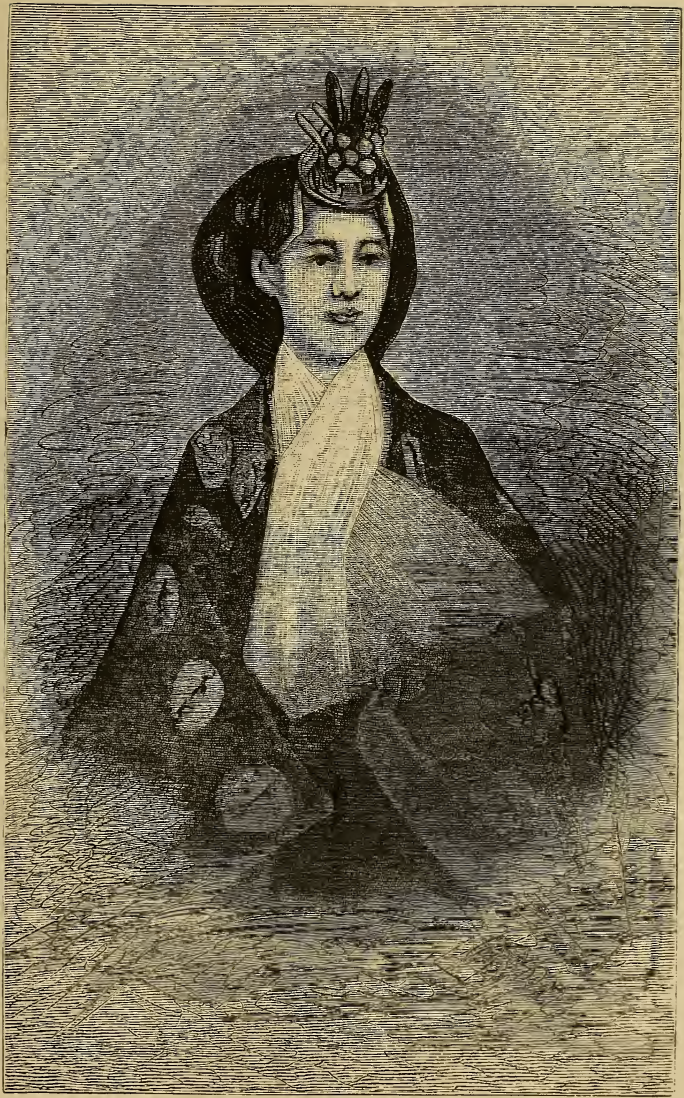
The stay of the Japanese army in Corea was very brief, and the troops returned in the Twelfth month. Jingu was, on her arrival, delivered of a son, who, in the popular estimation of gods and mortals, holds even a higher place of honor than his mother, who is believed to have conquered Southern Corea through the power of her yet unborn illustrious offspring. After leaving her couch, the queen-regent erected in Nagato (Chōshiu) a shrine, and in it dedicated the Spirit of War that had guided her army. She then attended to the funeral rites of her deceased husband, and returned to the capital.

The conquest of Corea, more correctly a naval raid into one of the southern provinces, took place A.D. 203. The motive which induced the invasion seems to have been the same as that carried out by Hideyoshi in 1583, and contemplated in 1873—mere love of war and conquest. The Japanese refer with great pride to this their initial exploit on foreign soil. It was the first time they had ever gone in ships to a foreign country to fight. For the first time it gave them the opportunity of displaying their valor in making "the arms of Japan shine beyond the seas"—a pet phrase which occurs in many documents in Japan, even in this 2536th year of the Japanese empire, and of our Lord 1876. Nevertheless, the honor of the exploit is given to the unborn son on whom dwelt the Spirit of War, rather than to the mother who bore him.

The queen-mother is worshiped in many temples as Kashii dai miō jin. The son, Ōjin, afterward a great warrior, was, at his death, 313 A.D., deified as the god of war; and down through the centuries he has been worshiped by all classes of people, especially by soldiers, who offer their prayers, pay their vows, and raise their votive offerings to him. Many of the troops, before taking steamer for Formosa, in 1874, implored his protection. In his honor some of the most magnificent temples in Japan have been erected, and almost every town and village, as well as many a rural grove and hill, has its shrine erected to this Japanese Mars. He is usually represented in his images as of frightful, scowling countenance, holding, with arms akimbo, a broad two-edged sword. One of the favorite subjects of Japanese artists of all periods is the group of figures consisting of the snowy-bearded Takénouchi, in civil dress, holding the infant of Jingu Kōgō in his arms, the mother standing by in martial robes. Jingu is the heroine and model for boys, not of the girls. In the collection of pictures, images, and dolls which in Japanese households on the 5th of May, every year, teach to the children the names and deeds of the national heroes, and instill the lessons taught by their example, this warrior-woman is placed among the male, and not among the female, groups.

Nine empresses in all have sat upon the throne of Japan as rulers, four of whom reigned at the capital, Nara. None have won such martial renown as Jingu. It is not probable, however, that military enterprise will ever again give the nation another ideal woman like the conqueror of Corea. It is now, in modern days, given to the Empress of Japan to elevate the condition of her female subjects by graciously encouraging the education of the girls, and setting a noble example, not only of womanly character and of active deeds of benevolence, but also in discarding the foolish and barbarous customs of past ages, notably that of blacking the teeth and shaving off the eyebrows. This the present empress, Haruko, has done. Already this chief lady of the empire has accomplished great reforms in social customs and fashions, and, both by the encouragement of her presence and by gifts from her private purse, has greatly stimulated the cause of the education and the elevation of woman in Japan. Haply, it may come to pass that this lady in peaceful life may do more for the good and glory of the empire than even the renowned queen-regent, Jingu Kōgō.

The early centuries of the Christian era, from the third to the eighth, mark that period in Japanese history during which the future development and character of the nation were mightily influenced by the introduction, from the continent of Asia, of the most potent factors in any civilization. They were letters, religion, philosophy, literature, laws, ethics, medicine, science, and art. Heretofore the first unfoldings of the Japanese intellect in the composition of sacred hymns, odes, poems, myths, and tradition had no prop upon which to train, and no shield against oblivion but the unassisted memory. The Japanese were now to have records. Heretofore religion was simply the rude offspring of human imagination, fear, and aspiration, without doctrinal systems, moral codes, elaborate temples, or sacerdotal caste. Henceforth the Japanese were to be led, guided, and developed in morals, intellect, and worship by a religion that had already brought the nations of Asia under its sway—a strong, overpowering, and aggressive faith, that was destined to add Japan to its conquests. Buddhism, bringing new and greater sanctions, penalties, motives, and a positive theology and code of morals, was to develop and broaden the whole nature of the individual man, and to lead the entire nation



Her Imperial Japanese Majesty, the Empress of Japan, Haruko, *neé* Ichijō Haruko.
(From a photograph taken at Tōkiō, 1874.)

forward. Chinese philosophy and Confucian morals were to form the basis of the education and culture of the Japanese statesman, scholar, and noble, to modify Shintō, and with it to create new ideals of government, of codes, laws, personal honor, and household ordering. Under their influence, and that of circumstances, have been shaped the unique ideals of the *samurai;* and by it a healthy skepticism, amidst dense superstition, has been maintained. The coming of many immigrants brought new blood, ideas, opinions, methods, improvements in labor, husbandry, social organization. Japan received from China, through Corea, what she is now receiving from America and Europe—a new civilization.

For nearly a century after the birth of Ōjin, the record of events is blank. In 249 A.D. a Japanese general, Arata, was sent to assist one state of Corea against another. Occasional notices of tribute-bearers arriving from Corea occur. In 283 a number of tailors, in 284 excellent horses, were sent over to Japan. In 285, Wani, a Corean scholar, came over to Japan, and, residing some time at the court, gave the mikado's son instruction in writing. If the *Nihongi*—the authority for the date of Wani's arrival in Japan—could be trusted in its chronology, the introduction of Chinese writing, and probably of Buddhism, would date from this time; but the probabilities are against positive certainty on this point. If it be true, it shows that the first missionary conquest of this nation was the work of four centuries, instead of as many decades. Wani died in Japan, and his tomb stands near Ōzaka. In A.D. 403 a court annalist was chosen. Envoys and tribute-bearers came, and presents were exchanged. In 462 mulberry-trees were planted—evidently brought, together with the silk-worm, for whose sustenance they were intended—from China or Corea. Again, tailors in 471, and architects in 493, and learned men in 512, arrived. An envoy from China came in 522. The arrival of fresh immigrants and presents from Corea in 543 is noted. In 551, during a famine in Corea, several thousand bushels of barley were dispatched thither by Japan. In 552, a company of doctors, diviners, astronomers, and mathematicians from Corea came to live at the Japanese court. With them came Buddhist missionaries. This may be called the introduction of continental civilization. Beginning with Jingu, there seems to have poured into the island empire a stream of immigrants, skilled artisans, scholars, and teachers, bringing arts, sciences, letters and written literature, and the Buddhist religion. This was the first of three great waves of foreign civilization in Japan.

The first was from China, through Corea in the sixth; the second from Western Europe, in the fifteenth century; the third was from America, Europe, and the world, in the decade following the advent of Commodore Perry. These innovations were destined to leaven mightily the whole Japanese nation as a lump. Of these none was so powerful and far-reaching in effects as that in the sixth century, and no one element as Buddhism. This mighty force was destined to exert a resistless and unifying influence on the whole people. Nothing, among all the elements that make up Japanese civilization, has been so potent in forming the Japanese character as the religion of Buddha. That the work of these new civilizers may be fully appreciated, let us glance at life in Dai Nippon before their appearance.*

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* The Empress Jingu, after her return, made a very important change in the divisions of the empire. Seimu Tennō (A.D. 131–190) had divided the empire into provinces, the number of which was thirty-two in all, the land above the thirty-eighth parallel being still unknown, and inhabited by the wild tribes of Ainōs. Jingu, imitating the Corean arrangement, divided the empire into five home provinces, and seven *dō*, or circuits, naming them in relation to their direction from the capital. These are analogous to our "Eastern," "Middle," "Southern," "Western," "Trans-Mississippi," and "Pacific-coast" divisions of States. The "five home provinces" (Go Kinai) are Yamashiro, Yamato, Kawachi, Idzumi, and Settsu. The Tōkaidō, or Eastern-sea Circuit, comprised the provinces skirting the Pacific Ocean from Iga to Hitachi, including Kai.

The Tōzandō, or Eastern-mountain Circuit, included those provinces from Ōmi to the end of the main island, not on the Sea of Japan, nor included within the Tōkaidō.

The Hokŭrokudō, or Northern-land Circuit, comprised the provinces from Wakasa to Echigo inclusive, bordering on the Sea of Japan, and Sado Island.

The Sanindō, or Mountain-back Circuit, comprised with the Oki group of islands the provinces from Tamba to Iwami, bordering on the Sea of Japan.

The Sanyōdō, or Mountain-front Circuit, comprised the provinces from Harima to Nagato (or Chōshiu) bordering the Inland Sea.

The Nankaidō, or Southern-sea Circuit, comprises the province of Kii, the four provinces of Iyo, Sanuki, Awa, and Tosa, in Shikokū (*shi*, four; *koku*, province), and the Island of Awaji.

The Saikaidō, or Western-sea Circuit, comprises nine provinces of Kiushiu (*kiu*, nine; *shiu*, province).

The "two islands" are Iki and Tsushima.

This division accords with the physical features of the country, and has ever since been retained, with slight modifications as to provinces. It is very probable that in the time of Jingu, the Japanese did not know that Hondo was an island. A foreigner looking at the map of the empire, or a globe representing the world, could hardly imagine that the Japanese have no special and universally used name for the main island. Yet such is the fact, that neither they nor their books popularly apply any particular name to the main island. It may be even doubted whether the people in general ever think of the main island as being a particular division requiring a name, as the foreigner conceives it, and thus feels a name to be a necessity. This necessity has given rise to the error of applying the term "Niphon" (Nihon, Nippon, or Nifon), first done by Kaempfer. The Japanese had no more necessity to apply a special name to the main island than the early American colonists had to give a name to the region beyond the Mississippi. Even now we have no name in general use for that now well-known part of our country. To foreigners, the absence of a name for the largest island seems an anomaly. In the Japanese mind it never existed. He rarely spoke even of Kiushiu or Shikokŭ as names of islands, always using the names of the *dō*, or circuits, just as an American speaks of the New England or the Eastern States. In modern times, native scholars who have, from their study, comparisons, and foreign methods of thought, felt the need of a distinctive name, have used Hondo (main continent or division), Honjima (main island), or Honjiu (main country). Of these, Hondo seems to be the best; and as it is used in the official geography recently issued by the War Department, I have made use of it. Nippon is not, nor ever was, the name of the main island, as Kaempfer first asserted. Nippon, or Dai Nippon, is the name of the whole empire. The word is Chinese, and must have been applied in very ancient times, as the *Nihongi* contains the three characters with which the name is written. The very name of the book, *Nippongi*, or, more elegantly, *Nihongi*, shows that the use of the term Nippon antedates the eighth century. Tenchi Tennō, in A.D. 670, first officially declared Nippon to be the name of Japan. It has been asserted that the use of Dai (Great) before Nippon is quite recent, and that the motive of the modern natives of Japan in thus designating their empire is "from a desire to imitate what they mistake for the pride or vainglory of Great Britain, not knowing that the term Great was used there to distinguish it from a smaller French province of the same name." To this remarkable statement it is sufficient to answer, that one of the most ancient names of Japan is Ō Yamato, the word *ō* meaning great, and the Japanese equivalent of the Chinese word *tai* or *dai*. When Chinese writing was introduced, the Japanese, in seeking an equivalent for Ō Yamato, found it in Dai Nippon, as may be seen in the *Nihongi*. The Chinese have always been in the habit of prefixing *dai* or *tai* to whatever relates to their country, government, or any thing which they in their pride consider very superior. Anciently they called China Dai Tō, and they now call it Dai Tsin (or Dai Chin), Great China. The Japanese have done the same analogous thing for at least twelve, probably for fifteen, centuries. That the use of Dai (Great) before Nippon is not the fashion of the present century is proved by the fact that the Japanese encyclopedia *San Sai Dzu Ye*, finished in 1712, contains the name with the pronunciation as now used, and that it is found in the very name *Dai Nihon Shi*, a book completed in 1715. The use of Nippon (or Niphon, or Nipon), applied to the main island, is altogether unwarrantable and confusing. The Japanese have very properly protested against this improper naming of their chief island, and, notwithstanding the long use of the name in Europe and America, I believe it should be expunged. The Japanese have some geographical rights which we are bound to respect.

Map of Japan.—The best map of Japan is that by Mr. R. Henry Brunton, C.E., F.R.G.S., late Engineer-in-chief of the Light-house Department of the Japanese Government. It is five feet by four, and drawn to a scale of twenty miles to the inch. It is well engraved, and gives also rules of pronunciation, explanation of terms, Japanese lineal measures, railways, highways, by-roads, telegraph lines, light-houses, depths of water along the coast, steamer routes, lists of principal mountains, rivers, islands, promontories, lakes, open ports, classes of population, provinces, *fu*, *ken*, and a comparative scale of English miles and Japanese *ri*.

IX.

LIFE IN ANCIENT JAPAN.

The comparatively profound peace from the era of Sūjin Tennō to the introduction of Chinese civilization was occasionally interrupted by insurrections in the southern and western parts of the empire, or by the incursions of the unsubdued aborigines in the North and East. During these centuries there continued that welding of races—the Ainō, Malay, Nigrito, Corean, and Yamato—into one ethnic composite—the Japanese—and the development of the national temperament, molded by nature, circumstances, and original bent, which have produced the unique Japanese character. Although, in later centuries, Japan borrowed largely from China, blood, language, religion, letters, education, laws, politics, science, art, and the accumulated treasures of Chinese civilization, her children are to-day, as they have ever been, a people distinct from the Chinese, ethnologically, physically, and morally.

Though frequent fighting was necessary, and many of the aborigines were slaughtered, the great mass of them were tranquilized. To rude men, in a state of savagery whose existence is mainly animal, it matters little who are their masters, so long as they are not treated with intolerable cruelty. The aborigines attached to the land roamed over it to hunt, or remained upon it to till it, and, along the water-courses and sea-coast, to fish. With a soil that repaid generously the rude agriculture of that day, an ample food-supply in the sea, without severe labor, or exorbitant tribute to pay, the conquered tribes, when once quieted, lived in happiness, content, and peace. The government of them was the easiest possible. The invaders from the very beginning practiced that system of concubinage which is practical polygamy, and filled their harems with the most attractive of the young native females. The daughter of the former chief shared the couch of the conqueror, and the peasant became the wife of the soldier, securing that admixture of races that the merest tyro in ethnology notices in modern Japan. In certain portions, as in the extreme north of Hondo, the Ainō type of face and head, and the general physical characteristics of skin, hair, eyes, and form, have suffered the least modification, owing to later conquest and less mixture of foreign blood. In Southern and Central Japan, where the fusion of the races was more perfect, the oval face, oblique eyes, aquiline nose, prominent features, and light skin prevail. Yet even here are found comparatively pure specimens of the Malay and even Nigrito races, besides the Ainō and Corean types. The clod-hopper, with his flat, round face, upturned nose, expanded at the roots and wide and sunken at the bridge, nostrils round, and gaping like the muzzle of a proboscidian, bears in his veins the nearly pure blood of his aboriginal ancestors. Intellectually and physically, he is the developed and improved Ainō—the resultant of the action upon the original stock of the soil, food, climate, and agricultural life, prolonged for more than twenty centuries.

In the imperial family, and among the kugé, or court-nobles, are to be oftener found the nearest approach to the ideal Japanese of high birth. Yet even among these, who claim twenty-five centuries of semi-divine succession, and notably among the daimiōs, or territorial nobles—the parvenus of feudalism—the grossly sensual cast, the animal features, the beastly expression, the low type, the plebeian face of some peasant ancestor re-appear to plague the descendant, and to imbitter his cup of power and luxury. This phenomenon is made abundant capital of by the native fiction-writers, caricaturists, and dramatists. The diversity of the two types is shown, especially by the artists, in strongly marked contrast. In the pictures illustrative of legendary or historic lore, and notably on the Japanese fans, now so fashionably common among us, the noble hero, the chivalrous knight, or the doughty warrior, is delineated with oblique eyes, high eyebrows, rounded nose, oval face, and smooth skin; while the peasant, boor, vanquished ruffian, or general scape-goat, is invariably a man of round, flat face, upturned and depressed nose, gaping nostrils, horizontal eyes, and low eyebrows. In painting the faces of actors, singing-girls, and those public characters who, though the popular idols, are of low birth and blood, the fan-artist exaggerates the marks of beauty to the delight of his native, and to the disgust of his foreign, patrons. What depreciates the value of his wares in the eyes of the latter enhances it in those of the natives.

All savages worship heroes, and look upon their conquerors, who have been able apparently to overcome not only themselves, but even the gods in whom they trusted, if not as gods themselves, at least as imbued with divine power. The Ainōs of Yezo to this day adore the warrior Yoshitsunè. Their fathers doubtless considered Jimmu and his followers as gods or men divinely assisted. The conquerors were not slow in cultivating such a belief for their own benefit, and thus what was once the fancy of savages became the dogma of religion and the tool of the magistrate. The reverence and obedience of the people were still further secured by making the government purely theocratic, and its general procedure and ceremonial identical with those of worship. The forms of local authority among the once independent tribes were but little interfered with, and the government exercised over them consisted at first chiefly in the exaction of tribute. The floating legends, local traditions, and religious ideas of the aborigines, gathered up, amplified by the dominant race, transformed and made coherent by the dogmatics of a theocracy, became the basis of Shintō, upon which a modified Chinese cosmogony and abstract philosophical ideas were afterward grafted. It was this background that has made the resultant form of Shintō different from what is most probably its prototype, the ante-Confucian Chinese religion. In its origin, Shintō is from the main-land of Asia. In growth and development it is "a genuine product of Japanese soil." As yet, before the advent of Buddhism and Chinese philosophy, there were no moral codes, no systems of abstract doctrines, no priestly caste. These were all later developments. There were then no colossal temples with their great belfries and immense bells whose notes quivered the air into leagues of liquid melody; no sacred courtyards decked with palm-trees; no costly shrines decked out in the gaudy magnificence characteristic of Buddhism, or impure Shintō. No extensive monasteries, from which floated on the breeze the chanting of priests or the droning hum of students, were then built. No crimson pagodas peeped out from camphor groves, or cordons of fire-warding firs and keyaki-trees. No splendid vestments, gorgeous ritual, waves of incense, blazing lights, antiphonal responses, were seen or heard in the thatched huts which served as shrines of the kami. No idols decked the altars. No wayside images dotted the mountain or the meadow paths. No huge portals (*torii*) of stone or red-lacquered timber stood fronting or opening the path to holy edifices.

On the hill-top, or river-side, or forest grove, the people assembled when invocations were offered and thanksgiving rendered to the gods. Confession of sin was made, and the wrath of the kami, therefore, was deprecated. The priest, after fasting and lustrations, purified himself and, robed in white, made offerings of the fruits of the earth or the trophies of the net and the chase.

At the court, a shrine of the Sun-goddess had been set up and sacrifices offered. Gradually in the towns and villages similar shrines were erected, and temples built; but for long centuries among the mountains, along the rivers and sea-coasts, the child of the soil set up his fetich, made the water-worn stone, the gnarled tree, or the storm-cloud his god. Wherever evil was supposed to lurk, or malignity reside, there were the emblems of the Ainō religion. On precipice, in gorge, in that primeval landscape, stood the plume of curled shavings to ward off the evil influences. In agony of terror in presence of the awful phenomenon of nature, earthquake, typhoon, flood, or tidal wave, the savage could but supplicate deified Nature to cease from wrath and tumult, and restore her face in peace of sunshine and calm.

Shintō Wayside Shrine in Modern Japan.

The houses of the ancient Japanese were oblong huts, made by placing poles of young trees, with the bark on, upright in the ground, with transverse poles to make the frame, and fastened together with ropes made of rushes or vines. The walls were of matted grass, boughs, or rushes, the rafters of bamboo, and the sloping roof of grass-thatch, fastened down by heavy ridge-poles. The two larger rafters at each end projected and crossed each other, like two bayonets in a stack of guns. Across the ridge-pole, and beneath it and another heavy tree laid lengthwise on top of the thatch, projected at right angles on either side short, heavy logs, which by their weight, and from being firmly bound by withes running under the ridge-pole, kept the thatch firmly in its place. This primeval hut is the model of the architecture of a pure Shintō temple. A short study of one easily reveals the fact. The floor, of hardened earth, had the fire in the centre; the doors and windows were holes covered at times with mats—in short, the Ainō hut of to-day. The modern Japanese dwelling is simply an improvement upon that ancient model.

The clothing of that period consisted of skins of animals, coarsely woven stuff of straw, grass, bark, palm-fibre, and in some cases of asbestos. Silk and cotton fabrics were of later invention and use. It is evident, even from modern proof, as exhibited in the normal Japanese of to-day, that the wearing of many garments was not congenial to the ancient people. As for straw and grass, these materials are even now universally used in town and country for hats, rain-coats, leggings, sandals, and a great variety of wearing apparel. A long loose garment, with the breech, or loin-cloth, and girdle, leggings, and sandals of straw, comprised a suit of ancient Japanese clothing. The food of the people consisted chiefly of fish, roots, and the flesh of animals. They ate venison, bear-meat, and other flesh, with untroubled consciences, until Buddhism came with its injunctions. The conquerors evidently brought cereals with them, and taught their cultivation; but the main reliance of the masses was upon the spoils of the rivers and sea. Even now the great centres and lines of the population are rivers and the sea-coast. Roots, sea-weed, and edible wild vegetables were, as at present, an important portion of native diet.

The landscape of modern Japan is one of minute prettiness. It is one continued succession of mountains and valleys. The irregularities of the surface render it picturesque, and the labors of centuries have brought almost every inch of the cultivable soil in the populous districts into a state of high agricultural finish. The peasant of to-day is in many cases the direct descendant of the man who first plunged mattock and hoe into the rooty soil, and led the water from a distance of miles to his new-made fields. The gullies, gorges, and valleys are everywhere terraced for the growth of rice. Millions of irrigated fields without fences or live-stock, bounded by water-courses, and animate with unharmed and harmless wild-fowl, the snowy heron, and the crane, and whose fertility astonishes the stranger, and the elaborate system of reservoirs, ditches, and flumes, are the harvest of twenty centuries of toil. The face of nature has been smoothed; the unkempt luxuriance of forest and undergrowth has been sobered; the courses of rivers have been bridled; the once inaccessible sides of mountains graded, and their summits crossed by the paths of the traveler or pilgrim. The earth has been honey-combed by miners in quest of its metallic wealth.

The Peasant of To-day. (Carrying Home the Sheaves of Rice.) Hokusai.

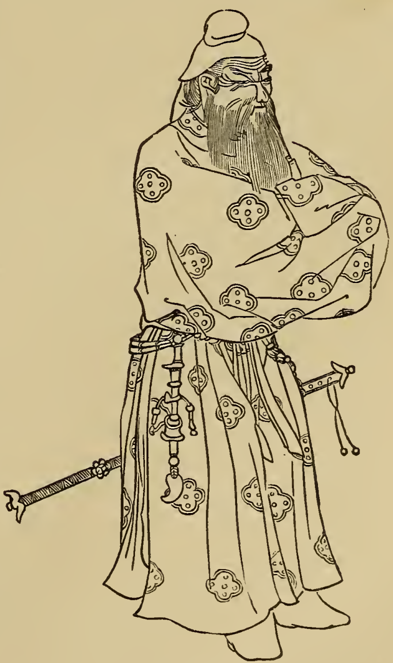
In the primeval landscape of Japan there were no meadows, hedges, cattle, horses, prairies of ripening rice, irrigated fields, and terraced gulches. Then also, as now, the landscape was nude of domestic animal life. Instead of castled cities, fortified hills, gardens, and hedges, were only thatched villages, or semi-subterranean huts. There were no roads, no dikes. No water-courses had been altered, no slopes or hills denuded of timber. The plethora of nature was unpruned; the scrub bamboo, wild flowers, or grass covered the hills. The great plains of the East and North were luxuriant moors, covered with grass, reeds, or bamboo, populous with wild animal life. No laden junks moved up the rivers. The mulberry and tea plantations had not yet been set out. The conquerors found a virgin soil and a land of enrapturing beauty. They brought with them, doubtless, a knowledge of agriculture and metals. Gradually the face of nature changed. The hunter became a farmer. The women learned to spin and weave cotton and hemp. Division of labor began. The artisan and merchant appeared. Arts, sciences, skilled agriculture, changed the face of the land. Society emerged from its savage state, and civilization began.

As yet there was no writing. All communications were oral, all teachings handed down from father to son. Memory was the only treasury of thought. There is, indeed, shown in Japan at the present day a so-called ancient Japanese alphabet—the kami, or god, letters—which it is asserted the ancient Japanese used. This assertion is voided of truth by the testimony of the best native scholars to the contrary. No books or ancient inscriptions exist in this character. I have myself sought in vain, in the grave-yards of Kiōtō and other ancient places, to discover any of these characters upon the old tombs. The best authorities, scholars who have investigated the subject, pronounce the so-called god-letters a forgery, that reveals their artificial and modern character upon a slight examination. They consist almost entirely of a system of straight lines and circles, which has, doubtless, either been borrowed from Corea, or invented by some person in modern times. Yet the morning of literature had dawned before writing was known. Poems, odes to the gods, prayers, fragments of the Shintō liturgy, which still exist in the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi*, had been composed. From these fragments we may presume that a much larger unwritten literature existed, which was enjoyed by the men who, in those early days, by thought and reflection, attained to a certain degree of culture above their fellows. The early sovereigns worshiped the gods in person, and prayed that their people might enjoy a sufficiency of food, clothing, and shelter from the elements; and twice a year, in the Sixth and Twelfth months, the people assembled at the river-side, and, by washings and prayer, celebrated the festival of General Purification, by which the whole nation was purged of offenses and pollutions. This was the most characteristic of Shintō festivals, and the liturgy used in celebrating it is still in vogue at the present day. Time was measured by the phases of the moon, and the summer and winter solstices. The division of months and years was in use. The ancient laws and punishments were exceedingly severe. Besides the wager of battle to decide a quarrel, the ordeal still in use among the Ainōs was then availed of. The persons involved immersed their hands in boiling water. He whose hand was scalded most was the guilty one. The wholly innocent escaped without scath, or was so slightly injured that his hand rapidly healed.

Japanese art had its birth in mercy, about the time of Christ's advent on earth. A custom long adhered to among the noble classes was the burial of the living with the dead (*jun-shi*, dying with the master). The wife, and one or more servants, of the deceased lord committed suicide, and were inhumed with him. The mikado Suinin, son of Sūjin, attempted (B.C. 2) to abolish the cruel rite by imperial edict. Yet the old fashion was not immediately abandoned. In A.D. 3, the empress died. Nomi no Tsukuné, a courtier, having made some clay images, succeeded in having these substituted for the living victims. This was the birth of Japanese art. Henceforth these first products of man's unfolding genius stood vicarious for the breathing beings they simulated. For this reform, the originator was given the honorable designation, Haji (*ha*, clay; *shi*, *ji*, teacher = clay-image teacher, or artist).

The domestic life and morals of those days deserve notice. There were no family names. The institution of marriage, if such it may be called, was upon the same basis as that among the modern Ainōs or North American Indians. Polygamy was common. Marriage between those whom we consider brothers and sisters was frequent, and a thing not to be condemned. Children of the same fathers by different mothers were not considered fraternally related to each other, and hence could marry; but marriage between a brother and sister born of the same mother was prohibited as immoral.

The annexed illustration is taken from a native work, and represents a chief or nobleman in ancient Japan. It will be noticed that beards and mustaches were worn in those days. The artist has depicted his subject with a well-wrinkled face to make him appear venerable, and with protruding cheeks to show his lusty physique, recalling the ideals of Chinese art, in which the men are always portly and massive, while the women are invariably frail and slender. His pose, expression, folded arms, and dress of figured material (consisting of one long loose robe with flowing sleeves, and a second garment, like very wide trousers, girded at the waist with straps of the same material) are all to be seen, though in modified forms, in modern Japan. The fashions of twenty centuries have changed but slightly. Suspended from his girdle may be seen the *magatama* chatelaine, evidently symbolizing his rank. The *magatama* are perforated and polished pieces of soap-stone or cornelian, of various colors, shaped something like a curved seed-pod. They were strung



A Court Noble in Ancient Japan. (From a Native Drawing.)

together like beads. Other ornaments of this age were the *kudatama*, jewels of gold, silver, or iron. The ancient sword was a straight, double-edged blade, about three feet long.

Buddhists and Confucianists assert that there existed no words in their language for benevolence, justice, propriety, sagacity, and truth. Doubtless these virtues existed, though not as necessary principles, to be taught, formulated, and incorporated into daily life. Chastity and restraint among the unmarried were not reckoned as necessary virtues; and the most ancient Japanese literature, to say nothing of their mythology, proves that marriage was a flimsy bar against the excursions of irregular passion. Great feasts and drinking-bouts, in which excessive eating was practiced, were common. They were fond of the chase, and hunting-parties were frequent from the most ancient times. Among the commendable features of their life were the habit of daily bathing and other methods of cleanliness. They treated their women with comparative kindness and respect. They loved the beautiful in Nature, and seemed to have been ever susceptible to her charms. In brief, they had neither the virtues nor vices of high civilization.

The arts were in the rudest state. Painting, carving, and sculpture were scarcely known. No theatre existed. Sacred dancing with masks, at the holy festivals, was practiced as part of the public worship, with music from both wind and stringed instruments.

Until the seventh century of our era, when the Chinese centralized system was adopted, the government of the Japanese empire was a species of feudalism. The invaders, on conquering the land, divided it into fiefs that were held sometimes by direct followers of Jimmu, or by the original Ainō chiefs, or nobles of mixed blood, on their rendition of homage or tribute to the conqueror. The frequent defection of these native or semi-Japanese chiefs was the cause of the numerous rebellions, the accounts of which enter so largely into the history of the first centuries of the empire. The mikado himself ruled over what is now called the Kinai, or Five Home Provinces, a space of country included between Lake Biwa and the bays of Ōzaka and Owari. The provinces in Shikokŭ, Kiushiu, and the circuits west, north, and east, were ruled by tributary chiefs who paid homage to the mikado as their suzerain, but most probably allowed him to interfere to a slight extent in the details of the administration of their lands. In cases of dispute between them, the mikado doubtless acted as umpire, his geographical position, superior power, and the sacredness of person insuring his supremacy at all times, even in the height of turbulence and riot so often prevailing.

In the ancient mikadoate, called by the Japanese the Ōsei era, or the government of monarchs, there were several features tending to increase the power of the suzerain, or central chief. The first was the essentially theocratic form of the government. The sovereign was the centre of that superstitious awe, as well as of loyalty and personal reverence, which still exists. There grew into being that prestige, that sense of hedging divinity and super-mortal supremacy of the mikado that still forms the most striking trait of the Japanese character, and the mightiest political, as it is a great religious and moral, force in Japan, overshadowing even the tremendous power of Buddhism, which is, as Shintō is not, armed with the terrors of eternity. In both a theological and political sense, in him dwelt the fullness of the gods bodily. He was their hypostasis. He was not only their chosen servant, but was himself a god, and the vicegerent of all the gods. His celestial fathers had created the very ground on which they dwelt. His wrath could destroy, his favor appease, celestial anger, and bring them fortune and prosperity. He was their preserver and benefactor. In his custody were the three sacred symbols. It was by superior intellect and the dogmatism of religion, as well as with superior valor, weapons, and skill, that a handful of invaders conquered and kept a land populated by millions of savages.

To the eye of a foreigner and a native of Japan, this imperfect picture of primitive Japan which I have given appears in very different lights. The native who looks at this far-off morning of Great Japan, the Holy Country, sees his ancestors only through the atmosphere in which he has lived and breathed. The dim religious light of reverent teaching of mother, nurse, father, or book falls on every object to reveal beauty and conceal defects. The rose-tints which innocent childhood casts upon every object here makes all things lovely. Heaven lies about his country's infancy. The precepts of his religion make the story sacred, and forbid the prying eye and the sandaled foot. The native loves, with passionate devotion, the land that nursed his holy ancestors, and thrills at the oft-told story of their prowess and their holy lives. He makes them his model of conduct.

The foreigner, in cold blood and with critical eye, patiently seeks the truth beneath, and, regarding not the dogma which claims to rest upon it, looks through dry light. To the one Nippon is the Land of the Gods, and the primal ages were holy. To the other, Japan is merely a geographical division of the earth, and its beginnings were from barbarism.

X.

THE ANCIENT RELIGION.

The ancient religion of the Japanese is called *Kami no michi* (way or doctrine of the gods; *i. e.*, theology). The Chinese form of the same is Shintō. Foreigners call it Shintōism, or Sintooism. Almost all the foreign writers* who have professed to treat of Shintō have described only the impure form which has resulted from the contact with it of Buddhism and Chinese philosophy, and as known to them since the sixteenth century. My purpose in this chapter is to give a mere outline of ancient Shintō in its purity. A sketch of its traditional and doctrinal basis has been given. Only a very few Shintō temples, called *miya*, have preserved the ancient purity of the rites and dogmas during the overshadowing influences of Buddhism.

In Japanese mythology the universe is Japan, the legends relating to Japan exclusively. All the deities, with perhaps a few exceptions, are historical personages; and the conclusion of the whole matter of cosmogony and celestial genealogy is that the mikado is the descendant and representative of the gods who created the heavens and earth (Japan). Hence, the imperative duty of all Japanese is to obey him. Its principles, as summed up by the Department of Religion, and promulgated throughout the empire so late as 1872, are expressed in the following commandments:

1. "Thou shalt honor the Gods, and love thy country.

2. "Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of Heaven and the duty of man.

3. "Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy sovereign, and obey the will of his court."

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* By far the best writing on Shintō, based on profound researches, is the long article of Mr. Ernest Satow, entitled "The Revival of Pure Shintō," in the *Japan Mail*, 1874, and contained in the "Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Japan" for the same year. Also on "The Shintō Temples of Isé," by the same writer. A scholarly article, by Mr. P. Kemperman, secretary to the German legation in Japan, was published in the *Japan Mail* of August 26th, 1874.

The chief characteristic, which is preserved in various manifestations, is the worship of ancestors, and the deification of emperors, heroes, and scholars. The adoration of the personified forces of nature enters largely into it. It employs no idols, images, or effigies in its worship. Its symbols are the mirror and the *gohei*—strips of notched white paper depending from a wand of wood. It teaches no doctrine of the immortality of the soul, though it is easy to see that such a dogma may be developed from it, since all men (Japanese) are descended from the immortal gods. The native derivation of the term for man is *hito* ("light-bearer"); and the ancient title of the mikado's heir-apparent was "light-inheritor." Fire and light (sun) have from earliest ages been the objects of veneration.

Shintō has no moral code, no accurately defined system of ethics or belief. The leading principle of its adherents is imitation of the illustrious deeds of their ancestors, and they are to prove themselves worthy of their descent by the purity of their lives. A number of salient points in their mythology are recognized as maxims for their guidance. It expresses great detestation of all forms of uncleanness, and is remarkable for the fullness of its ceremonies for bodily purification. Birth and death are especially polluting. Anciently, the corpse and the lying-in woman were assigned to buildings set apart, which were afterward burned. The priest must bathe and don clean garments before officiating, and bind a slip of paper over his mouth, lest his breath should pollute the offerings. Many special festivals were observed for purification, the ground dedicated for the purpose being first sprinkled with salt. The house and ground were defiled by death, and those who attended a funeral must also free themselves from contamination by the use of salt. The ancient emperors and priests in the provinces performed the actual ablution of the people, or made public lustrations. Later on, twice a year, at the festivals of purification, paper figures representing the people were thrown into the river, allegorical of the cleansing of the nation from the sins of the past six months. Still later, the mikado deputized the chief minister of religion at Kiōto to perform the symbolical act for the people of the whole country.

After death, the members of a family in which death had occurred must exclude themselves from all intercourse with the world, attend no religious services, and, if in official position, do no work for a specified number of days.

Thanksgiving, supplication, penance, and praise are all represented in the prayers to the gods, which are offered by both sexes. The emperor and nobles often met in the temple gardens to compose hymns or sacred poems to the gods. Usually in prayer the hands are clapped twice, the head or the knees bowed, and the petition made in silence. The worshiper does not enter the temple, but stands before it, and first pulls a rope dangling down over a double gong, like a huge sleigh-bell, with which he calls the attention of the deity. The kami are believed to hear the prayer when as yet but in thought, before it rises to the lips. Not being intended for human ears, eloquence is not needed. The mikado in his palace daily offers up petitions for all his people, which are more effectual than those of his subjects. Washing the hands and rinsing out the mouth, the worshiper repeats prayers, of which the following is an example: "O God, that dwellest in the high plain of heaven, who art divine in substance and in intellect, and able to give protection from guilt and its penalties, to banish impurity, and to cleanse us from uncleanness — hosts of gods, give ear and listen to these our petitions." Or this: "I say with awe, deign to bless me by correcting the unwitting faults which, seen and heard by you, I have committed; by blowing off and clearing away the calamities which evil gods might inflict; by causing me to live long, like the hard and lasting rock; and by repeating to the gods of heavenly origin, and to the gods of earthly origin, the petitions which I present every day, along with your breath, that they may hear with the sharp-earedness of the forth-galloping colt."

The offerings, most commonly laid with great ceremony by the priest, in white robes, before the gods, were fruit and vegetables in season, fish and venison. At night they were removed, and became the property of the priest. Game and fowls were offered up as an act of worship, but with the peculiarity that their lives were not sacrificed. They were hung up by the legs before the temple for some time, and then permitted to escape, and, being regarded as sacred to the gods, were exempt from harm. The new rice and the products furnished by the silk-worm and the cotton-plant were also dedicated.

Before each temple stood a *torii*, or bird-rest. This was made of two upright tree-trunks. On the top of these rested a smoother tree, with ends slightly projecting, and underneath this a smaller horizontal beam. On this perched the fowls offered up to the gods, not as food, but as chanticleers to give notice of day-break. In later centuries the meaning of the *torii* was forgotten, and it was supposed to be a gateway. The Buddhists attached tablets to its cross-beam, painted or coppered its posts, curved its top-piece, made it of stone or bronze, and otherwise altered its character. Resembling two crosses with their ends joined, the *torii* is a conspicuous object in the landscape, and a purely original work of Japanese architecture.

All the *miyas* were characterized by rigid simplicity, constructed of pure wood, and thatched. No paint, lacquer, gilding, or any meretricious ornaments were ever allowed to adorn or defile the sacred structure, and the use of metal was avoided. Within, only the *gohei* and the daily offerings were visible. Within a closet of purest wood is a case of wood containing the "august spirit-substitute," or "gods'-seed," in which the deity enshrined in the particular temple is believed to reside. This spirit-substitute is usually a mirror, which in some temples is exposed to view. The principal Shintō temples are at Isé, in which the mirror given by Amaterasŭ to Ninigi, and brought down from heaven, was enshrined. Some native writers assert that the mirror was the goddess herself; others, that it merely represented her. All others in Japan are imitations or copies of this original.

The priests of Shintō are designated according to their rank. They are called *kannushi* (shrine-keepers). Sometimes they receive titles from the emperor, and the higher ranks of the priesthood are court nobles. They are, in the strictest sense of the word, Government officials. The office of chief minister of religion was hereditary in the Nakatomi family. Ordinarily they dress like other people, but are robed in white when officiating, or in court-dress when at court. They marry, rear families, and do not shave their heads. The office is usually hereditary. Virgin priestesses also minister at the shrines.

After all the research of foreign scholars who have examined the claims of Shintō on the soil, and by the aid of the language, and the sacred books and commentators, many hesitate to decide whether Shintō is "a genuine product of Japanese soil," or whether it is not closely allied with the ancient religion of China, which existed before the period of Confucius. The weight of opinion inclines to the latter belief. Certain it is that many of the Japanese myths are almost exactly like those of China, while many parts of the cosmogony can be found unaltered in older Chinese works. The *Kojiki* (the Bible of the Japanese believers in Shintō) is full of narrations; but it lays down no precepts, teaches no morals or doctrines, prescribes no ritual. Shintō has very few of the characteristics of a religion, as understood by us. The most learned native commentators and exponents of Shintō expressly maintain the view, that Shintō has no moral code. Motoöri, the great modern revivalist of Shintō, teaches, with polemic emphasis, that morals were invented by the Chinese because they were an immoral people; but in Japan there was no necessity for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted aright if he only consulted his own heart. The duty of a good Japanese consists in obeying the commands of the mikado without questioning whether these commands are right or wrong. It was only immoral people, like the Chinese, who presumed to discuss the character of their sovereigns. Among the ancient Japanese, government and religion were the same.*

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* In this chapter, I have carefully endeavored to exclude mere opinions and conjectures, and to give the facts only. I append below the views held by gentlemen of cosmopolitan culture, and earnest students of Shintō on the soil, whose researches and candor entitle them to be heard.

"Shintō, as expounded by Motoöri, is nothing else than an engine for reducing the people to a condition of mental slavery."—ERNEST SATOW, *English, the foremost living Japanese scholar, and a special student of Shintō.*

"There is good evidence that Shintō resembles very closely the ancient religion of the Chinese." "A distinction should be drawn between the Shintō of ancient times and the doctrine as developed by writers at the court of the mikado in modern times." "The sword and dragon, the thyrsus staff and ivy, the staff of Æsculapius and snakes, most probably had the same significance as the Japanese *gohei;* and, as Siebold has remarked, it symbolized the union of the two elements, male and female. The history of the creation of the world, as given by the Japanese, bore the closest resemblance to the myths of China and India; while little doubt existed that these (symbol and myth) were imported from the West, the difficulty being to fix the date. Little was known of Shintō that might give it the character of a religion as understood by Western nations."—J. A. VON BRANDT, *German, late minister of the German empire to Japan, and now to Peking, a student of Japanese archæology, and founder of the German Asiatic Society of Japan.*

"Japanese, in general, are at a loss to describe what Shintō is; but this circumstance is intelligible if what was once an indigenous faith had been turned, in later days, into a political engine." "Infallibility on the part of the head of the state, which was naturally attributed to rulers claiming divine descent, was a convenient doctrine for political purposes in China or Japan, as elsewhere." "We must look to early times for the meaning of Shintō." "Its origin is closely allied to the early religion of the Chinese." "The practice of putting up sticks with shavings or paper attached, in order to attract the attention of the spirits, is observable among certain hill tribes of India, as well as among the Ainōs of Yezo. The Hindoos, Burmese, and Chinese have converted these sticks into flags, or streamers." "If Shintō had ever worked great results, or had taken deep hold on the Japanese people, it would scarcely have been superseded so completely as it had been by Buddhism."—Sir HARRY S. PARKES, *British minister plenipotentiary in Japan, a fine scholar, and long resident in both China and Japan.*

"The leading idea of Shintō is a reverential feeling toward the dead." "As to the political use of it, the state is quite right in turning it to account in support of the absolute government which exists in Japan." "The early records of Japan are by no means reliable."—ARINORI MORI, *Japanese, formerly chargé d'affaires of Japan at Washington, U. S. A., now Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Japan.*

XI.

THE THRONE AND THE NOBLE FAMILIES.

From the beginning of the Japanese empire, until the century after the introduction of Buddhism, the mikados were the real rulers of their people, having no hedge of division between them and their subjects. The palace was not secluded from the outer world. No screen hid the face of the monarch from the gaze of his subjects. No bureauocracy rose, like a wall of division, between ruler and ruled. No hedge or net of officialdom hindered free passage of remonstrance or petition. The mikado, active in word and deed, was a real ruler, leading his armies, directing his Government. Those early days of comparative national poverty when the mikado was the warrior-chief of a conquering tribe; and, later, when he ruled a little kingdom in Central Japan, holding the distant portions of his quasi-empire in tribute; and, still later, when he was the head of an undivided empire—mark the era of his personal importance and energy. Then, in the mikado dwelt a manly soul, and a strong mind in a strong body. This era was the golden age of the imperial power. He was the true executive of the nation, initiating and carrying out the enterprises of peace or war. As yet, no military class had arisen to make themselves the arbiters of the throne; as yet, that throne was under no proprietorship; as yet, there was but one capital and centre of authority.

Gradually, however, there arose families of nobility who shared and dictated the power, and developed the two official castes of civilian and military officials, widening the distance between the sovereign and his subjects, and rendering him more and more inaccessible to his people. Then followed in succession the decay of his power, the creation of a dual system of government, with two capitals and centres of authority; the domination of the military classes; the centuries of anarchy; the progress of feudalism; the rending of the empire into hundreds of petty provinces, baronies, and feudal tenures. Within the time of European knowledge of Japan, true national unity has scarcely been known. The political system has been ever in a state of unstable equilibrium, and the nation but a conglomeration of units, in which the forces of repulsion ever threatened to overcome the forces of cohesion. Two rulers in two capitals gave to foreigners the impression that there were two "emperors" in Japan—an idea that has been incorporated into most of the text-books and cyclopedias of Christendom. Let it be clearly understood, however, that there never was but one emperor in Japan, the mikado, who is and always was the only sovereign, though his measure of power has been very different at various times. Until the rise and domination of the military classes, he was in fact, as well as by law, supreme. How the mikado's actual power ebbed away shall form the subject of this and the following chapter.

The Mikado on his Throne. Time, from the Seventh to the Twelfth Century.

From the death of Nintoku Tennō, the last of the long-lived mikados, to Kimmei (540–571), in whose time continental civilization was introduced, a period of one hundred and forty-one years, fourteen emperors ruled, averaging a little over ten years each. From Kimmei to Gotoba (A.D. 1198) fifty-three emperors reigned, averaging eleven years each. (See list of emperors, p. 123.)

In A.D. 603, the first attempt to create orders of nobility for the nobles, already numerously existing, was made by the Empress Suiko. Twelve orders were instituted, with symbolic names, after the Chinese custom — such as Virtue, Humanity, Propriety, etc. — distinguished by the colors of the caps worn. In 649, this system was changed for that having nine ranks, with two divisions. In each of the last six were two subdivisions, thus in reality making thirty grades. The first grade was a posthumous reward, given only to those who in life had held the second. Every officer, from the prime minister to the official clerks, had a rank attached to his office, which was independent of birth or age. All officers were presented, and all questions of precedence were settled, in accordance with this rank.

The court officials, at first, had been very few, as might be imagined in this simple state of society without writing. The Jin Gi Kuan, which had existed from very ancient times, supervised the ceremonies of religion, the positions being chiefly held by members of the Nakatomi family. This was the highest division of the Government. In A.D. 603, with the introduction of orders of nobility, the form of government was changed from simple feudalism to centralized monarchy, with eight ministries, or departments of state, as follows:

1. Nakatsukasa no Shō (Department of the Imperial Palace).
2. Shiki bu Shō (Department of Civil Office and Education).
3. Ji bu Shō (Department of Etiquette and Ceremonies).
4. Mim bu Shō (Department of Revenue and Census).
5. Hiō bu Shō (Department of War).
6. Giō bu Shō (Department of Justice).
7. Ō kura Shō (Department of Treasury).
8. Ku nai Shō (Department of Imperial Household).

The Jin Gi Kuan (Council of Religion; literally, Council of the Gods of Heaven and Earth), though anciently outranking the Dai Jō Kuan (Great Government Council), lost its prestige after the introduction of Buddhism. The Dai Jō Kuan, created A.D. 786, superintended the eight boards and ruled the empire by means of local governors appointed from the capital. In it were four ministers:

1. Dai Jō Dai Jin (Great Minister of the Great Government).
2. Sa Dai Jin (Great Minister of the Left).
3. U Dai Jin (Great Minister of the Right).
4. Nai Dai Jin (Inner Great Minister).

Of the eight departments, that of War ultimately became the most important. A special department was necessary to attend to the public manners and forms of society, etiquette being more than morals, and equal to literary education. The foreign relations of the empire were then of so little importance that they were assigned to a bureau of the above department. The treasury consisted of imperial storehouses and granaries, as money was not then in general use. Rice was the standard of value, and all taxes were paid in this grain.

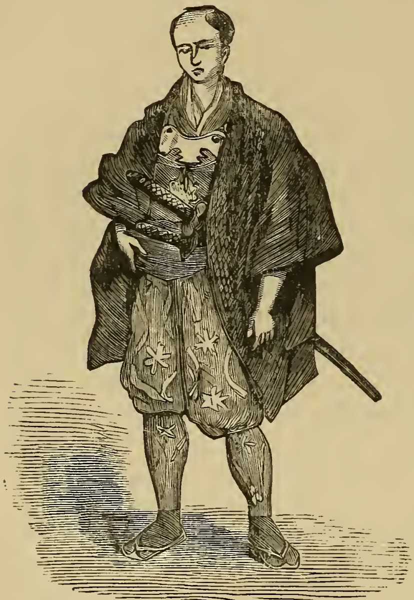
The introduction of these orders of nobility and departments of state from China brought about the change from the species of feudalism hitherto existing to centralized monarchy, the rise of the noble families, and the fixing of official castes composed, not, as in most ancient countries, of the priestly and warrior classes, but, as in China, of the civilian and military.

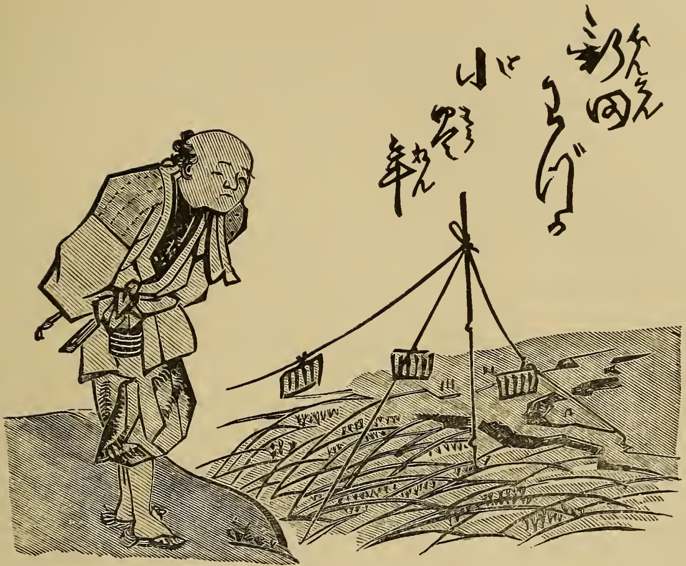
The seeds of the mediæval and modern complex feudalism, which lasted until 1872, were planted about this time. A division of all the able-bodied males into three classes was now made, one of which was to consist of regular soldiers permanently in service. This was the "military class," from which the legions kept as garrisons in the remote provinces were recruited. The unit of combination was the *go*, consisting of five men. Two *go* formed a *kua*, five *kua* a *tai*, two *tai* a *riō*, ten *riō* a *dan*. These terms may be translated "file," "squad," "company," "battalion," "regiment." The *dan*, or regiment, could also be regularly divided into four detachments. The generals who commanded the army in the field were in many cases civil officials, who were more or less conversant with the rude military science of the day. In their time, success in war depended more on disciplined numbers and personal valor, and was not so much a problem of weight, mathematics, machinery, and money as in our day. The expeditions were led by a shōgun, or general, who, if he commanded three regiments, was called a tai-shōgun, or generalissimo. The vice-commanders were called fuku-shōgun. Thus it will be seen that the term "shōgun" is merely the Japanese word for "general." All generals were shōguns, and even the effete figure-head of the great usurpation at Yedo, with whom Commodore Perry and those who followed him made treaties, supposing him to be the "secular emperor," was nothing more.

Muster-rolls were kept of the number of men in the two remaining classes that could be sent in the field on an emergency; and whenever an insurrection broke out, and a military expedition was determined upon, orders were sent to the provinces along the line of march to be ready to obey the imperial command, and compare the quota required with the local muster-rolls. An army would thus be quickly assembled at the capital, or, starting thence, could be re-enforced on the route to the rebellious province. All that was necessary were the orders of the emperor. When war was over, the army was dissolved, and the army corps, regiments, and companies were mustered out of service into their units of combination, *go* of five men. The general, doffing helmet, made his votive offering to the gods, and returned to garrison duty.

Until about the twelfth century, the Japanese empire, like the old Roman, was a centre of civilization surrounded by barbarism, or, rather, like a wave advancing ever farther northward. The numerous revolts in Kiushiu, Shikokŭ, and even in the North and East of Hondo, show that the subjugation of these provinces was by no means complete on their first pacification. The Kuantō needed continual military care, as well as civil government; while the northern provinces were in a chronic state of riot and disorder, being now peaceful and loyally obedient, and anon in rebellion against the mikado. To keep the remote provinces in order, to defend their boundaries, and to collect tribute, military occupation became a necessity; and, accordingly, in each of the distant provinces, especially those next to the frontier, beyond which were the still unconquered savages, an army was permanently encamped. This, in the remote provinces, was the permanent military force. Throughout the country was a reserve militia, or latent army; and in the capital was the regular army, consisting of the generals and "the Six Guards," or household troops, who formed the regular garrison of Kiōto in peace, and in war became the nucleus of the army of chastisement.

This system worked well at first, but time showed its defects, and wherein it could be improved. Among that third of the population classed as soldiers, some naturally proved themselves brave, apt, and skillful; others were worthless in war, while in the remaining two-thirds many who were able and willing could not enter the army. About the end of the eighth century a reform was instituted, and a new division of the people made. The court decided that all those among the rich peasants who had capacity, and were skilled in archery and horsemanship, should compose the military class, and that the remainder, the weak and feeble, should continue to till the soil and apply themselves to agriculture. The above was one of the most significant of all the changes in the history of Japan. Its fruits are seen to-day in the social constitution of the Japanese people. Though there are many classes, there are but two great divisions of the Japanese, the military and the agricultural. It wrought the complete severance of the soldier and the farmer. It lifted up one part of the people to a plane of life on which travel, adventure, the profession and the pursuit of arms, letters, and the cultivation of honor and chivalry were possible, and by which that brightest type of the Japanese man, the *samurai*, was produced. This is the class which for centuries has monopolized arms, polite learning, patriotism, and intellect of Japan. They are the men whose minds have been ever open to learn, from whom sprung the ideas that once made, and which later overthrew, the feudal system, which wrought the mighty reforms that swept away the shōgunate in 1868, restored the mikado to ancient power, who introduced those ideas that now rule Japan, and sent their sons abroad to study the civilization of the West. To the samurai Japan looks to-day for safety in war, and progress in peace. The samurai is the soul of the nation. In other lands the priestly and the military castes were formed. In Japan one and the same class held the sword and the pen — liberal learning and secular culture. The other class—the agricultural—remained unchanged. Left to the soil to till it, to live and die upon it, the Japanese farmer has remained the same to-day as he was then. Like the wheat that for successive ages is planted as wheat, sprouts, beards, and fills as wheat, the peasant, with his horizon bounded by his rice-fields, his water-courses, or the timbered hills, his intellect laid away for safe-keeping in the priests' hands, is the son of the soil; caring little who rules him, unless he is taxed beyond the power of flesh and blood to bear, or an


A Samurai, in Winter Traveling-dress.



A Japanese Farmer. (Seed-beds of rice protected from the birds by strings and slips of wood.)*

overmeddlesome officialdom touches his land to transfer, sell, or redivide it: then he rises as a rebel. In time of war, he is a disinterested and a passive spectator, and he does not fight. He changes masters with apparent unconcern. Amidst all the ferment of ideas induced by the contact of Western civilization with Asiatic within the last two decades, the farmer stolidly remains conservative: he knows not, nor cares to hear, of it, and hates it because of the heavier taxes it imposes upon him.

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* In the above sketch by Hokusai, the farmer, well advanced in life, bent and bald, is looking dubiously over a piece of newly tilled land, perhaps just reclaimed, which he defends from the birds by the device of strings holding strips of thin wood and bamboo stretched from a pole. With his ever-present bath-towel and headkerchief on his shoulders, his pipe held behind him, he stands in meditative attitude, in his old rice-straw sandals, run down and out at the heels, his well-worn cotton coat, darned crosswise for durability and economy, wondering whether he will see a full crop before he dies, or whether he can pay his taxes, and fill his children's mouths with rice. The writing at side is a proverb which has two meanings: it may be read, "A new field gives a small crop," or "Human life is but fifty years." In either case, it has pregnant significance to the farmer. The pathos and humor are irresistible to one who knows the life of these sons of toil.

To support the military, a certain portion of rice was set apart permanently as revenue, and given as wages to the soldiers. This is the origin of the pensions still enjoyed by the samurai, and the burden of the Government and people, which in 1876, after repeated reductions, amounts to nearly $18,000,000.

Let us notice how the noble families originated. To this hour these same families, numbering one hundred and fifty-five in all, dwell in Tōkiō or Kiōto, intensely proud of their high descent from the mikados and the heavenly gods, glorying in their pedigree more than the autochthons of Greece gloried in their native soil. The existence of this feeling of superiority to all mankind among some of the highest officials under the present mikado's government has been the cause of bitter quarrels, leading almost to civil war. Under the altered circumstances of the national life since 1868, the officials of ancient lineage, either unable to conceal, or desirous of manifesting their pride of birth, have on various occasions stung to rage the rising young men who have reached power by sheer force of merit. Between these self-made men, whose minds have been expanded by contact with the outer world, and the high nobles nursed in the atmosphere of immemorial antiquity, and claiming descent from the gods, an estrangement that at times seems irreconcilable has grown. As the chasm between the forms and spirit of the past and the present widens, as the modern claims jostle the ancient traditions, as vigorous parvenuism challenges effete antiquity, the difficulty of harmonizing these tendencies becomes apparent, adding another to the catalogue of problems awaiting solution in Japan. I have heard even high officers under the Government make the complaint I have indicated against their superiors; but I doubt not that native patience and patriotism will heal the wound, though the body politic must suffer long.

The *kugé*, or court nobles, sprung from mikados. From the first, polygamy was common among both aborigines and conquerors. The emperor had his harem of many beauties who shared his couch. In very ancient times, as early as Jimmu, it was the custom to choose one woman, called *kōgō*, who was wife or empress in the sense of receiving special honor, and of having her offspring most likely to succeed to the throne. In addition to the wife, the mikado had twelve concubines, whose offspring might fill the throne in case of failure of issue by the wife. To guard still further against desinence, four families of imperial descent were afterward set apart, from which an heir to the throne or a husband of the mikado's daughter might be sought. In either case the chosen one became mikado. Only those sons, brothers, or grandsons of the sovereign, to whom the title was specially granted by patent, were called princes of the blood. There were five grades of these. Surnames were anciently unknown in Japan; individuals only having distinguishing appellatives. In 415, families were first distinguished by special names, usually after those of places. Younger sons of mikados took surnames and founded cadet families. The most famous in the Japanese peerage are given below. By long custom it came to pass that each particular family held the monopoly of some one high office as its prerogative. The Nakatomi family was formerly charged with the ceremonies of Shintō, and religious offices became hereditary in that family. The Fujiwara (Wistaria meadow) family is the most illustrious in all Japan. It was founded by Kamatari, who was regent of the empire (A.D. 645–649), who was said to have been descended from Amé no ko yané no mikoto, the servant of the grandfather of Jimmu. The influence of this family on the destinies of Japan, and the prominent part it has played in history, will be fully seen. At present ninety-five of the one hundred and fifty-five families of *kugé* are of Fujiwara name and descent. The office of Kuambaku, or Regent, the highest to which a subject could attain, was held by members of this family exclusively. The Sugawara family, of which six families of *kugé* are descendants, is nearly as old as the Fujiwara. Its members have been noted for scholarship and learning, and as teachers and lecturers on religion.

The Taira family was founded by Takamochi, great grandson of the Emperor Kuammu (A.D. 782–805), and became prominent as the great military vassals of the mikado. But five *kugé* families claim descent from the survivors.

The Minamoto family was founded by Tsunémoto, grandson of the Emperor Seiwa (839–880). They were the rivals of the Taira. Seventeen families of *kugé* are descended from this old stock. The office of Sei-i Tai Shōgun, or Barbarian-chastising Great General, was monopolized by the Minamoto, and, later, by other branches of the stock, named Ashikaga and Tokugawa.

Though so many offices were created in the seventh century, the *kugé* were sufficiently numerous to fill them. The members of the Fujiwara family gradually absorbed the majority, until almost all of the important ones at court, and the governorships of many provinces, were filled by them. When vacancies occurred, no question was raised as to this or that man's fitness for the position: it was simply one of high descent, and a man of Fujiwara blood was sure to get the appointment, whether he had abilities or not. This family, in spite of its illustrious name and deeds, are to be credited with the formation of a "ring" around the mikado, which his people could not break, and with the creation of one of the most accursed systems of nepotism ever seen in any country. Proceeding step by step, with craft and signal ability, they gradually obtained the administration of the government in the mikado's name. Formerly it had been the privilege of every subject to petition the sovereign. The Fujiwara ministers gradually assumed the right to open all such petitions, and decide upon them. They also secured the appointment of younger sons, brothers, nephews, and kinsmen to all the important positions. They based their hold on the throne itself by marrying their daughters to the mikado, whose will was thus bent to their own designs. For centuries the empresses were chiefly of Fujiwara blood. In this way, having completely isolated the sovereign, they became the virtual rulers of the country and the proprietors of the throne, and dictated as to who should be made emperor. Every new office, as fast as created, was filled by them. In the year 888, the title of Kuambaku (literally, "the bolt inside the gate," but meaning "to represent to the mikado") was first used and bestowed on a Fujiwara noble. The Kuambaku was the highest subject in the empire. He was regent during the minority of the emperor, or when an empress filled the throne. The office of Kuambaku, first filled by Fujiwara Mototsuné, became hereditary in the family, thus making them all powerful. In time the Fujiwaras, who had increased to the proportions of a great clan, were divided into five branches called the Sekké, or Regent families, named Konoyé, Kujō, Nijō, Ichijō, and Takadzukasa.

So long as the succession to the throne was so indefinite, and on such a wide basis, it was easy for this powerful family to choose the heir whenever the throne was empty, as it was in their power to make it empty when it so suited them, by compelling the mikado to abdicate.

In A.D. 794 the capital was removed to Kiōto, seven miles from Lake Biwa, and there permanently located. Before that time it was at Kashiwabara, at Nara,* or at some place in the Home Provinces

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* The ancient town of Nara, one of the most interesting in all Japan, lies about twenty miles due east of Ōzaka, in Yamato. The town and neighborhood abound with antiquities, mikado's tombs, grand old temples, and colossal images of Buddha. Seven sovereigns, of whom four were females, ruled at Nara from A.D.

(*kinai*) of Yamato, Yamashiro, or Settsu. So long as the course of empire was identified with that of a central military chief, who was the ruler of a few provinces and suzerain of tributaries, requiring him to be often in camp or on the march, government was by the sword rather than by the sceptre, and the permanent location of a capital was unnecessary. As the area of dominion increased and became more settled the government business grew apace, in amount and complexity, and division of labor was imperative, and a permanent capital was of prime importance. The choice was most felicitous. The ancient city of Heianjō, seven miles south-west of the southern end of Lake Biwa, was chosen. The Japanese word meaning capital, or large city, is *miako*, of which *kiō* or *kiōto* is the Chinese equivalent. The name Heianjō soon fell into disuse, the people speaking of the city as the miako. Even this term gave way in popular usage to Kiōto. Miako is now chiefly used in poetry, while the name most generally applied has been and is Kiōto, *the* miako by excellence. Kiōto remained the capital of Japan until 1868, when the miako was removed to Yedo, which city having become the kiō, was re-named Tōkiō, or Eastern capital. The name Yedo is no longer in use among the Japanese. No more eligible site could have been chosen for the purpose. Kiōto lies not mathematically, but geographically and practically in respect of the distribution of population and habitable area, in the centre of Japan. It is nearly in the middle of the narrowest neck of land between the Sea of Japan and the Pacific Ocean. It lies at the foot, and stands like a gate between the great mountain ranges, diverging north and south, or east and west. Its situation at the base of the great central lake of Biwa, or Ōmi, forty miles from whose northern point is the harbor and sea-port of Tsuruga, makes it

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708–782. Their reigns were prosperous and glorious, and were distinguished for the cultivation of the arts, literature, and religion. Here, in 711, the *Kojiki* was written, and in 713, by orders of the imperial court, sent to all the governors of provinces; a book, in sixty-six volumes, descriptive of the provinces, cities, mountains, rivers, valleys, and plains, plants, trees, birds, and quadrupeds, was begun, and finished in 1634. Only fragments of this fine work are now extant. In the period 708–715 copper was discovered. In 739, the colossal gilded copper image of Buddha, fifty-three feet high, was cast and set up. Many envoys from China, and Buddhist priests from Siam, India, and China, visited Nara, one of the latter bringing a library of five thousand volumes of Buddhist literature. In 749 it was forbidden by imperial edict to slaughter animals in Japan. A large collection of the personal and household articles in the possession of the mikados of the eighth century was exhibited at Nara in June, 1875, the inventories made at that ancient period being accessible for comparison.

acccessible to the ships coming from the entire west coast and from Yezo. On the west and east the natural mountain roads and passes slope down and open toward it. Forty miles to the south are the great harbors lining the bay of Ōzaka, the haven of all ships from northern or southern points of the eastern coast. Easy river communications connect Ōzaka with Kiōto.

The miako is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole empire of Japan. The tone of reverential tenderness, of exulting joy, the sparkling of the eyes with which Japanese invariably speak of Kiōto, witness to the fact of its natural beauty, its sacred and classic associations, and its place in the affections of the people. The city stands on an elliptical plain walled in on all sides by evergreen hills and mountains, like the floor of a huge flattened crater no longer choked with lava, but mantled with flowers. On the south the river Kamo, and on the north, east, and west, flowing in crystal clearness, the affluents of Kamo curve around the city, nearly encircle it, uniting at the south-west to form the Yodo River. Through the centre and in several of the streets the branches of the river flow, giving a feeling of grateful coolness in the heats of summer, and is the source of the cleanliness characteristic of Kiōto. The streets run parallel and cross at right angles, and the whole plan of the city is excellent. The mikado's palace is situated in the north-eastern quarter. Art and nature are wedded in beauty. The monotony of the clean squares is broken by numerous groves, temples, monasteries, and cemeteries. On the mountain overlooking the city peep out pagodas and shrines. The hill-slopes blossom with gardens. The suburbs are places of delight and loveliness. The blue Lake of Biwa, the tea-plantations of Uji, the thousand chosen resorts of picnic groups in the adjacent shady hills, the resorts for ramblers, the leafy walks for the poet, the groves for the meditative student or the pious monk, the thousand historical and holy associations invest Kiōto with an interest attaching to no other place in Japan. Here, or in its vicinity, have dwelt for seventeen centuries the mikados of Japan.

As the children and descendants of the mikados increased at the capital there was formed the material for classes of nobility. It was to the interest of these nobles to cherish with pride their traditions of divine descent. Their studied exaltation of the mikado as their head was the natural consequence. The respect and deference of distant tributary princes wishing to obtain and preserve favor at court served only to increase the honor of these nobles of the capital. The fealty of the distant princes was measured not only by their tribute and military assistance, but by their close conformity to the customs of the miako, which naturally became the centre of learning and civilization.

Previous to the era of Sūjin, the observance of the time of beginning the new year, as well as the celebration of the sacred festivals to the gods, was not the same throughout the provinces. The acceptance of a uniform calendar promulgated from the capital was then, as now, a sign of loyalty of far greater significance than would appear to us at first sight. This was forcibly shown in Yokohama, as late as 1872, after the mikado had abolished the lunar, and ordered the use of the solar, or Gregorian, calendar in his dominions. The resident Chinese, in an incendiary document, which was audaciously posted on the gates of the Japanese magistrate's office, denounced the Japanese for having thus signified, by the adoption of the barbarians' time, that they had yielded themselves up to be the slaves of the "foreign devils."

The mikado has no family name. He needs none, because his dynasty never changes. Being above ordinary mortals, no name is necessary to distinguish him from men. He need be personally distinguished only from the gods. When he dies, he will enter the company of the gods. He is deified under some name, with Tennō (son, or king, of heaven) affixed. It was not proper (until 1872, when the custom was abrogated) for ordinary people to pronounce the name of the living mikado aloud, or to write it in full: a stroke should be left out of each of the characters.

Previous to the general use of Chinese writing, the mikados, about fifty in all, had long names ending in "mikoto," a term of respect equivalent to "augustness," and quite similar to those applied to the gods. These extremely long names, now so unmanageable to foreign, and even to modern native, tongues, gave place in popular use to the greatly abbreviated Chinese equivalents. A complete calendar of the names of the gods and goddesses, mikados and empresses and heroes, was made out in Chinese characters. It is so much more convenient to use these, that I have inserted them in the text, even though to do so seems in many an instance an anachronism. The difference in learned length and thundering sound of the Japanese and the Chinese form of some of these names will be easily seen and fully appreciated after a glance, by the Occidental reader who is terrified at the uncouthness of both, or who fears to trust his vocal organs to attempt their pronunciation. Amaterasŭ ō mikami becomes Ten Shō Dai Jin; Okinaga Tarashi Himé becomes Jingu Kōgō.

After the Chinese writing became fashionable, the term mikoto was dropped. The mikados after death received a different name from that used when living: thus Kan Yamato Iware hiko no mikoto became, posthumously, Jimmu Tennō.

The Golden Age of the mikado's power ceased after the introduction of Buddhism and the Chinese system of officialdom. The decadence of his personal power began, and steadily continued. Many of the high ministers at court became Buddhists, as well as the mikados. It now began to be a custom for the emperors to abdicate after short reigns, shave off their hair in token of renunciation of the world, become monks, and retire from active life, taking the title Hō-ō (*ho*, law of Buddha; *ō*, mikado=cloistered emperor). During the eighth century, while priests were multiplying, and monasteries were everywhere being established, the court was the chief propaganda. The courtiers vied with each other in holy zeal and study of the sacred books of India, while the minds of the empresses and boy-emperors were occupied with schemes for the advancement of Buddhism. In 741, the erection of two great temples, and of a seven-storied pagoda in each province, was ordered. The abdication after short reigns made the mikados mere puppets of the ministers and courtiers. Instead of warriors braving discomforts of the camp, leading armies in battle, or fighting savages, the chief rulers of the empire abdicated, after short reigns, to retire into monasteries, or give themselves up to license. This evil state of affairs continued, until, in later centuries, effeminate men, steeped in sensual delights, or silly boys, who droned away their lives in empty pomp and idle luxury, or became the tools of monks, filled the throne. Meanwhile the administration of the empire from the capital declined, while the influence of the military classes increased. As the mikado's actual power grew weaker, his nominal importance increased. He was surrounded by a hedge of etiquette that secluded him from the outer world. He never appeared in public. His subjects, except his wife and concubines and highest ministers, never saw his face. He sat on a throne of mats behind a curtain. His feet were never allowed to touch the earth. When he went abroad in the city, he rode in a car closely curtained, and drawn by bullocks. The relation of emperor and subject thus grew mythical, and the way was paved for some bold usurper to seize the actuality of power, while the name remained sacred and inviolate.

XII.

THE BEGINNING OF MILITARY DOMINATION.

WITH rank, place, and power as the prizes, there were not wanting rival contestants to dispute the monopoly of the Fujiwara. The prosperity and domineering pride of the scions of this ancient house, instead of overawing those of younger families that were forming in the capital, served only as spurs to their pride and determination to share the highest gifts of the sovereign. It may be easily supposed that the Fujiwara did not attain the summit of their power without the sacrifice of many a rival aspirant. The looseness of the marriage tie, the intensity of ambition, the greatness of the prize—the throne itself — made the court ever the fruitful soil of intrigue, jealousies, proscription, and even the use of poison and the dagger. The fate of many a noble victim thus sacrificed on the altars of jealousy and revenge forms the subject of the most pathetic passages of the Japanese historians, and the tear-compelling scenes of the romance and the drama. The increase of families was the increase of feuds. Arrogance and pride were matched by craft and subtlety that finally led to quarrels which rent the nation, to civil war, and to the almost utter extinction of one of the great families.

The Sugawara were the most ancient rivals of the Fujiwara. The most illustrious victim of court intrigue bearing this name was Sugawara Michizané. This polished courtier, the Beauclerc of his age, had, by the force of his talents and learning, risen to the position of inner great minister. As a scholar, he ranked among the highest of his age. At different periods of his life he wrote, or compiled, from the oldest records various histories, some of which are still extant. His industry and ability did not, however, exempt him from the jealous annoyances of the Fujiwara courtiers, who imbittered his life by poisoning the minds of the emperor and courtiers against him. One of them, Tokihira, secured an edict banishing him to Kiushiu. Here, in the horrors of poverty and exile, he endeavored to get a petition to the mikado, but failed to do so, and starved to death, on the 25th day of the Second month, 903. Michizané is now known by his posthumous name of Tenjin. Many temples have been erected in his honor, and students worship his spirit, as the patron god of letters and literature. Children at school pray to him that they may become good writers, and win success in study. Some of his descendants are still living.

When Michizané died, the Sugawara were no longer to be dreaded as a rival family. Another brood were springing up, who were destined to become the most formidable rivals of the Fujiwara. More than a century before, one of the concubines, or extra wives, of the Emperor Kuammu had borne a son, who, having talents as well as imperial blood, rose to be head of the Board of Civil Office, and master of court ceremonies — an office similar to the lord high chamberlain of England.* To his grandson Takamochi was given the surname of Taira in 889—one hundred and one years before the banishment of Michizané.

The civil offices being already monopolized by the Fujiwara, the members of the family of Taira early showed a fondness and special fitness for military life, which, with their experience, made them most eligible to the commands of military expeditions. The Fujiwara had become wholly wedded to palace life, and preferred the ease and luxury of the court to the discomforts of the camp and the dangers of the battle-field. Hence the shōguns, or generals, were invariably appointed among sons of the Taira or the Minamoto, both of which families became the military vassals of the crown. While the men led the armies, fought the foe, and returned in triumph, the mothers at home fired the minds of their sons with the recital of the deeds of their fathers. Thus bred to arms, inured to war, and living chiefly in the camp, a hardy race of warriors grew up and formed the military caste. So long as the Taira or Minamoto leaders were content with war and its glory, there was no reason for the Fujiwara to fear danger from them as rivals at court. But in times of peace and inaction, the minds of these men of war longed to share in the spoils of peace; or, having no more enemies to conquer, their energies were turned against their fellows. The peculiar basis of the imperial succession opened an equally wide field for the play of female ambition; and while Taira and Minamoto generals lusted after the high offices held by Fujiwara courtiers, Taira and Minamoto ladies aspired to become empresses, or at least imperial concubines, where they might, for the glory of their family, beard the dragon of power in his own den. They had so far increased in influence at court, that in 1008, the wife of the boy-emperor, Ichijō, was chosen from the house of Minamoto.

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* Princes of the blood were eligible to the following offices: Minister of the imperial household, lord high chamberlain, minister of war, president of the censorate, and the governorships of Kōdzuké, Kadzusa, and Hitachi. The actual duties of the office were, however, performed by inferior officials.

The Minamoto family, or, as the Chinese characters express the name, Genji, was founded by Tsunémoto, the grandson of Seiwa (859–880) and son of the minister of war. His great-grandson Yoriyoshi became a shōgun, and was sent to fight the Ainōs; and the half-breeds, or rebels of mixed Ainō and Japanese blood, in the east and extreme north of Hondo. Yoriyoshi's son, Yoshiiyé, followed his father in arms, and was likewise made a shōgun. So terrible was Yoshiiyé in battle that he was called Hachiman tarō. The name Tarō is given to the first-born son. Hachiman is the Buddhist form of Ōjin, the deified son of Jingu Kogō, and the patron of warriors, or god of war. After long years of fighting, he completely tranquilized the provinces of the Kuanto. His great-grandson Yoshitomo* became the greatest rival of the Taira, and the father of Yoritomo, one of the ablest men in Japanese history. The star of Minamoto was in the ascendant.

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* The family name (*uji*) precedes the personal, or what we call the baptismal or Christian name. Thus the full name of the boy Kotarō, son of Mr. Ota, would be Ota Kotarō. Family names nearly always have a topographical meaning, having been taken from names of streets, villages, districts, rivers, mountains, etc. The following are specimens, taken from the register of my students in the Imperial College in Tōkiō, many of whom are descendants of the illustrious personages mentioned in this book, or in Japanese history. The great bulk of the Samurai claim descent from less than a hundred original families: Plain-village, Crane-slope, Hill-village, Middle-mountain, Mountain-foot, Grove-entrance, High-bridge, East-river, River-point, Garden-mountain, River-meadow, Pine-village, Great-tree, Pine-well, Shrine-promontory, Cherry-well, Cedar-bay, Lower-field, Stone-pine, Front-field, Bamboo-bridge, Large-island, Happy-field, Shrine-plain, Temple-island, Hand-island, North-village, etc., etc. It was not the custom to have godparents, or namesakes, in our sense of these words. Middle names were not given or used, each person having but a family and a personal name. Neither could there be a senior and junior of exactly the same name in the same family, as with us. The father usually bestowed on his son half of his name; that is, he gave him one of the Chinese characters with which his own was written. Thus, Yoriyoshi named his first-born son Yoshiiyé, *i. e.*, Yoshi (*good*) and iyé (*house* or *family*). Yoshiiyé had six sons, named, respectively, Yoshimuné, Yoshichika, Yoshikuni, Yoshitada, Yoshitoki, and Yoshitaka. The Taira nobles retained the *mori* in Tadamori, in their own personal names. Female names were borrowed from those of beautiful and attractive objects or of auspicious omens, and were usually not changed at marriage or throughout life. Males made use during life of a number of appellations given them, or assumed on the occasions of birth, reaching adult age, official promotion, change of life;

Meanwhile the Taira shōguns, who had the military oversight of the South and West, achieved a succession of brilliant victories. As a reward for his services, the court bestowed the island of Tsŭshima on Tadamori, the head of the house. It being a time of peace, Tadamori came to Kiōto to live, and while at court had a *liaison* with one of the palace lady attendants, whom he afterward married. The fruit of this union was a son, who grew to be a man of stout physique. In boyhood he gave equal indications of his future greatness and his future arrogance. He wore unusually high clogs—the Japanese equivalent for "riding a high horse." His fellows gave the strutting roisterer the nickname of *kohéda* ("high clogs"). Being the son of a soldier, he had abundant opportunity to display his valor. At this

View in the Inland Sea.

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or on account of special events, entering a monastery, and after death. This custom as a police measure, as well as for other reasons, was abolished in 1872. Often a superior rewarded an inferior by bestowing upon him a new name, or by allowing him to incorporate one of the syllables expressed vividly to the eye by a Chinese character, of the superior's name. It was never the custom to name children after great men, as we do after our national heroes. Formerly the genitive particle *no* (of) was used; as Minamoto no Yoritomo means Yoritomo of the Minamoto family. In 1872, the peasantry were allowed to have family as well as individual names.

time the seas swarmed with pirates, who ravaged the coasts and were the scourge of Corea as well as Japan. Kiyomori, a boy full of fire and energy, thirsting for fame, asked to be sent against the pirates. At the age of eighteen he cruised in the Sea of Iyo, or the Suwo Nada, which is part of the Inland Sea, a sheet of water extremely beautiful in itself, and worthy, in a high degree, to be called the Mediterranean of Japan. While on shipboard, he made himself a name by attacking and capturing a ship full of the most desperate villains, and by destroying their lurking-place. His early manhood was spent alternately in the capital and in service in the South. In 1153, at the age of thirty-six, he succeeded his father as minister of justice. The two families of Minamoto and Taira, who had together emerged from comparative obscurity to fame, place, and honor, had dwelt peacefully together in Kiōto, or had been friendly rivals as soldiers in a common cause on distant battle-fields, until the year 1156, from which time they became implacable enemies. In that year the first battle was fought between the adherents of two rival claimants of the throne. The Taira party was successful, and obtained possession of the imperial palace, which gave them the supreme advantage and prestige which have ever since been possessed by the leader or party in whose hands the mikado is. The whole administration of the empire was now at Kiyomori's disposal. The emperor, who thus owed his elevation to the Taira, made them the executors of his policy. This was the beginning of the domination of the military classes that lasted until 1868. The ambition of Kiyomori was now not only to advance himself to the highest position possible for a subject to occupy, but also to raise the influence and power of his family to the highest pitch. He further determined to exterminate the only rivals whom he feared — the Minamoto. Not content with exercising the military power, he filled the offices at court with his own relatives, carrying the policy of nepotism to a point equal to that of his rivals, the Fujiwara. In 1167, at the age of fifty years, having, by his energy and cunning, made himself the military chief of the empire, having crushed not only the enemies of the imperial court, but also his own, and having tremendous influence with the emperor and court, he received the appointment of Dai Jō Dai Jin.

Kiyomori was thus, virtually, the ruler of Japan. In all his measures he was assisted, if not often instigated to originate them by the ex-emperor, Go-Shirakawa, who ascended the throne in 1156, and abdicated in 1159, but was the chief manager of affairs during the reigns of his son and two grandsons. This mikado was a very immoral man, and the evident reason of his resigning was that he might abandon himself to debauchery, and wield even more actual power than when on the throne. In 1169, he abdicated, shaved off his hair, and took the title of Hō-ō, or "cloistered emperor," and became a Buddhist monk, professing to retire from the world. In industrious seclusion, he granted the ranks and titles created by his predecessor in lavish profusion. He thus exercised, as a monk, even more influence than when in actual office. The head of the Taira hesitated not to use all these rewards for his own and his family's private ends. In him several offices were held by one person. He argued that as others who had done no great services for court or emperor had held high offices, he who had done so much should get all he could. Finally, neither court nor emperor could control him, and he banished *kugé*, and even moved the capital and court at his pleasure. In 1168, the power of the Taira family was paramount. Sixty men of the house held high offices at court, and the lands from which they enjoyed revenue extended over thirty provinces. They had splendid palaces in Kiōto and at Fukuwara, where the modern treaty-port of Hiōgo now stands overlooking the splendid scenery of the Inland Sea. Hesitating at nothing that would add to his glory or power, Kiyomori, in 1171, imitating his predecessors, made his daughter the con-

View near Hiōgo, from near the Site of the Taira Palace.

cubine, and afterward the wife, of the Emperor Takakura, a boy eleven years old. Of his children one was now empress, and his two sons were generals of highest rank. His cup of power was full.

The fortunes of the Fujiwara and Minamoto were under hopeless eclipse, the former having no military power, the latter being scattered in exile. Yoshitomo, his rival, had been killed, while in his bath, by Osada, his own traitorous retainer, who was bribed by Kiyomori to do the deed. The head of Yoshitomo's eldest son had fallen under the sword at Kiōto, and his younger sons—the last of the Minamoto, as he supposed—were in banishment, or immured in monasteries.

Tamétomo defying the Taira men, after sinking their Ship. (From the vignette on the greenback national-bank notes, drawn by a native artist.)

The most famous archer, Minamoto Tamétomo, took part in many of the struggles of the two rival families. His great strength, equal to that of many men (fifty, according to the legends), and the fact that his right arm was shorter than his left, enabled him to draw a bow which four ordinary warriors could not bend, and send a shaft five feet long, with enormous bolt-head. The court, influenced by the Taira, banished him, in a cage, to Idzu (after cutting the muscles of his arm), under a guard. He escaped, and fled to the islands of Ōshima and Hachijō, and the chain south of the Bay of Yedo. His arm having healed, he ruled over the people, ordering them not to send tribute to Idzu or Kiōto. A fleet of boats was sent against him. Tamétomo, on the strand of Ōshima, sped a shaft at one of the approaching vessels that pierced the thin gunwale and sunk it. He then, after a shout of defiance, shut himself up, set the house on fire, and killed himself. Another account declares that he fled to the Liu Kiu Islands, ruled over them, and founded the family of Liu Kiu kings, being the father of Sunten, the first historical ruler of this group of islands. A picture of this doughty warrior has been chosen to adorn the greenback currency of the banks of modern Japan.

"Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" The mikados* during the Taira period were nearly all children. Toba began to reign at six, abdicating at seventeen in behalf of his son Shiutoku, four years old; who at twenty-four resigned in favor of Konoyé, then four years old. The latter died at the age of sixteen, and was succeeded by Go-Shirakawa, who abdicated after three years in favor of Nijō, sixteen years old, who died after six years, when Rokujō, one year old, succeeded. After three years, Takakura, eight years old, ruled thirteen years, resigning to Antoku, then three years of age. It is easily seen that the real power lay not with these boys and babies, but with the august wire-pullers behind the throne.

The *Heiké Monogatari*, or the "Historic Romance of the Taira," is one of the most popular of the many classic works of fiction read by all classes of people in Japan. In this book the chief events in the lives, and even the manners and personal appearance, of the principal actors of the times of the Taira are seen, so that they become more than shadows of names, and seem to live before us, men of yesterday. The terms Heiké and Genji, though Chinese forms of the names Taira and Minamoto, were, from their brevity, popularly used in preference to the pure native, but longer, forms of Taira and Minamoto.

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* For convenience of reference, the following chronological list of the sovereigns of Japan is here appended. It is based on the list given in the *Nihon Riyaku Shi* (Abridgment of Japanese History), Tōkiō, 1874—a book from which I have drawn freely in this work. The dates of their reigns, in terms of the Gregorian calendar, are obtained chiefly from a comparative almanac of Chinese, Japanese, and Western dates, compiled by a learned native scholar, who brings down this invaluable chronological harmony to the third day of the Twelfth month of Meiji (January 1st, 1874), when the solar or Gregorian calendar was adopted in Japan. The year dates approximate to within a few weeks of exactness. The names in italics denote female sovereigns. In two instances (37 and 39, 48 and 50), one empress reigned twice, and has two posthumous titles. I have put the name of Jingu Kōgō in the list, though the *Dai Nihon Shi* does not admit it, she having never been crowned or formally declared empress by investiture with the regalia of sovereignty. In several cases the duration of the reign was less than a year. The five "false emperors," printed in black spaces, are omitted from this list. Only the posthumous titles under which the mikados were apotheosized are here

given, though their living names, and those of their parents, are printed in the *Nihon Riyaku Shi.* Including Jingu, there were 123 sovereigns. The average length of the reigns of 122 was nearly twenty-one years. There has been but one dynasty in Japan. In comparison, the present emperor of China is the 273d, and the dynasty the 23d or 24th.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF JAPANESE EMPERORS.

Order.	Posthumous Title.	Age at Death.	Date of Reign.	Order.	Posthumous Title.	Age at Death.	Date of Reign.
1.	Jimmu	127	660–585 B.C.	63.	Murakami.........	42	947– 967 A.D.
2.	Suisei	84	581–549 “	64.	Reizei..............	62	968– 969 “
3.	Annei.......	57	548–511 “	65.	Enniu...............	33	970– 984 “
4.	Itoku	77	510–477 “	66.	Kuasan	41	985– 986 “
5.	Kōshō	114	475–393 “	67.	Ichijō..............	32	987–1011 “
6.	Kōan........	137	392–291 “	68.	Sanjō..............	43	1012–1016 “
7.	Kōrei.......	128	290–215 “	69.	Go-Ichijō..........	29	1017–1036 “
8.	Kōgen	116	214–158 “	70.	Go-Shujaku........	37	1037–1046 “
9.	Kuaika.....	115	157– 98 “	71.	Go-Reizei..........	44	1047–1068 “
10.	Sūjin........	119	97– 30 “	72.	Go-Sanjō	40	1069–1072 “
11.	Suinin	141	29 B.C. to 70 A.D.	73.	Shirakawa.........	77	1073–1086 “
12.	Keikō	143	71–130 “	74.	Horikawa	29	1087–1107 “
13.	Seimu......	108	131–191 “	75.	Toba	55	1108–1123 “
14.	Chiuai......	52	192–200 “	76.	Shiutoku	46	1124–1141 “
15.	Jingu Kōgō.	100	201–269 “	77.	Konoyé............	17	1142–1155 “
16.	Ōjin	111	270–310 “	78.	Go-Shirakawa......	66	1156–1158 “
17.	Nintoku....	110	313–399 “	79.	Nijō	23	1159–1165 “
18.	Richiu......	77	400–405 “	80.	Rokujō	13	1166–1168 “
19.	Hanshō	60	406–411 “	81.	Takakura..........	21	1169–1180 “
20.	Inkiō	80	412–453 “	82.	Antoku............	8	1181–1185 “
21.	Ankō.......	56	454–456 “	83.	Gotoba	60	1184–1198 “
22.	Yuriyaku...	62	457–479 “	84.	Tsuchimikado	37	1199–1210 “
23.	Seinei	41	480–484 “	85.	Juntoku...........	46	1211–1221 “
24.	Kensō......	38	485–487 “	86.	Chiukiō	17	1222–1222 “
25.	Ninken	51	488–498 “	87.	Go-Horikawa......	23	1222–1232 “
26.	Buretsu.....	57	499–506 “	88.	Shijō	12	1233–1242 “
27.	Keitai	82	507–531 “	89.	Go-Saga...........	53	1243–1246 “
28.	Ankan......	70	534–535 “	90.	Go-Fukakusa......	62	1247–1259 “
29.	Senkua.....	73	536–539 “	91.	Kaméyama	57	1260–1274 “
30.	Kimmei	63	540–571 “	92.	Go-Uda............	58	1275–1287 “
31.	Bidatsu	48	572–585 “	93.	Fushimi...........	53	1288–1298 “
32.	Yōmei......	69	586–587 “	94.	Go-Fushimi	49	1299–1301 “
33.	Sujun.......	73	588–592 “	95.	Go-Nijō	24	1302–1307 “
34.	*Suiko*.......	75	593–628 “	96.	Hanazono	52	1308–1318 “
35.	Jomei	49	629–641 “	97.	Go-Daigo..........	52	1319–1338 “
36.	*Kōgioku*	68	642–644 “	98.	Go-Murakami......	41	1339–1367 “
37.	Kōtoku.....	59	645–654 “	99.	Chōkei.............	..	1368–1383 “
38.	*Saimei*......	..	655–661 “	100.	Go-Kaméyama.....	78	1383–1392 “
39.	Tenchi	58	668–672 “	101.	Go-Komatsu.......	57	1393–1412 “
40.	Kōbun......	25	672–672 “	102.	Shōkō.............	28	1413–1428 “
41.	Temmu.....	65	673–686 “	103.	Go-Hanazono......	52	1429–1464 “
42.	*Jitō*.........	58	690–696 “	104.	Go-Tsuchimikado..	59	1465–1500 “
43.	Mommu....	25	697–707 “	105.	Go-Kashiwara	63	1501–1526 “
44.	*Gemmiō*	61	708–714 “	106.	Go-Nara...........	62	1527–1557 “
45.	*Genshō*......	69	715–723 “	107.	Ōkimachi..........	75	1558–1586 “
46.	Shōmu......	56	724–748 “	108.	Goyōzei............	47	1587–1611 “
47.	*Kōken*	53	749–758 “	109.	Gomiwo...........	85	1612–1629 “
48.	Junnin	33	759–764 “	110.	*Miōjô*..............	74	1630–1643 “
49.	*Shōtoku*.....	..	765–769 “	111.	Go-Kōmiō	22	1644–1654 “
50.	Kōnin	73	770–781 “	112.	Gosai..............	49	1655–1662 “
51.	Kuammu...	70	782–805 “	113.	Reigen	79	1663–1686 “
52.	Heijō	51	806–809 “	114.	Higashiyama	35	1687–1709 “
53.	Saga........	57	810–823 “	115.	Nakanomikado....	37	1710–1735 “
54.	Junwa......	55	824–833 “	116.	Sakuramachi	31	1736–1746 “
55.	Nimmiō	41	834–850 “	117.	Momozono	22	1747–1762 “
56.	Montoku ...	32	851–858 “	118.	*Go-Sakuramachi*...	74	1763–1770 “
57.	Seiwa	31	859–876 “	119.	Go-Momozono.....	22	1771–1779 “
58.	Yōzei.......	82	877–884 “	120.	Kokaku	70	1780–1816 “
59.	Kōkō	58	885–887 “	121.	Ninkō	47	1817–1846 “
60.	Uda	65	888–897 “	122.	Kōmei.............	37	1847–1866 “
61.	Daigo	46	898–930 “	123.	Mutsuhito.........	..	1867 “
62.	Shujaku....	30	931–946 “				

XIII.

YORITOMO AND THE MINAMOTO FAMILY.

Next to portraying the beauties of nature, there is no class of subjects in which the native artists delight more than in the historical events related in their classics. Among these there are none treated with more frequency and spirit than the flight of Yoshitomo's concubine, Tokiwa, after the death of her lord at the hands of bribed traitors. After the fight with the Taira in Kiōto, in 1159, he fled eastward, and was killed in a bath-room by three hired assassins at Utsumi, in Owari. Tokiwa was a young peasant-girl of surpassing beauty, whom Yoshitomo had made his concubine, and who bore him three children. She fled, to escape the minions of Taira. Her flight was in winter, and snow lay on the ground. She knew neither where to go nor how to subsist; but, clasping her babe to her bosom, her two little sons on her right, one holding his mother's hand, the other carrying his father's sword, trudged on. That babe at her breast was Yoshitsuné—a name that awakens in the breast of a Japanese youth emotions that kindle his enthusiasm to emulate a character that was the mirror of chivalrous valor and knightly conduct, and that saddens him at the thought of one who suffered cruel death at the hands of a jealous brother. Yoshitsuné, the youngest son of Yoshitomo, lives, and will live, immortal in the minds of Japanese youth as the Bayard of Japan.

Kiyomori, intoxicated with success, conceived the plan of exterminating the Minamoto family root and branch. Not knowing where Tokiwa and her children had fled, he seized her mother, and had her brought to Kiōto. In Japan, as in China, filial piety is the highest duty of man, filial affection the strongest tie. Kiyomori well knew that Tokiwa's sense of a daughter's duty would prevail over that of a mother's love or womanly fear. He expected Tokiwa to come to Kiōto to save her mother.

Meanwhile the daughter, nearly frozen and half starved, was met in her flight by a Taira soldier, who, pitying her and her children, gave her shelter, and fed her with his own rations. Tokiwa heard of her mother's durance at Kiōto. Then came the struggle between maternal and filial love. To enter the palace would be the salvation of her mother, but the death of her children. What should she do? Her wit showed her the way of escape. Her resolution was taken to go to the capital, and trust to her beauty to melt the heart of Kiyomori. Thus she would save her mother and the lives of her sons.

Her success was complete. Appearing in the presence of the dreaded enemy of her children, Kiyomori was dazed by her beauty, and wished to make her his concubine. At first she utterly refused; but her mother, weeping floods of tears, represented to her the misery of disobedience, and the happiness in store for her, and Tokiwa was obliged to yield. She consented on condition of his sparing her offspring.

Kiyomori's retainers insisted that these young Minamotos should be put to death; but by the pleadings of the beautiful mother, backed by the intercession of Kiyomori's aunt, their lives were spared. The babe grew to be a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, small in stature, with a ruddy face and slightly protruding teeth. In spirit he was fiery and impetuous. All three of the boys, when grown, were sent to a monastery near Kiōto, to be made priests: their fine black hair was shaved, and they put on the robes of Buddhist neophytes. Two of them remained so, but Yoshitsuné gave little promise of becoming a grave and reverend bonze, who would honor his crape, and inspire respect by his bald crown and embroidered collar. He refused to have his hair shaved off, and in the monastery was irrepressibly merry, lively, and self-willed. The task of managing this young ox (Ushi-waka, he was then called) gave the holy brethren much trouble, and greatly scandalized their reverences. Yoshitsuné, chafing at his dull life, and longing to take part in a more active one, and especially in the wars in the North, of which he could not but hear, determined to escape. How to do it was the question.

Among the outside lay-folk who visited the monastery for trade or business was an iron-merchant, who made frequent journeys from Kiōto to the north of Hondo. In those days, as now, the mines of Ōshiu were celebrated for yielding the best iron for swords and other cutting implements. This iron, being smelted from the magnetic oxide and reduced by the use of charcoal as fuel, gave a steel of singular purity and temper which has never been rivaled in modern times.

Yoshitsuné begged the merchant to take him to Mutsu. He, being afraid of offending the priest, would not at first consent. Yoshitsuné persuaded him by saying that the priests would be only too glad to be rid of such a troublesome boy. The point was won, and Yoshitsuné went off. The boy's surmises were correct. The priest thought it excellent riddance to very bad rubbish.

While in the East, they stopped some time in Kadzusa, then infested with robbers. Here Yoshitsuné gave signal proof of his mettle. Among other exploits, he, on one occasion, single-handed and unarmed, seized a bold robber, and, on another, assisted a rich man to defend his house, killing five of the ruffians with his own hand. Yorishigé, his companion and bosom-friend, begged him not to indulge in any unnecessary displays of courage, lest the Taira would surely hear of him, and know he was a Minamoto, and so destroy him. They finally reached their destination, and Yoshitsuné was taken to live with Hidéhira, a nobleman of the Fujiwara, who was prince of Mutsu. Here he grew to manhood, spending his time most congenially, in the chase, in manly sports, and in military exercises. At the age of twenty-one, he had won a reputation as a soldier of peerless valor and consummate skill, and the exponent of the loftiest code of Japanese chivalry. He became to Yoritomo, his brother, as Ney to Napoleon. Nor can the splendor of the marshal's courage outshine that of the young Japanese shōgun's.

Yoritomo, the third son of Yoshitomo, was born in the year 1146, and consequently was twelve years old when his brother Yoshitsuné was a baby. After the defeat of his father, he, in the retreat, was separated from his companions, and finally fell into the hands of a Taira officer. On his way through a village called Awohaka, in Ōmi, a girl, the child of the daughter of the head-man whom Yoshitomo had once loved, hearing this, said, "I will follow my brother and die with him." Her people stopped her as she was about to follow Yoshitomo, but she afterward went out alone and drowned herself. The Taira officer brought his prize to Kiōto, where his execution was ordered, and the day fixed; but there, again, woman's tender heart and supplications saved the life of one destined for greater things. The boy's captor had asked him if he would like to live. He answered, "Yes; both my father and brother are dead; who but I can pray for their happiness in the next world?" Struck by this filial answer, the officer went to Kiyomori's step-mother, who was a Buddhist nun, having become so after the death of her husband, Tadamori. Becoming interested in him, her heart was deeply touched; the chambers of her memory were unlocked when the officer said, "Yoritomo resembles Prince Uma." She had borne one son of great promise, on whom she had lavished her affection, and who had been named Uma. The mother's bosom heaved under the robes of the nun, and, pitying Yoritomo, she resolved to entreat Kiyomori to spare him. After importunate pleadings, the reluctant son yielded to his mother's prayer, but condemned the youth to distant exile—a punishment one degree less than death, and Yoritomo was banished to the province of Idzu. He was advised by his former retainers to shave off his hair, enter a monastery, and become a priest; but Morinaga, one of his faithful servants, advised him to keep his hair, and with a brave heart await the future. Even the few that still called themselves vassals of Minamoto did not dare to hold any communication with him, as he was under the charge of two officers who were responsible to the Taira for the care of their ward. Yoritomo was a shrewd, self-reliant boy, gifted with high self-control, restraining his feelings so as to express neither joy nor grief nor anger in his face, patient, and capable of great endurance, winning the love and respect of all. He was as "Prince Hal." He afterward became as "bluff King Harry," barring the latter's bad eminence as a marrier of many wives.

Such was the condition of the Minamoto family. No longer in power and place, with an empress and ministers at court, but scattered, in poverty and exile, their lives scarcely their own. Yoritomo was fortunate in his courtship and marriage, the story of which is one of great romantic interest.* His wife, Masago, is one of the many female characters famous in Japanese history. She contributed not a little to the success of her husband and the splendor of the Kamakura court, during her life, as wife and widow. She outlived her husband many years. Her father, Hōjō Tokimasa, an able man, in whose veins ran imperial blood, made and fulfilled a solemn oath to assist Yoritomo, and the Hōjō family subsequently rose to be a leading one in Japan.

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* Yoritomo had inquired which of the daughters of Hōjō Tokimasa was most beautiful. He was told the eldest was most noted for personal charms, but the second, the child of a second wife, was homely. Yoritomo, afraid of a step-mother's jealousy (though fearing neither spear nor sword), deemed it prudent to pay his addresses to the homely daughter, and thus win the mother's favor also. He sent her a letter by the hand of Morinaga, his retainer, who, however, thought his master's affection for the plain girl would not last; so he destroyed his master's letter, and, writing another one to Masago, the eldest, sent it to her. It so happened that on the previous night the homely daughter dreamed that a pigeon came to her, carrying a golden box in her beak. On awaking, she told her dream to her sister, who was so interested in it that, after eager consideration, she resolved "to buy her sister's dream," and, as a price, gave her toilet mirror to her sister, saying, as the Japanese always do on similar occasions, "The price I pay is little." The homely sister, perhaps thinking some of Masago's beauty might be reflected to hers, gladly bartered her unsubstantial happiness. Scarcely had she done this, than Yoritomo's (Morinaga's) letter came, asking her to be his bride. It turned out to be a true love-match. Masago was then twenty-one years of age—it being no ungallantry to state the age of a Japanese lady, living

The tyranny and insolence of Kiyomori at Kiōto had by this time (1180), one year before his death, become so galling and outrageous that one of the royal princes, determining to kill the usurper, conspired with the Minamoto men to overthrow him. Letters were sent to the clansmen, and especially to Yoritomo, who wrote to Yoshitsuné and to his friends to join him and take up arms. Among the former retainers of his father and grandfather were many members of the Miura family. Morinaga personally secured the fealty of many men of mark in the Kuantō; but among those who refused to rise against the Taira was one, Tsunétoshi, who laughed scornfully, and said, "For an exile to plot against the Heishi [Taira] is like a mouse plotting against a cat."

At the head of the peninsula of Idzu is a range of mountains, the outjutting spurs of the chain that trends upward to the table-lands of Shinano, and thus divides Eastern from Western Japan. This range is called Hakoné, and is famous not only as classic ground in history, but also as a casket enshrining the choicest gems of nature. It is well known to the foreign residents, who resort hither in summer to enjoy the pure air of its altitudes. Its inspiring scenery embraces a lake of intensely cold pure water, and of great depth and elevation above the sea-level, groves of aromatic pines of colossal size, savage gorges, sublime mountain heights, overcrowned by cloud-excelling Fuji, foaming cataracts, and boiling springs of intermittent and rhythmic flow, surrounded by infernal vistas of melted sulphur enveloped in clouds of poisonous steam, or incrusted with myriad glistening crystals of the same mineral. Over these mountains there is a narrow pass, which is the key of the Kuantō. Near the pass, above the vil-

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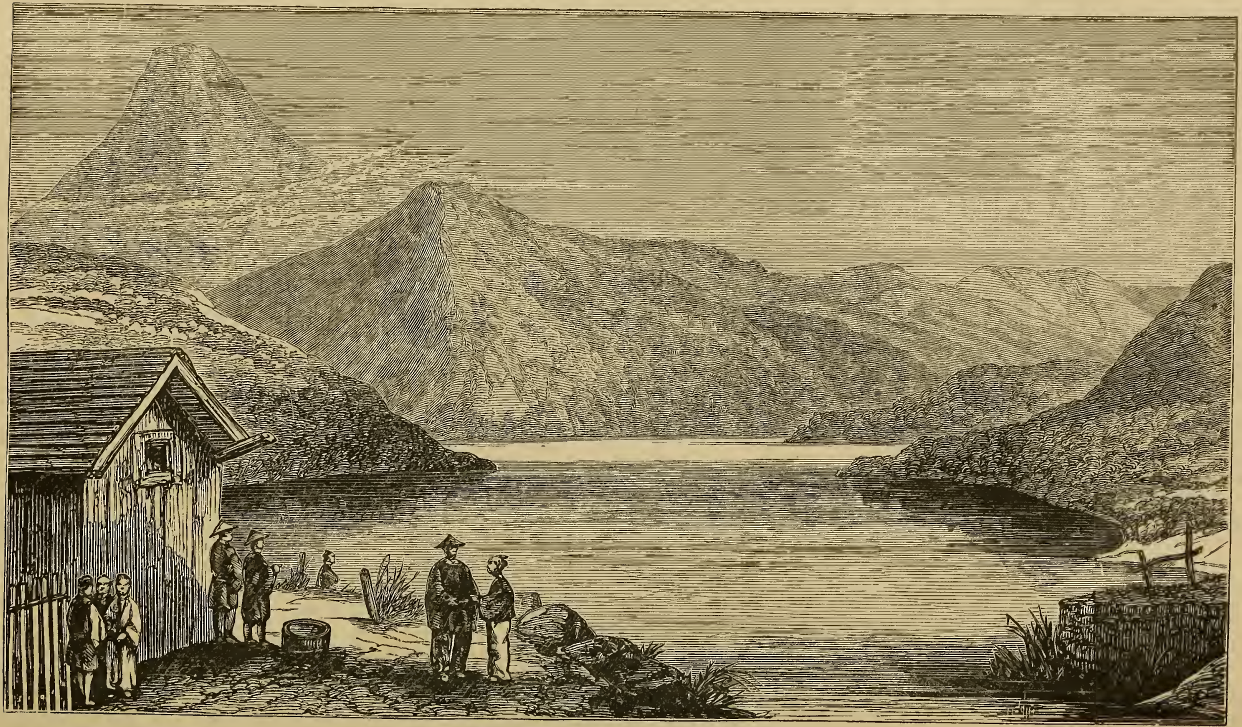
or dead. Masago's father, on his way home from Kiōto, not knowing of the betrothal of the young couple, promised Masago to Kanétaka, a Taira officer. On coming home, *he* would not break *his* word, and so married her to Kanétaka. But early on the wedding night Masago eloped with Yoritomo, who was at hand. Kanétaka searched in vain for the pair. Tokimasa outwardly professed to be very angry with Yoritomo, but really loved him.



The Mountains and Lake of Hakoné.

lage of Yumoto, is Ishi Bashi Yama (Stone-bridge Mountain), and here Yoritomo's second battle was fought, and his first defeat experienced. "Every time his bowstring twanged an enemy fell," but finally he was obliged to flee. He barely escaped with his life, and fortunately eluded pursuit, secreting himself in a hollow log, having first sent his father-in-law to call out all his retainers and meet again. He afterward hid in the priest's wardrobe, in one of the rooms of a temple. Finally, reaching the sea-shore, he took ship and sailed across the bay to Awa. "At this time the sea and land were covered with his enemies." Fortune favored the brave. Yoritomo, defeated, but not discouraged, while on the water met a company of soldiers, all equipped, belonging to the Miura clan, who became his friends, and offered to assist him. Landing in Awa, he sent out letters to all the Minamoto adherents to bring soldiers and join him. He met with encouraging and substantial response, for many hated Kiyomori and the Taira; and as Yoritomo's father and grandfather had given protection and secured quiet in the Kuantō, the prestige of the Minamoto party still remained. The local military chieftains had fought under Yoritomo's father, and were now glad to join the son of their old leader. He chose Kamakura as a place of retreat and permanent residence, it having been an old seat of the Minamoto family. Yoriyoshi had, in 1063, built the shrine of Hachiman at Tsurugaöka, near the village, in gratitude for his victories. Yoritomo now organized his troops, appointed his officers, and made arrangements to establish a fixed commissariat. The latter was a comparatively easy thing to do in a fertile country covered with irrigated rice-fields and girdled with teeming seas, and where the daily food of soldier, as of laborer, was rice and fish. Marching up around the country at the head of the Bay of Yedo through Kadzusa, Shimōsa, Musashi, and Sagami, crossing, on his way, the Sumida River, which flows through the modern Tōkiō, many men of rank, with their followers and horses, joined him. His father-in-law also brought an army from Kai. In a few months he had raised large forces, with many noted generals. He awakened new life in the Minamoto clan, and completely turned the tide of success. Many courtiers from Kiōto, disappointed in their schemes at court, or in any way chagrined at the Taira, flocked to Yoritomo as his power rose, and thus brought to him a fund of experience and ability which he was not slow to utilize for his own benefit. Meanwhile the Taira had not been idle. A large army was dispatched to the East, reaching the Fuji River, in Suruga, about the same time that the Minamoto, headed by Yoritomo, appeared on the other side. The Taira were surprised to see such a host in arms. Both armies encamped on opposite banks, and glared at each other, eager for the fight, but neither attempting to cross the torrent. This is not to be wondered at. The Fujikawa bears the just reputation of being the swiftest stream in Japan. It rises in the northern part of Kai, on the precipitous side of the group of mountains called Yatsu daké, or "eight peaks," and, winding around the western base of the lordly Fuji, collecting into its own volume a host of impetuous tributaries born from the snows of lofty summits, it traverses the rich province of Suruga in steep gradient, plunging across the Tokaidō, in arrowy celerity and volcanic force, into the sea near the lordly mountain which it encircles. To cross it at any time in good boats is a feat requiring coolness and skill; in a flood, impossibility; in the face of a hostile attack, sure annihilation. Though supremely eager to measure swords, neither party cared to cross to the attack, and the wager of battle was postponed. Both armies retired, the Taira retreating first.

It is said that one of the Taira men, foreseeing that the tide would turn in favor of Yoritomo, went to the river flats at night, and scared up the flocks of wild fowl; and the Taira, hearing the great noise, imagined the Minamoto host was attacking them, and fled, panic-stricken. Yoritomo returned to Kamakura, and began in earnest to found a city that ultimately rivaled Kiōto in magnificence, as it excelled it in power. He gathered together and set to work an army of laborers, carpenters, and armorers. In a few months a city sprung up where once had been only timbered hills and valleys, matted with the perennial luxuriance of reeds or scrub bamboo, starred and fragrant with the tall lilies that still abound. The town lay in a valley surrounded by hills on every side, opening only on the glorious sea. The wall of hills was soon breached by cuttings which served as gate-ways, giving easy access to friends, and safe defense against enemies. While the laborers delved and graded, the carpenters plied axe, hooked adze, and chisel, and the sword-makers and armorers sounded a war chorus on their anvils by day, and lighted up the hills by their forges at night. The streets marked out were soon lined with shops; and merchants came to sell, bringing gold, copper, and iron, silk, cotton, and hemp, and raw material for food and clothing, war and display. Storehouses of rice were built and filled; boats were constructed and launched; temples were erected. In process of time, the wealth of the Kuantō centred at Kamakura. While the old Taira chief lay dying in Kiōto, praying for Yoritomo's head to be laid on his new tomb, this same head, safely settled on vigorous shoulders, was devising the schemes, and seeing them executed, of fixing the Minamoto power permanently at Kamakura, and of wiping the name of Taira from the earth.

The long night of exile, of defeat, and defensive waiting of the Minamoto had broken, and their day had dawned with sudden and unexpected splendor. Henceforward they took the initiative. While Yoritomo carried on the enterprises of peace and the operations of war from his sustained stronghold, his uncle, Yukiiyé, his cousin, Yoshinaka, and his brother, Yoshitsuné, led the armies in the field.

Meanwhile, in 1181, Kiyomori fell sick at Kiōto. He had been a monk, as well as a prime minister. His death was not that of a saint. He did not pray for his enemies. The *Nihon Guai Shi* thus describes the scene in the chamber where the chief of the Taira lay dying: In the Second leap-month, his sickness having increased, his family and high officers assembled round his bedside, and asked him what he would say. Sighing deeply, he said, "He that is born must necessarily die, and not I alone. Since the period of Heiji (1159), I have served the imperial house. I have ruled under heaven (the empire) absolutely. I have attained the highest rank possible to a subject. I am the grandfather of the emperor on his mother's side. Is there still a regret? My regret is only that I am dying, and have not yet seen the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto. After my decease, do not make offerings to Buddha on my behalf; do not read the sacred books. Only cut off the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto, and hang it on my tomb. Let all my sons and grandsons, retainers and servants, each and every one, follow out my commands, and on no account neglect them." So saying, Kiyomori died at the age of sixty-four. His tomb, near Hiōgo, is marked by an upright monolith and railing of granite. Munémori, his son, became head of the Taira house. Strange words from a death-bed; yet such as these were more than once used by dying Japanese warriors. Yoritomo's head was on his body when, eighteen years afterward, in 1199, he died peacefully in his bed.

Nevertheless, while in Kamakura, his bed-chamber was nightly guarded by chosen warriors, lest treachery might cut off the hopes of the Minamoto. The flames of war were now lighted throughout the whole empire. From Kamakura forces were sent into the provinces of Hitachi, in the East, and of Echizen and Kaga, North and West, lestroying the authority of the Kiōto bureaucracy. Victory and increase made the army of the rising clan invincible. After numerous bloody skirmishes, the victors advanced through Ōmi, and swooped on the chief prize, and Kiōto, the coveted capital, was in their hands. The captors of the city were Yukiiyé and Yoshinaka, the uncle and cousin of Yoritomo respectively. The Taira, with the young mikado, Antoku, and his wife, Kiyomori's daughter, fled. Gotoba, his brother, was proclaimed mikado in his stead, and the estates and treasures of the Taira were confiscated, and divided among the victors.

Yoshinaka was called the Asahi shōgun (Morning-sun General), on account of the suddenness and brilliancy of his rising. Being now in command of a victorious army at the capital, swollen with pride, and intoxicated with sudden success, and with the actual power then in his hands, he seems to have lost his head. He was elevated to high rank, and given the title and office of governor of Echigo; but having been bred in the country, he could not endure the cap and dress of ceremony, and was the subject of ridicule to the people of Kiōto. He became jealous of his superior, Yoritomo, who was in Kamakura, two hundred miles away. He acted in such an arbitrary and overbearing spirit that the wrath of the cloistered emperor Goshirakawa was roused against him. Being able to command no military forces, he incited the monks of the immense monasteries of Hiyeizan and Miidera, near the city, to obstruct his authority. Before they could execute any schemes, Yoshinaka, with a military force, seized them, put the ex-mikado in prison, beheaded the abbots, and deprived the high officers of state of their honors and titles. He then wrested from the court the title of Sei-i Shōgun (Barbarian-subjugating General). His exercise of power was of brief duration, for Yoshitsuné was invested with the command of the forces in the West, and, sent against him, he was defeated and killed,* and the ex-mikado was released, and the reigning emperor set free from the terrorism under which he had been put.

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* The details of this struggle are graphically portrayed in the *Nihon Guai Shi.* Yoshinaka had married the lady Fujiwara, daughter of the court noble, Motofusa. When the Kamakura army was approaching Kiōto, and quite near the city, he left his troops, and called at the palace to take leave of his wife. A long while having elapsed before he appeared, and every moment being critical, two of his samurai, grieved at his unseasonable delay, remonstrated with him, and then committed suicide. This hastened his movements. He attempted to carry off the cloistered emperor, but was repulsed by Yoshitsuné in person, and fled. His horse, falling into a quagmire in a rice-field, fell, and he, turning around to look at Kanéhira, his faithful vassal, was hit by an arrow in the forehead and fell dead. He was thirty-one years old. Kanéhira, having but eight arrows left in his quiver, shot down eight of the enemy's horsemen; and then, hearing a cry

Meanwhile the Taira men, in their fortified palace at Fukuwara, were planning to recover their lost power, and assembling a great army in the South and West. The Minamoto, on the other hand, were expending all their energies to destroy them. The bitter animosity of the two great families had reached such a pitch that the extermination of one or the other seemed inevitable. In 1184, Yoshitsuné laid siege to the Fukuwara palace, and, after a short time, set it on fire. The son of Kiyomori and his chief followers fled to Sanuki, in Shikokŭ. Thither, as with the winged feet of an avenger, Yoshitsuné followed, besieged them at the castle of Yashima, burned it, and drove his enemies, like scattered sheep, to the Straits of Shimonoséki.

Both armies now prepared a fleet of junks, for the contest was to be upon the water. In the Fourth month of the year 1185, all was ready for the struggle. The battle was fought at Dan no ura, near the modern town of Shimonoséki, where, in 1863, the combined squadrons of England, France, Holland, and the United States bombarded the batteries of the Chōshiu clansmen. In the latter instance the foreigner demonstrated the superiority of his artillery and discipline, and, for the sake of trade and gain, wreaked his vengeance as savage and unjust as any that stains the record of native war.

In 1185, nearly seven centuries before, the contest was between men of a common country. It was the slaughter of brother by brother. The guerdon of ambition was supremacy. The Taira clan were at bay, driven, pursued, and hunted to the sea-shore. Like a wounded stag that turns upon its pursuers, the clan were about to give final battle; by its wager they were to decide their future destiny—a grave in a bloody sea, or peace under victory. They had collected five hun-

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among the enemy that his lord was dead, said, "My business is done," and, putting his sword in his mouth, fell skillfully from his horse so that the blade should pierce him, and died. His beautiful sister, Tomoyé, was a concubine of Yoshinaka; and being of great personal strength, constantly followed her lord in battle, sheathed in armor and riding a swift horse. In this last battle she fought in the van, and, among other exploits, cut off the head of Iyéyoshi, one of Yoshitsuné's best men. When her lord fled, she asked to be allowed to die with him. He refused to allow her, and, in spite of her tears, persisted in his refusal. Doffing her armor, she reached Shinano by private paths, and thence retired into Echigo, shaved off her hair, became a nun, and spent the remainder of her life praying for the eternal happiness of Yoshinaka.

dred vessels. They hurried on board their aged fathers and mothers, their wives and children. Among them were gentle ladies from the palace, whose silken robes seemed sadly out of place in the crowded junks. There were mothers, with babes at breast, and little children, too young to know the awful passions that kindle man against man. Among the crowd were the widow and daughter of Kiyomori, the former a nun, the latter the empress-dowager, with the dethroned mikado, a child six years old. With them were the sacred insignia of imperial power, the sword and ball.

The Minamoto host was almost entirely composed of men, unincumbered with women or families. They had seven hundred junks. Both fleets were gayly fluttering with flags and streamers. The Taira pennant was red, the Minamoto white, with two black bars near the top. The junks, though clumsy, were excellent vessels for fighting purposes — fully equal to the old war-galleys of Actium.

A Japanese War-junk of the Twelfth Century.
(Vignette illustration on the national bank-notes.)

On one side were brave men flushed with victory, with passions kindled by hate and the memory of awful wrongs. On the other side were brave men nerved with the courage of despair, resolved to die only in honor, scorning life and country, wounds and death.

The battle began. With impetuosity and despair, the Taira drove their junks hard against the Minamoto, and gained a temporary advantage by the suddenness of their onset. Seeing this, Yoshitsuné, ever fearless, cried out and encouraged his soldiers. Then came a lull in the combat. Wada, a noted archer of the Minamoto, shot an arrow, and struck the junk of a Taira leader. "Shoot it back!" cried the chief. An archer immediately plucked it out of the gunwale, and, fitting it to his bow before the gaze of the crews of the hostile fleet, let fly. The arrow sped. It grazed the helmet of one, and pierced another warrior. The Minamoto were ashamed. "Shoot it back!" thundered Yoshitsuné. The archer, plucking it out and coolly examining it, said, "It is short and weak." Drawing from his quiver an arrow of fourteen fists' length, and fitting it to the string, he shot it. The five-feet length of shaft leaped through the air, and, piercing the armor and flesh of the Taira bowman who reshot the first arrow, fell, spent, into the sea beyond. Elated with the lucky stroke, Yoshitsuné emptied his quiver, shooting with such celerity and skill that many Taira fell. The Minamoto, encouraged, and roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, redoubled their exertions with oar and arrow, and the tide of victory turned. The white flag triumphed. Yet the Taira might have won the day had not treachery aided the foe. The pages of Japanese history teem with instances of the destruction of friends by traitors. Perhaps the annals of no other country are richer in the recitals of results gained by treachery. The Arnold of the Taira army was Shigéyoshi, friend to Yoshitsuné. He had agreed upon a signal, by which the prize could be seen, and when seen could be surrounded and captured. Yoshitsuné, eagerly scanning the Taira fleet, finally caught sight of the preconcerted signal, and ordered the captains of a number of his junks to surround the particular one of the Taira. In a trice the junks of the white pennant shot along-side the devoted ship, and her decks were boarded by armed men. Seeing this, a Taira man leaped from his own boat to kill Yoshitsuné in close combat. Yoshitsuné jumped into another junk. His enemy, thus foiled, drowned himself. In the hand-to-hand fight with swords, Tomomori and six other Taira leaders were slain.

Seeing the hopeless state of affairs, and resolving not to be captured alive, the nun, Kiyomori's widow, holding her grandson, the child emperor, in her arms, leaped into the sea. Taigo, the emperor's mother, vainly tried to save her child. Both were drowned. Munémori, head of the Taira house, and many nobles, gentlemen, and ladies, were made prisoners.

The combat deepened. The Minamoto loved fighting. The Taira scorned to surrender. Revenge lent its maddening intoxication. Life, robbed of all its charms, gladly welcomed glorious death. The whizzing of arrows, the clash of two-handed swords, the clanging of armor, the sweep of churning oars, the crash of colliding junks, the wild song of the rowers, the shouts of the warriors, made the storm-chorus of battle. One after another the Taira ships, crushed by the prows of their opponents, or scuttled by the iron bolt-heads of the

Minamoto archers, sunk beneath the bubbling waters, leaving red whirlpools of blood. Those that were boarded were swept with sword and spear of their human freight. The dead bodies clogged the decks, on which the mimic tides of blood ebbed and flowed and splashed with the motion of the waves, while the scuppers ran red like the spouts of an abattoir. The warriors who leaped into the sea became targets for the avenger's arrows. Noble and peasant, woman and babe, rower and archer, lifting imploring arms, or sullenly spurning mercy, perished by hundreds.

That May morning looked upon a blue sea laughing with unnumbered ripples, and glinting with the steel of warriors decked in all the glory of battle-array, and flaunting with the gay pennants of the fleet which it seemed proud to bear. At night, heaving crimson like the vat of a dyer, defiled by floating corpses, and spewing its foul corruption for miles along the strand, it bore awful though transient witness to the hate of man.

The Taira, driven off the face of the earth, were buried with war's red burial beneath the sea, that soon forgot its stain, and laughed again in purity of golden gleam and deep-blue wave. The humble fisherman casting his nets, or trudging along the shore, in astonishment saw the delicate corpses of the court lady and the tiny babe, and the sun-bronzed bodies of rowers, cast upon the shore. The child who waded in the surf to pick up shells was frightened at the wave-rolled carcass of the dead warrior, from whose breast the feathered arrow or the broken spear-stock protruded. The peasant, for many a day after, burned or consigned to the burial flames many a fair child whose silken dress and light skin told of higher birth and gentler blood than their own rude brood.

Among a superstitious people dwelling by and on the sea, such an awful ingulfing of human life made a profound impression. The presence of so many thousand souls of dead heroes was overpowering. For years, nay, for centuries afterward, the ghosts of the Taira found naught but unrest in the sea in which their mortal bodies sunk. The sailor by day hurried with bated breath past the scene of slaughter and unsubstantial life. The mariner by night, unable to anchor, and driven by wind, spent the hours of darkness in prayer, while his vivid imagination converted the dancing phosphorescence into the white hosts of the Taira dead. Even to-day the Chōshiu peasant fancies he sees the ghostly armies baling out the sea with bottomless dippers, condemned thus to cleanse the ocean of the stain of centuries ago.

A few of the Taira escaped and fled to Kiushiu. There, secluded in the fastnesses of deep valleys and high mountains, their descendants, who have kept themselves apart from their countrymen for nearly seven hundred years, a few hundred in number, still live in poverty and pride. Their lurking-place was discovered only within the last century. Of the women spared from the massacre, some married their conquerors, some killed themselves, and others kept life in their defiled bodies by plying the trade in which beauty ever finds ready customers. At the present day, in Shimonoséki,* the courtesans descended from the Taira ladies claim, and are accorded, special privileges.

The vengeance of the Minamoto did not stop at the sea. They searched every hill and valley to exterminate every male of the doomed clan. In Kiōto many boys and infant sons of the Taira family were living. All that were found were put to death. The Herod of Kamakura sent his father-in-law to attend to the bloody business.

In the Fourth month the army of Kamakura returned to Kiōto, enjoying a public triumph, with their spoils and prisoners, retainers of the Taira. They had also recovered the sacred emblems. For days the streets of the capital were gay with processions and festivals, and the coffers of the temples were enriched with the pious offerings of the victors, and their walls with votive tablets of gratitude.

Munémori was sent to Kamakura, where he saw the man whose head his father had charged him on his death-bed to cut off and hang on his tomb. His own head was shortly afterward severed from his body by the guards who were conducting him to Kiōto.

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* Shimonoséki is a town of great commercial importance, from its position at the entrance of the Inland Sea. It consists chiefly of one long street of two miles, at the base of a range of low steep hills. It lies four miles from the western entrance of Hayato no séto, or strait of Shimonoséki. The strait is from two thousand to five thousand feet wide, and about seven miles long. Mutsuré Island (incorrectly printed as "Rockuren" on foreign charts) lies near the entrance. On Hiku Island, and at the eastern end of the strait, are light-houses equipped according to modern scientific requirements. Four beacons, also, light the passage at night. The current is very strong. A submarine telegraphic cable now connects the electric wires of Nagasaki, from Siberia to St. Petersburg; and of Shanghae (China) to London and New York, with those of Tōkiō and Hakodaté. On a ledge of rocks in the channel is a monument in honor of Antoku, the young emperor who perished here in the arms of his grandmother, Tokiko, the *Nii no ama*, a title composed of *Nii*, noble of the second rank, and *ama*, nun, equal to "the noble nun of the second rank."

XIV.

CREATION OF THE DUAL SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

MEANWHILE Yoritomo was strengthening his power at Kamakura and initiating that dual system of government which has puzzled so many modern writers on Japan, and has given rise to the supposition that Japan had "two emperors, one temporal, the other spiritual."

The country at this time was distracted with the disturbances of the past few years; robbers were numerous, and the Buddhist monasteries were often nests of soldiers. Possessed of wealth, arms, and military equipments, the bonzes were ever ready to side with the party that pleased them. The presence of such men and institutions rendered it difficult for any one ruler to preserve tranquillity, since it was never known at what moment these professedly peaceful men would turn out as trained bands of military warriors. To restore order, prosperity, revenue, and firm government was now the professed wish of Yoritomo. He left the name and honor of government at Kiōto. He kept the reality in Kamakura in his own hands, and for his own family.

In 1184, while his capital was rapidly becoming a magnificent city, he created the Mandokoro, or Council of State, at which all the government affairs of the Kuantō were discussed, and through which the administration of the government was carried on. The officers of the Internal Revenue Department in Kiōto, seeing which way the tide of power was flowing, had previously come to Kamakura bringing the records of the department, and became subject to Yoritomo's orders. Thus the first necessity, revenue, was obtained. A criminal tribunal was also established, especially for the trial of the numerous robbers, as well as for ordinary cases. He permitted all who had objections to make or improvements to suggest to send in their petitions. He requested permission of the mikado to reward all who had performed meritorious actions, and to disarm the priests, and to confiscate their war materials. These requests, urged on the emperor in the interest of good government, were no sooner granted, and the plans executed, than the news of the destruction of the Taira family at Dan no ura was received. Then Yoritomo prayed the mikado that five men of his family name might be made governors of provinces. The petition was granted, and Yoshitsuné was made governor of Iyo by special decree.

Here may be distinctly seen the first great step toward the military government that lasted nearly seven centuries.

The name of the shōgun's government, and used especially by its opposers, was *bakufu*—literally, curtain government, because anciently in China, as in Japan, a curtain (*baku*) surrounded the tent or headquarters of the commanding general. *Bakufu*, like most technical military terms in Japan, is a Chinese word.

The appointing of five military men as governors of provinces was a profound innovation in Japanese governmental affairs. Hitherto it had been the custom to appoint only civilians from the court to those offices. It does not appear, however, that Yoritomo at first intended to seize the military control of the whole empire; but his chief minister, Ōyé no Hiromoto, president of the Council of State, conceived another plan which, when carried out, as it afterward was, threw all real power in Yoritomo's hands. As the Kuantō was tranquil and prosperous under vigorous government, and as the Kuantō troops were used to put down rebels elsewhere, he proposed that in all the circuits and provinces of the empire a special tax should be levied for the support of troops in those places. By this means a permanent force could be kept, by which the peace of the empire could be maintained without the expense and trouble of calling out the Eastern army. Also—and here was another step to military government and feudalism—that a *shiugo*—a military chief, should be placed in each province, dividing the authority with the *kokushiu*, or civil governor, and a *jito*, to be appointed from Kamakura, should rule jointly with rulers of small districts, called *shōyen*. Still further — another step in feudalism—he proposed that *his own relations* who had performed meritorious service in battle should fill these offices, and that they should all be under his control from Kamakura. This was done, and Yoritomo thus acquired the governing power of all Japan.

It seems, at first sight, strange that the mikado and his court should grant these propositions; yet they did so. They saw the Kuantō—half the empire—tranquil under the strong military government of Yoritomo. Hōjō, his father-in-law, was commanding the garrison at Kiōtō. The mikado, Gotoba, may be said to have owed his throne to

Yoritomo, whose ancestors had conquered, almost added to the realm, all the extreme Northern and Eastern parts of Japan. This portion, merely tributary before, was now actually settled and governed like the older parts of the empire.

In 1180, Yoritomo made a campaign in that part of Japan north of the thirty-seventh parallel, then called Mutsu and Déwa. On his return, being now all-victorious, he visited the court at Kiōto. The quondam exile was now the foremost subject in the empire. His reception and treatment by the reigning and cloistered emperors were in the highest possible scale of magnificence. The splendor of his own retinue astonished even the old courtiers, accustomed to the gay pageants of the capital. They could scarcely believe that such wealth existed and such knowledge of the art of display was cultivated in the Kuantō. Military shows, athletic games, and banquets were held for many days, and the costliest presents exchanged, many of which are still shown at Kamakura and Kiōto. Yoritomo returned, clothed with the highest honor, and with vastly greater jurisdiction than had ever been intrusted to a subject. With all the civil functions ever held by the once rival Fujiwara, he united in himself more military power than a Taira had ever wielded.

In 1192, he attained to the climax of honor, when the mikado appointed him Sei-i Tai Shōgun (Barbarian-subjugating Great General), a title and office that existed until 1868. Henceforth the term shōgun came to have a new significance. Anciently all generals were called shōguns; but, with new emphasis added to the name, *the* shōgun acquired more and more power, until foreigners supposed him to be a sovereign. Yet this subordinate from first to last—from 1194 until 1868—was a general only, and a military vassal of the emperor. Though he governed the country with a strong military hand, he did it as a vassal, in the name and for the sake of the mikado at Kiōto.

Peace now reigned in Japan. The soldier-ruler at Kamakura spent the prime of his life in consolidating his power, expecting to found a family that should rule for many generations. He encouraged hunting on Mount Fuji, and sports calculated to foster a martial spirit in the enervating times of peace. In 1195, he made another visit to Kiōto, staying four months. Toward the end of 1198, he had a fall from his horse, and died early in 1199. He was fifty-three years old, and had ruled fifteen years.

Yoritomo is looked upon as one of the ablest rulers and greatest generals that ever lived in Japan. Yet, while all acknowledge his consummate ability, many regard him as a cruel tyrant, and a heartless and selfish man. His treatment of his two brothers, Noriyori and Yoshitsuné, are evidences that this opinion is too well founded. Certain it is that the splendor of Yoritomo's career has never blinded the minds of posterity to his selfishness and cruelty; and though, like Napoleon, he has had his eulogists, yet the example held up for the imitation of youth is that of Yoshitsuné, and not Yoritomo. Mori says of the latter: "He encouraged each of his followers to believe himself the sole confidant of his leader's schemes, and in this cunning manner separated their interests, and made them his own. Nearly all of those around him who became possible rivals in power or popularity were cruelly handled when he had exhausted the benefit of their service." His simple tomb stands at the top of a knoll on the slope of hills a few hundred yards distant from the great temple at Kamakura, overlooking the fields on which a mighty city once rose, when called into being by his genius and energy, which flourished for centuries, and disappeared, to allow luxuriant Nature to again assert her sway. The rice-swamps and the millet-fields now cover the former sites of his proudest palaces. Where metropolitan splendor and luxury once predominated, the irreverent tourist bandies his jests, or the toiling farmer stands knee-deep in the fertile ooze, to win from classic soil his taxes and his daily food.

The victory over the Taira was even greater than Yoritomo had supposed possible. Though exulting in the results, he burned with jealousy that Yoshitsuné had the real claim to the honor of victory. While in this mood, there were not wanting men to poison his mind, and fan the suspicions into fires of hate. There was one Kajiwara, who had been a military adviser to the expedition to destroy the Taira. On one occasion, Yoshitsuné advised a night attack in full force on the enemy. Kajiwara opposed the project, and hindered it. Yoshitsuné, with only fifty men, carried out his plan, and, to the chagrin and disgrace of Kajiwara, he won a brilliant victory. This man, incensed at his rival, and consuming with wrath, hied to Yoritomo with tales and slanders, which the jealous brother too willingly believed. Yoshitsuné, returning as a victor, and with the spoils for his brother, received peremptory orders not to enter Kamakura, but to remain in the village of Koshigoyé, opposite the isle of Enoshima. While there, he wrote a touching letter, recounting all his toils and dangers while pursuing the Taira, and appealing for clearance of his name from slander and suspicion. It was sent to Oyé no Hiromoto, chief councilor of Yoritomo, whom Yoshitsuné begged to intercede to his brother for him. This letter, still extant, and considered a model of filial and fraternal affection, is taught by parents to their children. It is among the most pathetic writings in Japanese literature, and is found in one of the many popular collections of famous letters.

Wearying of waiting in the suburbs of the city, Yoshitsuné went to Kiōto. Yoritomo's troops, obeying orders, attacked his house to kill him. He fled, with sixteen retainers, into Yamato. There he was again attacked, but escaped and fled. He now determined to go to Ōshiu, to his old friend Hidéhira. He took the route along the west coast, through Echizen, Kaga, and Echigo, and found a refuge, as he supposed, with Hidéhira. The spies of his brother soon discovered his lurking-place, and ordered him to be put to death. The son of Hidéhira attacked him. According to popular belief, Yoshitsuné, after killing his wife and children with his own hands, committed *hara-kiri.* His head, preserved in saké, was sent to Kamakura.

The exact truth concerning the death of Yoshitsuné is by no means yet ascertained. It is declared by some that he escaped and fled to Yezo, where he lived among the Ainōs for many years, and died among them, either naturally or by *hara-kiri.* The Ainōs have a great reverence for his deeds, and to this day worship his spirit, and over his grave in Hitaka they have erected a shrine. Others assert that he fled to Asia, and became the great conqueror, Genghis Khan.* Concerning this last, a Japanese student once remarked, "Nothing but the extraordinary vanity of the Japanese people could originate such a report."

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* In a Chinese book called *Seppu*, a collection of legends and historical miscellanies, published in China, it is stated that Genghis Khan was one Yoshitsuné, who came from Japan. The Chinese form of Minamoto Yoshitsuné is Gen Giké. He was also called, after his reputed death, Temujin (or Tenjin). As is well known, the Mongol conqueror's name was originally, on his first appearance, Temujin. The Japanese Ainōs have also apotheosized Yoshitsuné under the title Hanguan Dai Miō Jin — Great Illustrious Lawgiver. Yoshitsuné was born in 1159; he was thirty years old at the time of his reputed death. Genghis Khan was born, according to the usually received data, in 1160, and died 1227. If Gen Giké and Genghis Khan, or Gengis Kan, were identical, the hero had thirty-eight years for his achievements. Genghis Khan was born, it is said, with his hand full of blood. Obeying the words of a *shaman* (inspired seer), he took the name Genghis (greatest), and called his people Mongols (bold). The conquest of the whole earth was promised him. He and his sons subjugated China and Corea, overthrew the caliphate of Bagdad, and extended the Mongolian empire as far as the Oder and the Danube. They attempted to conquer Japan, as we shall see in the chapter headed "The Invasion of the Mongol Tartars."

Nevertheless, the immortality of Yoshitsuné is secured. Worshiped as a god by the Ainōs, honored and beloved by every Japanese youth as an ideal hero of chivalry, his features pictured on boys' kites, his mien and form represented in household effigies displayed annually at the boys' great festival of flags, glorified in art, song, and story, Yoshitsuné, the hero warrior and martyr, will live in unfading memory so long as the ideals of the warlike Japanese stand unshattered or their traditions are preserved.*

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* The struggles of the rival houses of Gen and Hei form an inexhaustible mine of incidents to the playwright, author, poet, and artist. I can not resist the temptation of giving one of these in this place. The artist's representation of it adorns many a Japanese house. At the siege of Ichinotani, a famous captain, named Naozané, who fought under the white flag, while in camp one day investing the Taira forces, saw a boat approach the beach fronting the fort. Shortly after, a Taira soldier rode out of the castle-gate into the waves to embark. Naozané saw, by the splendid crimson armor and golden helmet of the rider, that he was a Taira noble. Here was a prize indeed, the capture of which would make the Kuantō captain a general. Naozané thundered out the challenge: "Do my eyes deceive me? Is he a Taira leader; and is he such a coward that he shows his back to the eye of his enemy? Come back and fight!" The rider was indeed a Taira noble, young Atsumori, only sixteen years of age, of high and gentle birth, and had been reared in the palace. Naozané was a bronzed veteran of forty years. Both charged each other on horseback, with swords drawn. After a few passes, Naozané flung away his sword, and, unarmed, rushed to grasp his foe. Not yet to be outdone in gallantry, Atsumori did the same. Both clinched while in the saddle, and fell to the sand, the old campaigner uppermost. He tore off the golden helmet, and, to his amazement, saw the pale, smooth face and noble mien of a noble boy that looked just like his own beloved son of the same age. The father was more than the soldier. The victor trembled with emotion. "How wretched the life of a warrior to have to kill such a lovely boy! How miserable will those parents be who find their darling is in an enemy's hand! Wretched me, that I thought to destroy this life for the sake of reward!" He then resolved to let his enemy go secretly away, and make his escape. At that moment a loud voice shouted angrily, "Naozané is double-hearted: he captures an enemy, and then thinks to let him escape." Thus compelled, Naozané steeled his heart, took up his sword, and cut off Atsumori's head. He carried the bloody trophy to Yoshitsuné, and, while all stood admiring and ready to applaud, Naozané refused all reward, and, to the amazement of his chief and the whole camp, begged leave to resign. Doffing helmet, armor, and sword, he shaved off his hair, and became a disciple of the holy bonze Hōnen, learned the doctrines of Buddha, and, becoming profoundly versed in the sacred lore, he resolved to spend the remnant of his days in a monastery. He set out for the Kuantō, riding with his face to the tail of the animal, but in the direction of paradise. Some one asked him why he rode thus. He replied,

"In the Clear Land, perchance they're me reputing
A warrior brave,
Because I turn my back, refusing
Fame, once so dear."

XV.

THE GLORY AND THE FALL OF THE HŌJŌ FAMILY.

Though there may be some slight justification of Yoritomo's setting up a dual system of government to control and check the intrigues of courtiers at Kiōto, yet at best it was a usurpation of the power belonging only to the mikado. The creation of a duarchy was the swift and sure result of Japan having no foreign enemies.

So long as the peace or existence of the empire was threatened by the savages on the frontier, or by invading fleets on the sea-coast, there was an impelling cause to bind together the throne and people; but when the barbarians were tranquilized, China and Corea gave no signs of war; and especially when the nobility were divided into the civil and military classes, and the mikado was no longer a man of physical and mental vigor, a division of the governing power naturally arose.

From the opening of the thirteenth century, the course of Japanese history flows in two streams. There were now two capitals, Kiōto and Kamakura, and two centres of authority: one, the lawful but overawed emperor and the imperial court; the other, the military vassal, and a government based on the power of arms. It must never be forgotten, however, that the fountain of authority was in Kiōto, the ultimate seat of power in the ancient constitution. Throughout the centuries the prestige of the mikado's person never declined. The only conditions under which it was possible for this division of political power to exist was the absence of foreigners from the soil of Japan. So soon as Japan entered into political relations with outside nations, which would naturally seek the real source of power, the duarchy was doomed.

When Yoritomo died, all men wondered whether the power would remain at Kamakura, the country rest peaceful, and his successors reign with ability. The Japanese have a proverb conveying a bitter truth, learned from oft-repeated experience, "*Taishō ni tané ga nashi*" (The general has no child, or, There is no seed to a great man). The spectacle of a great house decaying through the inanity or supineness of sons is constantly repeated in their history. The theme also forms the basis of their standard novels. Yoritomo's sons, not inheriting their father's ability, failed to wield his personal power of administration. From the day of his death, it may be said that the glory of the Minamoto family declined, while that of the Hōjō began.

Yet it seemed strange that the proverb should be verified in this case. Yoritomo had married no ordinary female. His wife, Masago, was a woman of uncommon intellectual ability, who had borne him a son, Yoriiyé. This young man, who was eighteen years old at his father's death, was immediately appointed chief of all the military officers in the empire, and it was expected he would equal his father in military prowess and administrative skill. His mother, Masago, though a shorn nun, who had professed retirement from the world, continued to take a very active part in the government.

The parental authority and influence in Japan, as in China, is often far greater than that of any other. Not even death or the marriage relation weakens, to any great extent, the hold of a father on a child. With affection on the one hand, and cunning on the other, an unscrupulous father may do what he will. We have seen how the Fujiwara and Taira families controlled court, throne, and emperor, by marrying their daughters to infant or boy mikados. We shall now find the Hōjō dispensing the power at Kamakura by means of a crafty woman willing to minister to her father's rather than to her son's aggrandizement.

Hōjō Tokimasa was the father of Masago, wife of Yoritomo. The latter always had great confidence in and respect for the abilities of his father-in-law. At his death, Tokimasa became chief of the council of state. Instead of assisting and training Yoriiyé in government affairs, giving him the benefit of his experience, and thus enabling the son to tread in his father's footsteps, he would not allow Yori iyé to hear cases in person, or to take active share in public business. When the youth plunged into dissipation and idleness, which terminated in a vicious course of life, his mother often reproved him, while Tokimasa, doubtless rejoicing over the fact, pretended to know nothing of the matter. All this time, however, he was filling the offices of government, not with the Minamoto adherents, but with his own kindred and partisans. Nepotism in Japan is a science; but cursed as the Japanese have been, probably none exceeded in this subtle craft the master, Tokimasa; though Yoriiyé, receiving his father's office, had been appointed Sei-i Tai Shōgun, with the rank ju-ni-i (second division of the second rank), his grandfather still kept the real power. When twenty-two years of age, while he was suffering from sickness—probably the result of his manner of life—his mother and Tokimasa, who instigated her, attempted to compel him to resign his office, and to give the superintendency of the provincial governors to his infant son, and set over the Kuansei, or Western Japan, his younger brother, aged twelve years. This was the old trick of setting up boys and babies on the nominal seat of power, in order that crafty subordinates might rule.

Yoriiyé heard of this plan, and resolved to avert its execution. He failed, and, as is usual in such cases, was compelled to shave off his hair, as a sign that his interest in political affairs had ceased. He was exiled to a temple in Idzu. There he was strangled, while in his bath, by the hired assassins sent by Tokimasa.

Sanétomo, brother of Yoriiyé, succeeded in office. The boy was but twelve years old, and very unlike his father. He cared nothing for hunting or military exercises. His chief occupation was in playing foot-ball—a very mild game, compared with that played in this country—and composing poetry. His time was spent with fair girls and women, of whom he had as many as he wished. All this was in accordance with the desire and plans of the Hōjō family, who meanwhile wielded all power. Sanétomo lived his luxuriant life in the harem, the bath, and the garden, until twenty-eight years old. Meanwhile, Kugiō, the son of Yoriiyé, who had been made a priest, grew up, and had always looked upon Sanétomo, instead of Tokimasa, as his father's murderer. One night as Sanétomo was returning from worship at the famous shrine of Tsurugaōka—the unusual hour of nine having been chosen by the diviners—Kugiō leaped out from behind a staircase, cut off Sanétomo's head, and made off with it, but was himself beheaded by a soldier sent after him. The main line of the Minamoto family was now extinct. Thus, in the very origin and foundation of the line of shōguns, the same fate befell them as in the case of the emperors—the power wielded by an illustrious ancestor, when transferred to descendants, was lost. A nominal ruler sat on the throne, while a wire-puller behind directed every movement. This is the history of every line of shōguns that ruled from the first, in 1196, until the last, in 1868.

The usurpation of the Hōjō was a double usurpation. Properly, they were vassals of the shōgun, who was himself a vassal of the mikado. It must not be supposed that the emperor at Kiōto calmly looked on, caring for none of these things at Kamakura. The meshes of the Minamoto had been woven completely round the imperial authority. Now the Hōjō, like a new spider, was spinning a more fatal thread, sucking from the emperor, as from a helpless fly, the life-blood of power.

The Hōjō family traced their descent from the mikado Kuammu (782–805) through Sadamori, a Taira noble, from whom Tokimasa was the seventh in descent. Their ancestors had settled at Hōjō, in Idzu, whence they took their name. While the Minamoto rose to power, the Hōjō assisted them, and, by intermarriage, the two clans had become closely attached to each other.

The names of the twelve rulers, usually reckoned as seven generations, were: Tokimasa, Yoshitoki, Yasutoki, Tsunétoki, Tokiyori, Masatoki, Tokimuné, Sadatoki, Morotoki, Hirotoki, Takatoki, and Moritoki. Of these, the third, fourth, and fifth were the ablest, and most devoted to public business. It was on the strength of their merit and fame that their successors were so long able to hold power. Yasutoki established two councils, the one with legislative and executive, and the other with judicial powers. Both were representative of the wishes of the people. He promulgated sixty regulations in respect to the method of judicature. This judicial record is of great value to the historian; and long afterward, in 1534, an edition of Yasutoki's laws, in one volume, with a commentary, was published. In later times it has been in popular use as a copy-book for children. He also took an oath before the assembly to maintain the same with equity, swearing by the gods of Japan, saying, "We stand as judges of the whole country; if we be partial in our judgments, may the Heavenly Gods punish us." In his private life he was self-abnegative and benevolent, a polite and accomplished scholar, loving the society of the learned. Tsunétoki faithfully executed the laws, and carried out the policy of his predecessor. Tokiyori, before he became regent, traveled, usually in disguise, all over the empire, to examine into the details of local administration, and to pick out able men, so as to put them in office when he should need their services. In his choice he made no distinction of rank. Among the upright men he elevated to the judges' bench was the Awodo, who, for conscientious reasons, never wore silk garments, nor a lacquered scabbard to his sword, nor ever held a bribe in his hand. He was the terror of venal officials, injustice and bribery being known to him as if by sorcery; while every detected culprit was sure to be disgracefully cashiered. Hōjō Akitoki established a library, consisting of Chinese, Confucian, Buddhistic, and native literature, at Kanazawa, in Sagami. Here scholars gathered, and students flocked, to hear their lectures and to study the classics, or the tenets of the faith, nearly all the learned men of this period being priests. While the writer of the *Guai Shi* attacks the Hōjō for their usurpations, he applauds them for their abilities and excellent administration.

The line of shōguns who nominally ruled from 1199 to 1333 were merely their creatures; and that period of one hundred and forty years, including seven generations, may be called the period of the Hōjō. The political history of these years is but that of a monotonous recurrence of the exaltation of boys and babies of noble blood, to whom was given the semblance of power, who were sprinkled with titles, and deposed as soon as they were old enough to be troublesome. None of the Hōjō ever seized the office of Shōgun, but in reality they wielded all and more of the power attaching to the office, under the title of *shikken.* It was an august game of state-craft, in which little children with colossal names were set up like nine-pins, and bowled down as suited the playful fancies of subordinates who declined name and titles, and kept the reality of power. The counters were neglected, while the prize was won.

After the line of Yoritomo became extinct, Yoritomo's widow, Masago, requested of the imperial court at Kiōto that Yoritsune, a Fujiwara baby two years old, should be made shōgun. The Fujiwara nobles were glad to have even a child of their blood elevated to a position in which, when grown, he might have power. The baby came to Kamakura. He cast the shadow of authority twenty-five years, when he was made to resign, in 1244, in favor of his own baby boy, Yoshitsugu, six years old. This boy-shōgun when fourteen years old, in 1252, was deposed by Hōjō Tokiyori, and sent back to Kiōto. Tired of the Fujiwara scions, the latter then obtained as shōgun a more august victim, the boy Munétaka, a son of the emperor Go-Saga, who after fourteen years fell ill, in 1266, with that very common Japanese disease—official illness. He was probably compelled to feign disease. His infant son, three years of age, was then set up, and, when twenty-three years of age (1289), was bowled down by Hōjō Sadatoki, who sent him in disgrace, heels upward, in a palanquin to Kiōto. Hisaakira, the third son of the emperor Go-Fukakusa, was set up as shōgun in 1289. The Hōjō bowled down this fresh dummy in 1308, and put up Morikuni, his eldest son. This was the last shōgun of imperial blood. The game of the players was now nearly over.

The ex-emperor, Gotoba, made a desperate effort to drive the usurping Hōjō from power. A small and gallant army was raised; fighting took place; but the handful of imperial troops was defeated by the overwhelming hosts sent from Kamakura. Their victory riveted the chains upon the imperial family. To the arrogant insolence of the usurper was now added the cruelty of the conscious tyrant.

Never before had such outrageous deeds been committed, or such insults been heaped upon the sovereigns as were done by these upstarts at Kamakura. Drunk with blood and exultation, the Hōjō wreaked their vengeance on sovereign and subject alike. Banishment and confiscation were the order of their day. The ex-emperor was compelled to shave off his hair, and was exiled to the island of Ŏki. The reigning mikado was deposed, and sent to Sado. Two princes of the blood were banished to Tajima and Bizen. The ex-emperor Tsuchimikado — there were now three living emperors — not willing to dwell in palace luxury while his brethren were in exile, expressed a wish to share their fate. He was sent to Awa. To complete the victory and the theft of power, the Hōjō chief Yasutoki confiscated the estates of all who had fought on the emperor's side, and distributed them among his own minions. Over three thousand fiefs were thus disposed of. No camp-followers ever stripped a dead hero's body worse than these human vultures tore from the lawful sovereign the last fragment of authority. All over Japan the patriots heard, with groans of despair, the slaughter of the loyal army, and the pitiful fate of their emperors. The imperial exile died in Sado of a broken heart. A nominal mikado at Kiōto, and a nominal shōgun at Kamakura, were set up, but the Hōjō were the keepers of both.

The later days of the Hōjō present a spectacle of tyranny and misgovernment such as would disgrace the worst Asiatic bureaucracy. The distinguished and able men such as at first shed lustre on the name of this family were no more. The last of them were given to luxury and carousal, and the neglect of public business. A horde of rapacious officials sucked the life-blood and paralyzed the energies of the people. To obtain means to support themselves in luxury, they increased the weight of taxes, that ever crushes the spirit of the Asiatic peasant. Their triple oppression, of mikado, shōgun, and people, became intolerable. The handwriting was on the wall. Their days were numbered.

In 1327, Moriyoshi, son of the Emperor Go-Daigo, began to mature plans for the recovery of imperial power. By means of the ubiquitous spies, and through treachery, his schemes were revealed, and he was only saved from punishment from Hōjō by being ordered by his father to retire into a Buddhist monastery. This was ostensibly to show that he had given up all interest in worldly affairs. In reality, however, he assisted his father in planning the destruction of Hōjō. He lived at Ōtō, and was called, by the people, Ōtō no miya. The Emperor Go-Daigo, though himself put on the throne by the kingmakers at Kamakura, chafed under the galling dictatorship of those who were by right his vassals. He resolved to risk life, and all that was dear to him, to overthrow the dual system, and establish the original splendor and prestige of the mikadoate. He knew the reverence of the people for the throne would sustain him, could he but raise sufficient military force to reduce the Hōjō.

He secured the aid of the Buddhist priests and, in, 1330, fortified Kasagi, in Yamato. Kusunoki Masashigé about the same time arose in Kawachi, making it the aim of his life to restore the mikadoate. The next year Hōjō sent an army against Kasagi, attacked and burned it. The emperor was taken prisoner, and banished to Oki. Kusunoki, though twice besieged, escaped, and lived to win immortal fame.

Connected with this mikado's sad fate is one incident of great dramatic interest, which has been enshrined in Japanese art, besides finding worthy record in history. While Go-Daigo was on his way to banishment, borne in a palanquin, under guard of the soldiers of Hōjō, Kojima Takanori attempted to rescue his sovereign. This young nobleman was the third son of the lord of Bingo, who occupied his hereditary possessions in Bizen. Setting out with a band of retainers to intercept the convoy and to release the imperial prisoner, at the hill of Funasaka he waited patiently for the train to approach, finding, when too late, that he had occupied the wrong pass. Hastening to the rear range of hills, they learned that the objects of their search had already gone by. Kojima's followers, being now disheartened, returned, leaving him alone. He, however, cautious, followed on, and for several days attempted in vain to approach the palanquin and whisper a word of hope in the ear of the imperial exile. The vigilance of the Hōjō vassals rendering all succor hopeless, Kojima hit upon a plan that baffled his enemies and lighted hope in the bosom of the captive. Secretly entering the garden of the inn at which the party was resting at night, Kojima scraped off the bark of a cherry-tree, and wrote in ink, on the inner white membrane, this poetic stanza,

"*Ten Kōsen wo horobosŭ nakaré*
Toki ni Hanrei naki ni shimo aradzu."

(O Heaven! destroy not Kōsen,
While Hanrei still lives.)

The allusion, couched in delicate phrase, is to Kōsen, an ancient king in China, who was dethroned and made prisoner, but was afterward restored to honor and power by the faithfulness and valor of his retainer, Hanrei.

Kojima Writing on the Cherry-tree. (Vignette upon the greenback national-bank notes.)

The next morning, the attention of the soldiers was excited by the fresh handwriting on the tree. As none of them were able to read, they showed it to the Emperor Go-Daigo, who read the writing, and its significance, in a moment. Concealing his joy, he went to banishment, keeping hope alive during his loneliness. He knew that he was not forgotten by his faithful vassals. Kojima afterward fought to restore the mikado, and perished on the battle-field. The illustration given above is borrowed from a picture by a native artist, which now adorns the national-bank notes issued under the reign of the present mikado.

This darkest hour of the mikado's fortune preceded the dawn. Already a hero was emerging from obscurity who was destined to be the destroyer of Kamakura and the Hōjō. This was Nitta Yoshisada.

The third son of Minamoto Yoshi-iyé, born A.D. 1057, had two sons. The elder son succeeded his father to the fief of Nitta, in the province of Kōdzuké. The second inherited from his adopted father, Tawara, the fief of Ashikaga, in Shimotsuké. Both these sons founded families which took their name from their place of hereditary possession. At this period, four hundred years later, their illustrious descendants became conspicuous. Nitta Yoshisada, a captain in the army of Hōjō, had been sent to besiege Kusunoki, one of the mikado's faithful vassals; but, refusing to fight against the imperial forces, Nitta deserted with his command. He sent his retainer to Ōtō no miya, son of the emperor, then hiding in the mountains, who gave him a commission in the name of his exiled father. Nitta immediately returned to his native place, collected all his retainers, and before the shrine of the village raised the standard of revolt against Hōjō. His banner was a long white pennant, crossed near the top by two black bars, beneath which was a circle bisected with a black zone. Adopting the plan of attack proposed by his brother, and marching down into Sagami, he appeared at Inamura Saki, on the outskirts of Kamakura, in thirteen days after raising his banner as the mikado's vassal.

At this point, where the road from Kamakura to Enoshima strikes the beach, a splendid panorama breaks upon the vision of the beholder. In front is the ocean, with its rolling waves and refreshing salt breeze. To the south, in imposing proportions, and clothed in the blue of distance, is the island of Ōshima; and farther on are the mountains of the peninsula of Idzu. To the right emerges, fair and lovely, in perpetual green, the island of Enoshima. Landward is the peak of Oyama, with its satellites; but, above all, in full magnificence of proportion, stands Fuji, the lordly mountain. Here Nitta performed an act that has become immortal in song and poem, and the artist's colors.

On the eve before the attack, Nitta, assembling his host at the edge of the strand, and removing his helmet, thus addressed his warriors: "Our heavenly son (mikado) has been deposed by his traitorous subject, and is now in distant exile in the Western Sea. I, Yoshisada, being unable to look upon this act unmoved, have raised an army to punish the thieves yonder. I humbly pray thee, O God of the Sea, to look into my loyal heart; command the tide to ebb and open a path." Thus saying, he bowed reverently, and then, as Rai says, with his head bare (though the artist has overlooked the statement), and in the sight of heaven cast his sword into the waves as a prayer-offering to the gods that the waves might recede, in token of their righteous favor. The golden hilt gleamed for a moment in the air, and the sword sunk from sight. The next morning the tide had ebbed, the strand was dry, and the army, headed by the chief whom the soldiers now looked upon as the chosen favorite of Heaven, marched resistlessly on. Kamakura was attacked from three sides. The fighting was severe and bloody, but victory everywhere deserted the banners of the traitors, and rested upon the pennons of the loyal. Nitta, after performing great feats of valor in person, finally set the city on fire, and in a few hours Kamakura was a waste of ashes.

Nitta Yoshisada casting the Sword into the Sea. (Vignette from the national-bank notes.)

Just before the final destruction of the city, a noble named Andō, vassal of the house of Hōjō, on seeing the ruin around him, the soldiers slaughtered, and the palaces burned, remarking that for a hundred years no instance of a retainer dying for his lord had been known, resolved to commit *hara-kiri*. The wife of Nitta was his niece. Just as he was about to plunge his dirk into his body, a servant handed him a letter from her, begging him to surrender. The old man indignantly exclaimed: "My niece is the daughter of a samurai house. Why did she make so shameless a request? And Nitta, her husband, is a samurai. Why did he allow her to do so?" He then took the letter, wrapped it round his sword, which he plunged into his body, and died. A great number of vassals of Hōjō did likewise.

While Nitta was fighting at Kamakura, and thus overthrowing the Hōjō power in the East, Ashikaga Takauji had drawn sword in Kiōto, and with Kusunoki re-established the imperial rule in the West. The number of the doomed clan who were slain in battle, or who committed *hara-kiri*, as defeated soldiers, in accordance with the code of honor already established, is set down at six thousand eight hundred.

All over the empire the people rose up against their oppressors and massacred them. The Hōjō domination, which had been paramount for nearly one hundred and fifty years, was utterly broken.

From A.D. 1219 until 1333, the mikados at Kiōto were:

Juntoku	1211–1221
Chiukiō (reigned four months)	1222
Go-Horikawa	1222–1232
Shijō	1233–1242
Go-Saga	1243–1246
Go-Fukakusa	1247–1259
Kaméyama	1260–1274
Go-Uda	1275–1287
Fushimi	1288–1298
Go-Fushimi	1299–1301
Go-Nijō	1302–1307
Hanazono	1308–1318
Go-Daigo	1319–1338

From the establishment of Kamakura as military capital, the shōguns were:

MINAMOTO.

Yoritomo	1185–1199
Yori-iyé	1201–1203
Sanétomo	1203–1219

FUJIWARA.

Yoritsuné	1220–1243
Yoritsugu	1244–1251

EMPEROR'S SONS.

Munétaka	1252–1265
Koréyasu	1266–1289
Hisaakira	1289–1307
Morikuni	1308–1333

The Hōjō have never been forgiven for their arbitrary treatment of the mikados. The author of the *Nihon Guai Shi* terms them "serpents, fiends, beasts," etc. To this day, historian, dramatist, novelist, and story-teller delight to load them with vilest obloquy. Even the peasants keep alive the memory of the past. One of the most voracious and destructive insects is still called the "Hōjō bug." A great annual ceremony of extermination of these pests keeps alive the hated recollection of their human namesakes. The memory of the wrongs suffered by the imperial family goaded on the soldiers in the revolution of 1868, who wreaked their vengeance on the Tokugawas, as successors of the Hōjō. In fighting to abolish forever the hated usurpation of six hundred years, and to restore the mikado to his ancient rightful and supreme authority, they remembered well the deeds of the Hōjō, which the *Nihon Guai Shi* so eloquently told. In 1873, envoys sent out from the imperial court in Tōkiō, proceeded to the island of Sado, and solemnly removing the remains of the banished emperor, who had died of a broken heart, buried them, with due pomp, in the sacred soil of Yamato, where sleep so many of the dead mikados.

I have given a picture of the Hōjō rule and rulers, which is but the reflection of the Japanese popular sentiment, and the opinion of native scholars. There is, however, another side to the story. It must be conceded that the Hōjō were able rulers, and kept order and peace in the empire for over a century. They encouraged literature, and the cultivation of the arts and sciences. During their period, the resources of the country were developed, and some branches of useful handicraft and fine arts were brought to a perfection never since surpassed. To this time belong the famous image-carver, sculptor, and architect, Unkei, and the lacquer-artists, who are the "old masters" in this branch of art. The military spirit of the people was kept alive, tactics were improved, and the methods of governmental administration simplified. During this period of splendid temples, monasteries, pagodas, colossal images, and other monuments of holy zeal, Hōjō Sadatoki erected a monument over the grave of Kiyómori at Hiōgo. Hōjō Tokimuné raised and kept in readiness a permanent war-fund, so that the military expenses might not interfere with the revenue reserved for ordinary government expenses. To his invincible courage, patriotic pride, and indomitable energy are due the vindication of the national honor and the repulse of the Tartar invasion.

XVI.

BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

THE religion founded by Buddha, which is older by six centuries than that founded by Christ, which is professed by nearly one-third of the human race, which has a literature perhaps larger than all other religious literatures combined, I shall not attempt to treat of except in the broadest terms. My object in this chapter is to portray the entrance and development of Buddhism in Japan, to outline its rise and progress, and to show its status in that now fermenting nation in which its latest fruits are found.

Christians must surely be interested in knowing of the faith they are endeavoring to destroy, or, at least, to displace. When it is considered that Buddhist temples are already erected upon American soil, that a new development of this ancient faith may yet set itself up as a rival of Christianity in the Western part of our country, that it has already won admirers, if not professors, in Boston, London, and Berlin, the subject will be seen to possess an immediate interest.

Buddhism originated as a pure atheistic humanitarianism, with a lofty philosophy and a code of morals higher, perhaps, than any heathen religion had reached before, or has since attained. Its three great distinguishing characteristics are atheism, metempsychosis, and absence of caste. First preached in a land accursed by secular and spiritual oppression, it acknowledged no caste, and declared all men equally sinful and miserable, and all equally capable of being freed from sin and misery through knowledge. It taught that the souls of all men had lived in a previous state of existence, and that all the sorrows of this life are punishments for sins committed in a previous state. Each human soul has whirled through countless eddies of existence, and has still to pass through a long succession of birth, pain, and death. All is fleeting. Nothing is real. This life is all a delusion. After death, the soul must migrate for ages through stages of life, inferior or superior, until, perchance, it arrives at last in Nirvana, or absorption in Buddha.

The total extinction of being, personality, and consciousness is the aspiration of the vast majority of true believers, as it should be of every suffering soul, *i. e.*, of all mankind. The true estate of the human soul, according to the Buddhist of the Buddhists, is blissful annihilation. The morals of Buddhism are superior to its metaphysics. Its commandments are the dictates of the most refined morality. Besides the cardinal prohibitions against murder, stealing, adultery, lying, drunkenness, and unchastity, "every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues recommended, we find not only reverence of parents, care of children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, submission in time of trial, equanimity at all times; but virtues such as the duty of forgiving insults, and not rewarding evil with evil." Whatever the *practice* of the people may be, they are taught, as laid down in their sacred books, the rules thus summarized above.

Such, we may glean, was Buddhism in its early purity. Besides its moral code and philosophical doctrines, it had almost nothing. An "ecclesiastical system" it was not in any sense. Its progress was rapid and remarkable. Though finally driven out of India, it swept through Burmah, Siam, China, Thibet, Manchuria, Corea, Siberia, and finally, after twelve centuries, entered Japan. By this time the bare and bald original doctrines of Shaka (Buddha) were glorious in the apparel with which Asiatic imagination and priestly necessity had clothed and adorned them. The ideas of Shaka had been expanded into a complete theological system, with all the appurtenances of a stock religion. It had a vast and complicated ecclesiastical and monastic machinery, a geographical and sensuous paradise, definitely located hells and purgatories, populated with a hierarchy of titled demons, and furnished after the most approved theological fashion. Of these the priests kept the keys, regulated the thermometers, and timed or graded the torture or bliss. The system had, even thus early, a minutely catalogued hagiology. Its eschatology was well outlined, and the hierarchs claimed to be as expert in questions of casuistry as they were at their commercial system of masses still in vogue. General councils had been held, decreës had been issued, dogmas defined or abolished; Buddhism had emerged from philosophy into religion. The Buddhist missionaries entered Japan having a mechanism perfectly fitted to play upon the fears and hopes of an ignorant people, and to bring them into obedience to the new and aggressive faith.

If there was one country in which the success of Buddhism as a popular religion seemed foreordained, that country was Japan. It was virgin soil for any thing that could be called a religion. Before Buddhism came, very little worthy of the name existed. Day by day, each new ray of the light of research that now falls upon that gray dawn of Japanese history shows that Shintō was a pale and shadowy cult, that consisted essentially of sacrificing to the spirits of departed heroes and ancestors, with ceremonies of bodily purification, and that the coming of Buddhism quickened it, by the force of opposition, into something approaching a religious system. Swarms of petty deities, who have human passions, and are but apotheosized historical heroes, fill the pantheon of Shintō. The end and aim of even its most sincere adherents and teachers is political. Strike out the dogma of the divinity of the mikado and the duty of all Japanese to obey him implicity, and almost nothing is left of modern Shintō but Chinese cosmogony, local myth, and Confucian morals.*

If the heart of the ancient Japanese longed after a solution of the questions whence? whither? why?—if it yearned for religious truth, as the hearts of all men doubtless do—it must have been ready to welcome something more certain, tangible, and dogmatic than the bland emptiness of Shintō. Buddhism came to touch the heart, to fire the imagination, to feed the intellect, to offer a code of lofty morals, to point out a pure life through self-denial, to awe the ignorant, and to terrify the doubting. A well fed and clothed Anglo-Saxon, to whom conscious existence seems the very rapture of joy, and whose soul yearns for an eternity of life, may not understand how a human soul could ever long for utter absorption of being and personality, even in God, much less for total annihilation.

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* "I have long endeavored to find out what there is in Shintō, but have long given it up, unable to find any thing to reward my labor, excepting a small book of Shintō prayers, in which man was recognized as guilty of the commission of sin, and in need of cleansing."—J. C. HEPBURN, M.D., LL.D., *American, seventeen years resident in Japan, author of the "Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary."*

"Shintō is in no proper sense of the term a religion." "It is difficult to see how it could ever have been denominated a religion." "It has rather the look of an original Japanese invention."—Rev. S. R. BROWN, D.D., *American, author of "A Grammar of Colloquial Japanese," seventeen years resident in Japan.*

My own impressions of Shintō, given in an article in *The Independent* in 1871, remain unaltered after five years' further study and comparison of opinions, *pro* and *con:* "In its higher forms, Shintō is simply a cultured and intellectual atheism. In its lower forms, it is blind obedience to governmental and priestly dictates." The united verdict given me by native scholars, and even Shintō officials, in Fukui and Tōkiō, was, "Shintō is not a religion: it is a system of government regulations, very good to keep alive patriotism among the people." The effectual, and quite justifiable, use made of this tremendous political engine will be seen in the last chapter of Book I., entitled "The Recent Revolutions in Japan."

But, among the Asiatic poor, where ceaseless drudgery is often the lot for life, where a vegetable diet keeps the vital force low, where the tax-gatherer is the chief representative of government, where the earthquake and the typhoon are so frequent and dreadful, and where the forces of nature are feared as malignant intelligences, life does not wear such charms as to lead the human soul to long for an eternity of it. No normal Japanese would thrill when he heard the unexplained announcement, "The gift of God is eternal life," or, "Whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Such words would be painful to him, announcing only a fateful fact. To him life is to be dreaded; not because death lies at the end of it, but because birth and life again follow death, and both are but links in an almost endless chain. Herein lies the power of Buddhist preaching: "Believe in the true doctrine, and live the true believer's life," says the bonze, "and you will be born again into higher states of existence, thence into higher and higher heavens, until from paradise you rise as a purified and saintly soul, to be absorbed in the bosom of holy Buddha. Reject the truth, or believe false doctrine (*e. g.*, Christianity), and you will be born again thousands of times, only to suffer sickness and pain and grief, to die or be killed a thousand times, and, finally, to sink into lower and lower hells, before you can regain the opportunity to rise higher." This is really the popular form of Shaka's doctrine of metempsychosis. The popular Buddhism of Japan, at least, is not the bare scheme of philosophy which foreign writers seem to think it is. It is a genuine religion in its hold on man. It is a vinculum that binds him to the gods of his fathers. This form of Buddhism commended itself to both the Japanese sage and the ignorant boor, to whom thought is misery, by reason of its definiteness, its morals, its rewards, and its punishments.

Buddhism has a cosmogony and a theory of both the microcosm and the macrocosm. It has fully as much, if not more, "science" in it than our mediæval theologians found in the Bible. Its high intellectuality made noble souls yearn to win its secrets, and to attain the conquests over their lusts and passions, by knowledge.

Among the various sects of Buddhism, however, the understanding of the doctrine of Nirvana varies greatly. Some believe in the total nonentity of the human soul, the utter annihilation of consciousness; while others, on the contrary, hold that, as part of the divine whole, the human soul enjoys a measure of conscious personality.

Persecution and opposition at first united together the adherents of the new faith, but success and prosperity gave rise to schisms. New sects were founded in Japan, while many priests traveled abroad to Corea and China, and came back as new lights and reformers, to found new schools of thought and worship. Of these the most illustrious was Kōbō, famed not only as a scholar in Pali, Sanskrit, and Chinese, but as an eminently holy bonze, and the compiler of the Japanese alphabet, or syllabary, *i*, *ro*, *ha*, *ni*, *ho*, *he*, *to*, etc., in all forty-seven characters, which, with diacritical points, may be increased to the number of seventy. The *katagana* is the square, the *hiragana* is the script form. Kōbō was born A.D. 774; and died A.D. 835. He founded a temple, and the sect called Shin Gon (True Words). Eight sects were in existence in his time, of which only two now survive.

Kōbō Daishi, Inventor of the Japanese Syllabary. (From a photograph, taken from a wooden statue in a temple at Kiōto.)

The thirteenth of the Christian era is the golden century of Japanese Buddhism; for then were developed those phases of thought peculiar to it, and sects were founded, most of them in Kiōto, which are still the most flourishing in Japan. Among these were, in 1202, the Zen (Contemplation); in 1211, the Jōdō (Heavenly Road); in 1262, the Shin (New); in 1282, the Nichiren. In various decades of the same century several other important sects originated, and the number of brilliant intellects that adorned the priesthood at this period is remarkable. Of these, only two can be noticed, for lack of space.

In A.D. 1222, there was born, in a suburb of the town of Kominato, in Awa, a child who was destined to influence the faith of millions, and to leave the impress of his character and intellect indelibly upon the minds of his countrymen. He was to found a new sect of Buddhism, which should grow to be one of the largest, wealthiest, and most influential in Japan, and to excel them all in proselyting zeal, polemic bitterness, sectarian bigotry, and intolerant arrogance. The Nichiren sect of Buddhists, in its six centuries of history, has probably furnished a greater number of brilliant intellects, uncompromising zealots, unquailing martyrs, and relentless persecutors than any other in Japan. No other sect is so fond of controversy. The bonzes of none other can excel those of the Nichiren *shiu* (sect) in proselyting zeal, in the bitterness of their theological arguments, in the venom of their revilings, or the force with which they hurl their epithets at those who differ in opinion or practice from them. In their view, all other sects than theirs are useless. According to their vocabulary, the adherents of Shin Gon are "not patriots;" those of Ritsu are "thieves and rascals;" of Zen, are "furies;" while those of certain other sects are sure and without doubt to go to hell. Among the Nichirenites are to be found more prayer-books, drums, and other noisy accompaniments of revivals, than in any other sect. They excel in the number of pilgrims, and in the use of charms, spells, and amulets. Their priests are celibates, and must abstain from wine, fish, and all flesh. They are the Ranters of Buddhism. To this day, a revival-meeting in one of their temples is a scene that often beggars description, and may deafen weak ears. What with prayers incessantly repeated, drums beaten unceasingly, the shouting of devotees who work themselves into an excitement that often ends in insanity, and sometimes in death, and the frantic exhortation of the priests, the wildest excesses that seek the mantle of religion in other lands are by them equaled, if not excelled. To this sect belonged Kato Kiyomasa, the bloody persecutor of the Christians in the sixteenth century, the "vir ter execrandus" of the Jesuits, but who is now a holy saint in the calendar of canonized Buddhists.

Nichiren (sun-lotus) was so named by his mother, who at conception had dreamed that the sun (*nichi*) had entered her body. This story is also told of other mothers of Japanese great men, and seems to be a favorite stock-belief concerning the women who bear children that afterward become men of renown or exalted holiness. The boy grew up surrounded by the glorious scenery of mountain, wave, shore, and with the infinity of the Pacific Ocean before him. He was a dreamy, meditative child. He was early put under the care of a holy bonze, but when grown to manhood discarded many of the old doctrines, and, being dissatisfied with the other sects, resolved to found one, the followers of which should be the holders and exemplars of the pure truth.

Nichiren was a profound student of the Buddhist classics, or sutras, brought from India, and written in Sanskrit and Chinese, for the entire canon of Buddhist holy books has at various times been brought from India or China, and translated into Chinese in Japan. Heretofore, the common prayer of all the Japanese Buddhists had been "*Namŭ, Amida Butsŭ*" (Hail, Amida Buddha! or, Save us, Eternal Buddha!). Nichiren taught that the true invocation was "*Namu miō hō ren gé kiō*" (Glory to the salvation-bringing book of the law; or, literally, Hail, the true way of salvation, the blossom of doctrine). This is still the distinctive prayer of the Nichiren sect. It is inscribed on the temple curtains, on their tombstones and wayside shrines, and was emblazoned on the banners carried aloft by the great warriors on sea and land who belonged to the sect. The words are the Chinese translation of *Mamah Saddharma-pundarika-sutra*, one of the chief canonical books of the Buddhist Scriptures, and in use by all the sects. Nichiren professed to find in it the true and only way of salvation, which the other expounders of Shaka's doctrine had not properly taught. He declared that the way as taught by him was the true and only one.

Nichiren founded numerous temples, and was busy during the whole of his life, when not in exile, in teaching, preaching, and itinerating. He published a book called *Ankoku Ron* ("An Argument to tranquilize the Country"). The bitterness with which he attacked other sects roused up a host of enemies against him, who complained to Hōjō Tokiyori, the *shikken*, or holder of the power, at Kamakura, and prayed to have him silenced, as a destroyer of the public peace, as indeed the holy man was. The title of his book was by no means an exponent of its tone or style.

Nichiren was banished to Cape Ito, in Idzu, where he remained three years. On his release, instead of holding his tongue, he allowed it to run more violently than ever against other sects, especially decrying the great and learned priests of previous generations. Hōjō Tokiyori again arrested him, confined him in a dungeon below ground, and condemned him to death.

The following story is told, and devoutly believed, by his followers: On a certain day he was taken out to a village on the strand of the bay beyond Kamakura, and in front of the lovely island of Enoshima. This village is called Koshigoyé. At this time Nichiren was forty-three years old. Kneeling down upon the strand, the saintly bonze calmly uttered his prayers, and repeated "*Namu miō hō ren gé kiō*" upon his rosary. The swordsman lifted his blade, and, with all his might, made the downward stroke. Suddenly a flood of blinding light burst from the sky, and smote upon the executioner and the official inspector deputed to witness the severed head. The sword-blade was broken in pieces, while the holy man was unharmed. At the same moment, Hōjō, the Lord of Kamakura, was startled at his revels in the palace by the sound of rattling thunder and the flash of lightning, though there was not a cloud in the sky. Dazed by the awful signs of Heaven's displeasure, Hōjō Tokiyori, divining that it was on account of the holy victim, instantly dispatched a fleet messenger to stay the executioner's hand and reprieve the victim. Simultaneously the official inspector at the still unstained blood-pit sent a courier to beg reprieve for the saint whom the sword could not touch. The two men, coming from opposite directions, met at the small stream which the tourist still crosses on the way from Kamakura to Enoshima, and it was thereafter called Yukiai (meeting on the way) River, a name which it retains to this day. Through the pitiful clemency and intercession of Hōjō Tokimuné, son of the Lord of Kamakura, Nichiren was sent to Sado Island. He was afterward released by his benefactor in a general amnesty. Nichiren founded his sect at Kiōto, and it greatly flourished under the care of his disciple, his reverence Nichizo. After a busy and holy life, the great saint died at Ikégami, a little to north-west of the Kawasaki railroad station, between Yokohama and Tōkiō, where the scream of the locomotive and the rumble of the railway car are but faintly heard in its solemn shades. There are to be seen gorgeous temples, pagodas, shrines, magnificent groves and cemeteries. The dying presence of Nichiren has lent this place peculiar sanctity; but his bones rest on Mount Minobu, in the province of Kai, where was one of his homes when in the flesh. See *Frontispiece.*

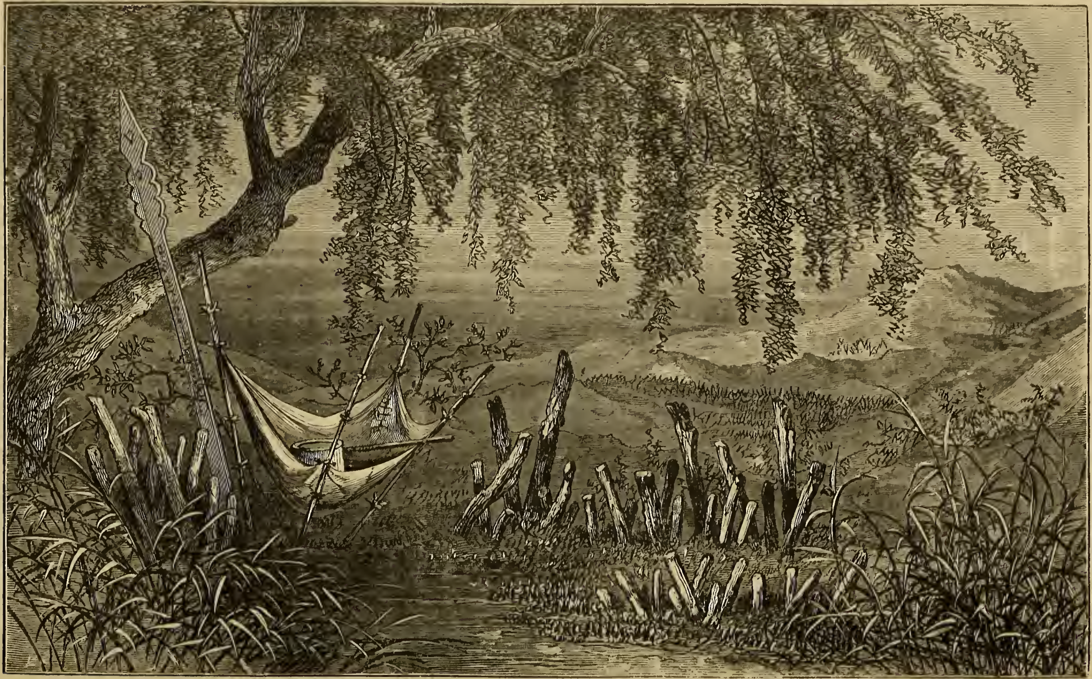
While in Japan, I made special visits to many of the places rendered most famous by Nichiren, of his birth, labors, triumph, and death, and there formed the impressions of his work and followers which I have in this chapter set forth. So far as I am able to judge, none of the native theologians has stamped his impress more deeply on the religious intellect of Japan than has Nichiren. It may be vain prophecy, but I believe that Christianity in Japan will find its most vigorous and persistent opposers among this sect, and that it will be the last to yield to the now triumphing faith that seems clasping the girdle of world-victory in Japan.

Their astonishing success and tremendous power, and their intolerance and bigotry, are to be ascribed to the same cause—the precision, distinctness, and exclusiveness of the teachings of their master. In their sacred books, and in the sermons of their bonzes, the Nichirenites are exhorted to reflect diligently upon the peculiar blessings vouchsafed to them as a chosen sect, and to understand that they are favored above all others in privilege, that their doctrines are the only true ones, and that perfect salvation is attainable by no other method or system. It is next to impossible for them to fraternize with other Buddhists, and they themselves declare that, though all the other sects may combine into one, yet they must remain apart, unless their tenets be adopted. The proscription of other sects, and the employment of reviling and abuse as a means of propagation introduced by Nichiren, was a comparatively new thing in Japan. It stirred up persecution against the new faith and its followers; and this, coupled with the invincible fortitude and zeal of the latter, were together as soil and seed.

The era and developments of Nichiren may be called the second revival of Buddhism in Japan, since it infused into that great religion, which had, at the opening of the thirteenth century, reached a stage of passive quiescence, the spirit of proselytism which was necessary to keep it from stagnant impurity and heartless formality.

Though the success of Nichiren inaugurated an era of zeal and bigotry, it also awoke fresh life into that power which is the best representative of the religious life of the nation. Whether we call Buddhism a false or a true religion, even the most shallow student of the Japanese people must acknowledge that the pure religious, as well as the superstitious, character of the masses of the Japanese people has been fostered and developed more by Buddhism than by any and all other influences.

Some of the superstitions of the Nichirenites are gross and revolting, but among their beliefs and customs is the *nagaré kanjō* (flowing



The Mother's Memorial, Nagaré Kanjō. (From a drawing by Nankoku Ōzawa, of Tōkiō.)

invocation). I shall call it "the mother's memorial." It is practiced chiefly by the followers of Nichiren, though it is sometimes employed by other sects.

A sight not often met with in the cities, but in the suburbs and country places frequent as the cause of it requires, is the *nagaré kanjō* (flowing invocation). A piece of cotton cloth is suspended by its four corners to stakes set in the ground near a brook, rivulet, or, if in the city, at the side of the water-course which fronts the houses of the better classes. Behind it rises a higher, lath-like board, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Resting on the cloth at the brookside, or, if in the city, in a pail of water, is a wooden dipper. Perhaps upon the four corners, in the upright bamboo, may be set bouquets of flowers. A careless stranger may not notice the odd thing, but a little study of its parts reveals the symbolism of death. The tall lath tablet is the same as that set behind graves and tombs. The ominous Sanskrit letters betoken death. Even the flowers in their bloom call to mind the tributes of affectionate remembrance which loving survivors set in the sockets of the monuments in the grave-yards. On the cloth is written a name such as is given to persons after death, and the prayer, "*Namu miō hō ren gé kiō*" (Glory to the salvation-bringing Scriptures). Waiting long enough, perchance but a few minutes, there may be seen a passer-by who pauses, and, devoutly offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on.

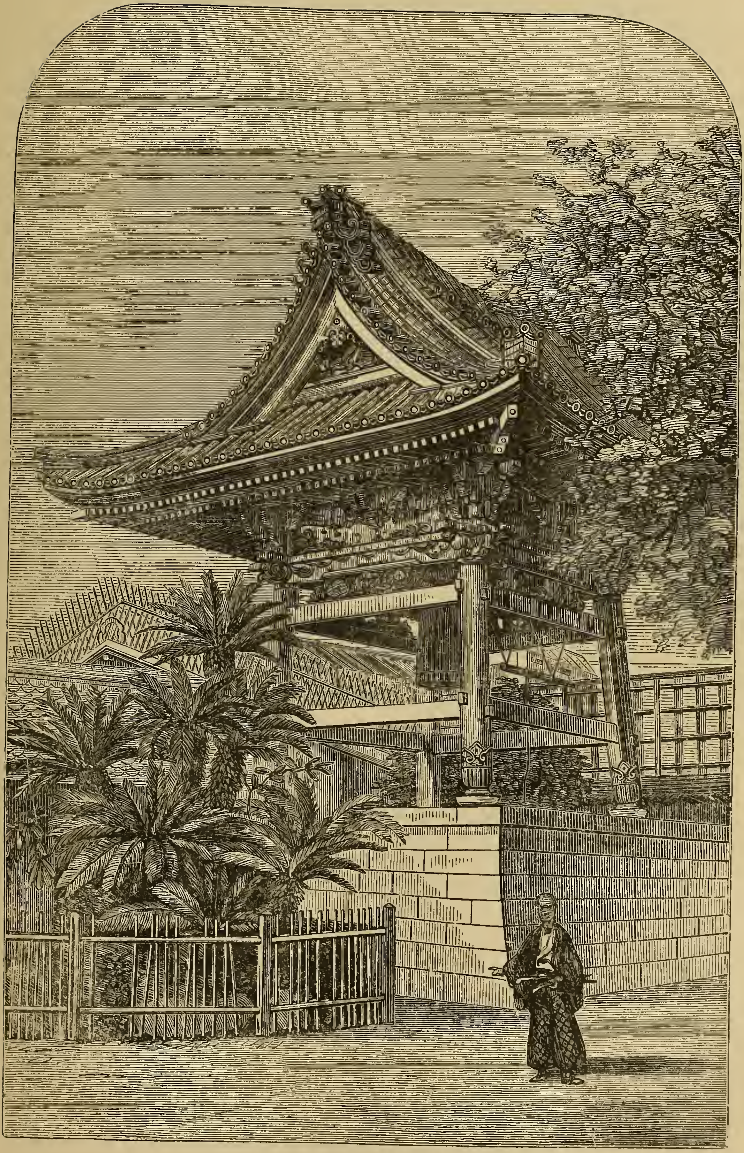
All this, when the significance is understood, is very touching. It is the story of vicarious suffering, of sorrow from the brink of joy, of one dying that another may live. It tells of mother-love and mother-woe. It is a mute appeal to every passer-by, by the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain.

The Japanese (Buddhists) believe that all calamity is the result of sin either in this or a previous state of existence. The mother who dies in childbed suffers, by such a death, for some awful transgression, it may be in a cycle of existence long since passed. For it she must leave her new-born infant, in the full raptures of mother-joy, and sink into the darkness of Hades, to wallow in a lake of blood. There must she groan and suffer until the "flowing invocation" ceases, by the wearing-out of the symbolic cloth. When this is so utterly worn that the water no longer drains, but falls through at once, the freed spirit of the mother, purged of her sin, rises to resurrection among the exalted beings of a higher cycle of existence. Devout men, as they pass by, reverently pour a ladleful of water. Women, especially those who have felt mother-pains, and who rejoice in life and loving offspring, repeat the expiatory act with deeper feeling; but the depths of sympathy are fathomed only by those who, being mothers, are yet bereaved. Yet, as in presence of nature's awful glories the reverent gazer is shocked by the noisy importunity of the beggar, so before this sad and touching memorial the proofs of sordid priestcraft chill the warm sympathy which the sight even from the heart of an alien might evoke.

The cotton cloth inscribed with the prayer and the name of the deceased, to be efficacious, can be purchased only at the temples. I have been told, and it is no secret, that rich people are able to secure a napkin which, when stretched but a few days, will rupture, and let the water pass through at once. The poor man can get only the stoutest and most closely woven fabric. The limit of purgatorial penance is thus fixed by warp and woof, and warp and woof are gauged by money. The rich man's napkin is scraped thin in the middle. Nevertheless, the poor mother secures a richer tribute of sympathy from her humble people; for in Japan, as in other lands, poverty has many children, while wealth mourns for heirs; and in the lowly walks of life are more pitiful women who have felt the woe and the joy of motherhood than in the mansions of the rich.

In Echizen, especially in the country towns and villages, the custom is rigidly observed; but though I often looked for the *nagaré kanjō* in Tōkiō, I never saw one. I am told, however, that they may be seen in the outskirts of the city. The drawing of one seen near Takéfu, in Echizen, was made for me by my artist-friend Ōzawa, a number of whose sketches appear in this work.

The Protestants of Japanese Buddhism are the followers of Shin shiu, founded by his reverence Shinran, in 1262. Shinran was a pupil of Hōnen, who founded the Jōdō shiu, and was of noble descent. While in Kiōto, at thirty years of age, he married a lady of noble blood, named Tamayori himé, the daughter of the Kuambaku. He thus taught by example, as well as by precept, that marriage was honorable, and that celibacy was an invention of the priests, not warranted by pure Buddhism. Penance, fasting, prescribed diet, pilgrimages, isolation from society, whether as hermits or in the cloister, and generally amulets and charms, are all tabooed by this sect. Nunneries and monasteries are unknown within its pale. The family



Belfry of a Buddhist Temple in Ōzaka.

takes the place of monkish seclusion. Devout prayer, purity, and earnestness of life, and trust in Buddha himself as the only worker of perfect righteousness, are insisted upon. Other sects teach the doctrine of salvation by works. Shinran taught that it is faith in Buddha that accomplishes the salvation of the believer.

Buddhism seems to most foreigners who have studied it but Roman Catholicism without Christ, and in Asiatic form. The Shin sect hold a form of the Protestant doctrine of justification by faith, believing in Buddha instead of Jesus. Singleness of purpose characterizes this sect. Outsiders call it Ikkō, from the initial word of a text in their chief book, *Muriōju Kiō* ("Book of Constant Life"). By others it is spoken of as Monto (gate-followers), in reference to their unity of organization. The Scriptures of other sects are written in Sanskrit and Chinese, which only the learned are able to read.

Those of Monto are in the vernacular Japanese writing and idiom. Other sects build temples in sequestered places among the hills. The Shin-shiuists erect theirs in the heart of cities, on main streets, in the centres of population. They endeavor, by every means in their power, to induce the people to come to them. In Fukui their twin temples stood in the most frequented thoroughfares. In Tōkiō, Ōzaka, Kiōto, Nagasaki, and other cities, the same system of having twin temples in the heart of the city is pursued, and the largest and finest ecclesiastical structures are the duplicates of this sect. The altars are on a scale of imposing magnificence, and gorgeous in detail. A common saying is, "As handsome as a Monto altar." The priests marry, rear families, and their sons succeed them to the care of the temples. In default of male issue, the husband of the daughter of the priest, should he have one, takes the office of his father-in-law. Many members of the priesthood and their families are highly educated, perhaps more so than the bonzes of any other sect. Personal acquaintance with several of the Monto priests enables me to substantiate this fact asserted of them.

The followers of Shinran have ever held a high position, and have wielded vast influence in the religious development of the people. Both for good and evil they have been among the foremost of active workers in the cause of religion. In time of war the Monto bonzes put on armor, and, with their families and adherents, have in numerous instances formed themselves into military battalions. We shall hear more of their martial performances in succeeding chapters.

After the death of Shinran, Renniō, who died in 1500, became the revivalist of Monto, and wrote the *Ofumi*, or sacred writings, which are now daily read by the disciples of this denomination. With the characteristic object of reaching the masses, they are written in the common script *hiragana* writing, which all the people of both sexes can read. Though greatly persecuted by other sectaries, they have continually increased in numbers, wealth, and power, and now lead all in intelligence and influence. To the charges of uncleanness which others bring against them, because they marry wives, eat and drink and live so much like unclerical men, they calmly answer, the bright rays of the sun shine on all things alike, and that it is not for them to call things unclean which have evidently been created for man's use; that righteousness consists neither in eating nor drinking, nor in abstinence from the blessings vouchsafed to mortals in this vale of woe; and that the maxims and narrow-minded doctrines, with the neglect of which they are reproached, can only have proceeded from the folly or vanity of men. They claim that priests with families are purer men than celibates in monasteries, and that the purity of society is best maintained by a married priesthood. Within the last two decades they were the first to organize their theological schools on the model of foreign countries, that their young men might be trained to resist Shintō or Christianity, or to measure the truth in either. The last new charge urged against them by their rivals is that they are so much like Christians, that they might as well be such out and out. Liberty of thought and action, an incoercible desire to be free from governmental, traditional, ultra-ecclesiastical, or Shintō influence — in a word, Protestantism in its pure sense, is characteristic of the great sect founded by Shinran.

To treat of the doctrinal difference and various customs of the different denominations would require a volume. Japanese Buddhism richly deserves thorough study, and a scholarly treatise by itself.* The part played by the great Buddhist sects in the national drama of history in later centuries will be seen as we proceed in our narrative.

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* It is a question worthy the deepest research and fullest inquiry, as to the time occupied in converting the Japanese people to the Buddhist faith. It is not probable, as some foreigners believe, that Wani (see page 76) brought the knowledge of the Indian religion to Japan. The *Nihongi* gives the year 552 as that in which Buddhist books, images, rosaries, altar furniture, vestments, etc., were bestowed as presents at the imperial palace, and deposited in the court of ceremony. The imported books were diligently studied by a few court nobles, and in 584 several of them openly professed the new faith. In 585, a frightful pestilence that broke out was ascribed by the patriotic opponents of the foreign faith to the anger of the gods against the new religion. A long and bitter dispute followed, and some of the new temples and idols were destroyed. In spite of patriotism and conservative zeal, the worship and ritual were established in the pal-

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ace, new missionaries were invited from Corea, and in 624 two bonzes were given official rank, as primate and vice-primate. Temples were erected, and, at the death of a bonze, in 700, his body was disposed of by cremation—a new thing in Japan. In 741, an imperial decree, ordering the erection of two temples and a seven-storied pagoda in each province, was promulgated. In 765, a priest became Dai Jō Dai Jin. In 827, a precious relic—one of Shaka's (Buddha's) bones—was deposited in the palace. The master-stroke of theological dexterity was made early in the ninth century, when Kōbō, who had studied three years in China, achieved the reconciliation of the native belief and the foreign religion, made patriotism and piety one, and laid the foundation of the permanent and universal success of Buddhism in Japan. This Japanese Philo taught that the Shintō deities, or gods, of Japan were manifestations, or transmigrations, of Buddha in that country, and, by his scheme of dogmatic theology, secured the ascendency of Buddhism over Shintō and Confucianism. Until near the fourteenth century, however, Buddhism continued to be the religion of the official, military, and educated classes, but not of the people at large. Its adoption by all classes may be ascribed to the missionary labors of Shinran and Nichiren, whose banishment to the North and East made them itinerant apostles. Shinran traveled on foot through every one of the provinces north and east of Kiōto, glorying in his exile, everywhere preaching, teaching, and making new disciples. It may be safely said that it required nine hundred years to convert the Japanese people from fetichism and Shintō to Buddhism.

It is extremely difficult to get accurate statistics relating to Japanese Buddhism. The following table was compiled for me by a learned bonze of the Shin denomination, in the temple of Nishi Honguanji, in Tsŭkiji, Tōkiō. I have compared it with data furnished by an ex-priest in Fukui, and various laymen.

The ecclesiastical centre of Japan has always been at Kiōto. The chief temples and monasteries of each sect were located there.

TABULAR LIST OF BUDDHIST SECTS IN JAPAN.

Chief Sects (Shiu).	Total Number of Temples.
I. Tendai. Founded by Chisha, in China: 3 sub-sects	6,391
II. Shingon. Founded by Kōbō, in Japan, A.D. 813: 3 sub-sects	15,503
III. Zen. Founded by Darma, in Japan: 6 sub-sects	21,547
IV. Jōdō. Founded by Hōnen, in Japan, 1173: 2 sub-sects	9,819
V. Shin. Founded by Shinran, in Japan, 1213: 5 sub-sects	13,718
VI. Nichiren. Founded by Nichiren, in Japan, 1262: 2 sub-sects	
VII. Ji. Founded by Ippen, in Japan, 1288	586

Besides the above, there are twenty-one "irregular," "local," or "independent" sects, which act apart from the others, and in some cases have no temples or monasteries. A number of other sects have originated in Japan, flourished for a time, decayed, and passed out of existence. According to the census of 1872, there were in Japan 211,846 Buddhist *religieux* of both sexes and all grades and orders. Of these, 75,925 were priests, abbots, or monks, 9 abbesses; 37,327 were reckoned as novices or students, and 98,585 were in monasteries or families (mostly of Shin sect); 151,677 were males, 60,159 were females, and 9,621 were nuns. By the census of 1875, the returns gave 207,669 Buddhist *religieux*, of whom 148,807 were males, and 58,862 females.

XVII.

THE INVASION OF THE MONGOL TARTARS.

During the early centuries of the Christian era, friendly intercourse was regularly kept up between Japan and China. Embassies were dispatched to and fro on various missions, but chiefly with the mutual object of bearing the congratulations to an emperor upon his accession to the throne. It is mentioned in the "Gazetteer of Echizen" (*Echizen Koku Mei Seiki Kō*) that embassadors from China, with a retinue and crew of one hundred and seventy-eight persons, came to Japan A.D. 776, to bear congratulations to the mikado, Kōnin Tennō. The vessel was wrecked in a typhoon off the coast of Echizen, and but forty-six of the company were saved. They were fed and sheltered in Echizen. In A.D. 779, the Japanese embassy, returning from China, landed at Mikuni, the sea-port of Fukui. In 883, orders were sent from Kiōto to the provinces north of the capital to repair the bridges and roads, bury the dead bodies, and remove all obstacles, because the envoys of China were coming that way. The civil disorders in both countries interrupted these friendly relations in the twelfth century, and communications ceased until they were renewed again in the time of the Hōjō, in the manner now to be described.

In China, the Mongol Tartars had overthrown the Sung dynasty, and had conquered the adjacent countries. Through the Coreans, the Mongol emperor, Kublai Khan, at whose court Marco Polo and his uncles were then residing, sent letters demanding tribute and homage from Japan. Chinese envoys came to Kamakura, but Hōjō Tokimuné, enraged at the insolent demands, dismissed them in disgrace. Six embassies were sent, and six times rejected.

An expedition from China, consisting of ten thousand men, was sent against Japan. They landed at Tsushima and Iki. They were bravely attacked, and their commander slain. All Kiushiu having roused to arms, the expedition returned, having accomplished nothing. The Chinese emperor now sent nine envoys, who announced their purpose to remain until a definite answer was returned to their master. They were called to Kamakura, and the Japanese reply was given by cutting off their heads at the village of Tatsu no kuchi (Mouth of the Dragon), near the city. The Japanese now girded themselves for the war they knew was imminent. Troops from the East were sent to guard Kiōto. Munitions of war were prepared, magazines stored, castles repaired, and new armies levied and drilled. Boats and junks were built to meet the enemy on the sea. Once more Chinese envoys came to demand tribute. Again the sword gave the answer, and their heads fell at Daizaifu, in Kiushiu, in 1279.

Meanwhile the armada was preparing. Great China was coming to crush the little strip of land that refused homage to the invincible conqueror. The army numbered one hundred thousand Chinese and Tartars, and seven thousand Coreans, in ships that whitened the sea as the snowy herons whiten the islands of Lake Biwa. They numbered thirty-five hundred in all. In the Seventh month of the year 1281, the tasseled prows and fluted sails of the Chinese junks greeted the straining eyes of watchers on the hills of Daizaifu. The armada sailed gallantly up, and ranged itself off the castled city. Many of the junks were of immense proportions, larger than the natives of Japan had ever seen, and armed with the engines of European warfare, which their Venetian guests had taught the Mongols to construct and work. The Japanese had small chance of success on the water; as, although their boats, being swifter and lighter, were more easily managed, yet many of them were sunk by the darts and huge stones hurled by the catapults mounted on their enemy's decks. In personal prowess the natives of Nippon were superior. Swimming out to the fleet, a party of thirty boarded a junk, and cut off the heads of the crew; but another company attempting to do so, were all killed by the now wary Tartars. One captain, Kusanojiro, with a picked crew, in broad daylight, sculled rapidly out to an outlying junk, and, in spite of a shower of darts, one of which took off his left arm, ran his boat along-side a Chinese junk, and, letting down the masts, boarded the decks. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, and, before the enemy's fleet could assist, the daring assailants set the ship on fire and were off, carrying away twenty-one heads. The fleet now ranged itself in a cordon, linking each vessel to the other with an iron chain. They hoped thus to foil the cutting-out parties. Besides the catapults, immense bow-guns shooting heavy darts were mounted on their decks, so as to sink all attacking boats. By these means many of the latter were destroyed, and more than one company of Japanese who expected victory lost their lives. Still, the enemy could not effect a landing in force. Their small detachments were cut off or driven into the sea as soon as they reached the shore, and over two thousand heads were among the trophies of the defenders in the skirmishes. A line of fortifications many miles long, consisting of earth-works and heavy palisading of planks, was now erected along-shore. Behind these the defenders watched the invaders, and challenged them to land.

There was a Japanese captain, Michiari, who had long hoped for this invasion. He had prayed often to the gods that he might have opportunity to fight the Mongols. He had written his prayers on paper, and, learning them, had solemnly swallowed the ashes. He was now overjoyed at the prospect of a combat. Sallying out from behind the breastwork, he defied the enemy to fight. Shortly after, he filled two boats with brave fellows and pushed out, apparently unarmed, to the fleet. "He is mad," cried the spectators on shore. "How bold," said the men on the fleet, "for two little boats to attack thousands of great ships! Surely he is coming to surrender himself." Supposing this to be his object, they refrained from shooting. When within a few oars-lengths, the Japanese, flinging out ropes with grappling-hooks, leaped on the Tartar junk. The bows and spears of the latter were no match for the two-handed razor-like swords of the Japanese. The issue, though for a while doubtful, was a swift and complete victory for the men who were fighting for their native land. Burning the junk, the surviving victors left before the surrounding ships could cut them off. Among the captured was one of the highest officers in the Mongol fleet.

The whole nation was now roused. Re-enforcements poured in from all quarters to swell the host of defenders. From the monasteries and temples all over the country went up unceasing prayer to the gods to ruin their enemies and save the land of Japan. The emperor and ex-emperor went in solemn state to the chief priest of Shintō, and, writing out their petitions to the gods, sent him as a messenger to the shrines at Isé. It is recorded, as a miraculous fact, that at the hour of noon, as the sacred envoy arrived at the shrine and offered the prayer—the day being perfectly clear—a streak of cloud appeared in the sky, which soon overspread the heavens, until the dense masses portended a storm of awful violence.

One of those cyclones, called by the Japanese *tai-fu*, or *ōkazé*, of appalling velocity and resistless force, such as whirl along the coasts of Japan and China during late summer and early fall of every year,

The Repulse of the Mongol Tartars. (From a painting by a Japanese who had studied under a Dutch master.)

burst upon the Chinese fleet. Nothing can withstand these maelstroms of the air. We call them typhoons; the Japanese say *tai-fu*, or *ōkazé* (great wind). Iron steamships of thousands of horse-power are almost unmanageable in them. Junks are helpless: the Chinese ships were these only. They were butted together like mad bulls. They were impaled on the rocks, dashed against the cliffs, or tossed on land like corks from the spray. They were blown over till they careened and filled. Heavily freighted with human beings, they sunk by hundreds. The corpses were piled on the shore, or floating on the water so thickly that it seemed almost possible to walk thereon. Those driven out to sea may have reached the main-land, but were probably overwhelmed. The vessels of the survivors, in large numbers, drifted to or were wrecked upon Taka Island, where they established themselves, and, cutting down trees, began building boats to reach Corea. Here they were attacked by the Japanese, and, after a bloody struggle, all the fiercer for the despair on the one side and the exultation on the other, were all slain or driven into the sea to be drowned, except three, who were sent back to tell their emperor how the gods of Japan had destroyed their armada. The Japanese exult in the boast that their gods and their heaven prevailed over the gods and the heaven of the Chinese.

This was the last time that China ever attempted to conquer Japan, whose people boast that their land has never been defiled by an invading army. They have ever ascribed the glory of the destruction of the Tartar fleet to the interposition of the gods at Isé, who thereafter received special and grateful adoration as the guardian of the seas and winds. Great credit and praise were given to the lord of Kamakura, Hōjō Tokimuné, for his energy, ability, and valor. The author of the *Guai Shi* says, "The repulse of the Tartar barbarians by Tokimuné, and his preserving the dominions of our Son of Heaven, were sufficient to atone for the crimes of his ancestors."

Nearly six centuries afterward, when "the barbarian" Perry anchored his fleet in the Bay of Yedo, in the words of the native annalist, "Orders were sent by the imperial court to the Shintō priests at Isé to offer up prayers for the sweeping-away of the barbarians." Millions of earnest hearts put up the same prayers as their fathers had offered, fully expecting the same result.

To this day the Japanese mother in Kiushiu hushes her fretful infant by the question, "Do you think the Mogu (Mongols) are coming?" This is the only serious attempt at invasion ever made by any nation upon the shores of Japan.

XVIII.

THE TEMPORARY MIKADOATE.

The first step taken after the overthrow of the military usurpation at Kamakura was to recall the mikado Go-Daigo from exile. With the sovereign again in full power, it seemed as though the ancient and rightful government was to be permanently restored. The military or dual system had lasted about one hundred and fifty years, and patriots now hoped to see the country rightly governed, without intervention between the throne and the people. The rewarding of the victors who had fought for him was the first duty awaiting the restored exile. The methods and procedure of feudalism were now so fixed in the general policy of the Government, that Go-Daigo, falling into the ways of the Minamoto and Hōjō, apportioned military fiefs as guerdons to his vassals. Among them was Ashikaga Takauji, to whom was awarded the greatest prize, consisting of the rich provinces of Hitachi, Musashi, and Shimōsa. To Kusunoki Masashigé were given Settsu and Kawachi; and to Nitta, Kōdzuké and Harima, besides smaller fiefs to many others.

This unfair distribution of spoils astounded the patriots, who expected to see high rank and power conferred upon Nitta and Kusunoki, the chief leaders in the war for the restoration, and both very able men. It would have been well had the emperor seen the importance of disregarding the claims and privileges of caste, and exalted to highest rank the faithful men who were desirous of maintaining the dignity of the throne, and whose chief fear was that the duarchy would again arise. Such a fear was by no means groundless, for Ashikaga, elated at such unexpected favor, became inflamed with a still higher ambition, and already meditated refounding the shōgunate at Kamakura, and placing his own family upon the military throne. Being of Minamoto stock, he knew that he had prestige and popularity in his favor, should he attempt the re-erection of the shōgunate. Most of the common soldiers had fought rather against Hōjō than against duarchy. The emperor was warned against this man by his ministers;

but in this case a woman's smiles and caresses and importunate words were more powerful than the advice of sages. Ashikaga had bribed the mikado's concubine Kadoko, and had so won her favor that she persuaded her imperial lord to bestow excessive and undeserved honor on the traitor.

The distribution of spoils excited discontent among the soldiers, who now began to lose all interest in the cause for which they had fought, and to murmur privately among themselves. "Should such an unjust government continue," said they, "then are we all servants of concubines and dancing-girls and singing-boys. Rather than be the puppets of the mikado's amusers, we would prefer a shōgun again, and become his vassals." Many of the captains and smaller clan-leaders were also in bad humor over their own small shares. Ashikaga Takauji took advantage of this feeling to make himself popular among the disaffected, especially those who clung to arms as a profession and wished to remain soldiers, preferring war to peace. Of such inflammable material the latent traitor was not slow to avail himself when it suited him to light the flames of war.

Had the mikado listened to his wise counselor, and also placed Kusunoki in an office commensurate with his commanding abilities, and rewarded Nitta as he deserved, the century of anarchy and bloodshed which followed might have been spared to Japan.

Go-Daigo, who in the early years of his former reign had been a man of indomitable courage and energy, seems to have lost the best traits of his character in his exile, retaining only his imperious will and susceptibility to flattery. To this degenerate Samson a Delilah was not wanting. He fell an easy victim to the wiles of one man, though the shears by which his strength was shorn were held by a woman. Ashikaga was a consummate master of the arts of adulation and political craft. He was now to further prove his skill, and to verify the warnings of Nitta and the ministers. The emperor made Moriyoshi, his own son, shōgun. Ashikaga, jealous of the appointment, and having too ready access to the infatuated father's ear, told him that his son was plotting to get possession of the throne. Moriyoshi, hating the flatterer, and stung to rage by the base slander, marched against him. Ashikaga now succeeded by means of his ally in the imperial bed in making himself, in the eyes of the mikado, the first victim to the conspiracies of the prince. So great was his power over the emperor that he obtained from the imperial hand a decree to punish his enemy Moriyoshi as a *chōtéki*, or rebel, against the mikado.

Here we have a striking instance of what, in the game of Japanese state-craft, may be called the checkmate move, or, in the native idiom, *Ōte*, "king's hand." It is difficult for a foreigner to fully appreciate the prestige attaching to the mikado's person—a prestige never diminishing. No matter how low his actual measure of power, the meanness of his character, or the insignificance of his personal abilities, he was the Son of Heaven, his word was law, his command omnipotent. He was the fountain of all rank and authority. No military leader, however great his resources or ability, could win the popular heart or hope for ultimate success unless appointed by the emperor. He who held the Son of Heaven in his power was master. Hence it was the constant aim of all the military leaders, even down to 1868, to obtain control of the imperial person. However wicked or villainous the keeper of the mikado, he was master of the situation. His enemies were *chōtéki*, or rebels against the Son of Heaven; his own soldiers were the *kuan-gun*, or loyal army. Even might could not make right. Possession of the divine person was more than nine-tenths—it was the whole—of the law.

Moriyoshi, then, being *chōtéki*, was doomed. Ashikaga, having the imperial order, had the *kuan-gun*, and was destined to win. The sad fate of the emperor's son awakens the saddest feelings, and brings tears to the eyes of the Japanese reader even at the present day. He was seized, deposed, sent to Kamakura, and murdered in a subterranean dungeon in the Seventh month of the year 1335.

His child in exile, the heart of the emperor relented. The scales fell from his eyes. He saw that he had wrongly suspected his son, and that the real traitor was Ashikaga. The latter, noticing the change that had come over his master, left Kiōto secretly, followed by thousands of the disaffected soldiery, and fled to Kamakura, which he had rebuilt, and began to consolidate his forces with a view of again erecting the Eastern capital, and seizing the power formerly held by the Hōjō. Nitta had also been accused by Ashikaga, but, having cleared himself in a petition to the mikado, he received the imperial commission to chastise his rival. In the campaign which followed, the imperial forces were so hopelessly defeated that the quondam imperial exile now became a fugitive. With his loyal followers he left Kiōto, carrying with him the sacred emblems of authority.

Ashikaga, though a triumphant victor, occupied a critical position. He was a *chōtéki*. As such he could never win final success. He had power and resources, but, unlike others equally usurpers, was not clothed with authority. He was, in popular estimation, a rebel of the deepest dye. In such a predicament he could not safely remain a day. The people would take the side of the emperor. What should he do? His vigor, acuteness, and villainy were equal. The Hōjō had deposed and set up emperors. It was Ashikaga who divided the allegiance of the people, gave Japan a War of the Roses (or Chrysanthemums), tilled the soil for feudalism, and lighted the flames of war that made Kiōto a cock-pit, abandoned the land for nearly two centuries and a half to slaughter, ignorance, and paralysis of national progress. To clothe his acts with right, he made a new Son of Heaven. He declared Kogen, who was of the royal family, emperor. In 1336, this new Son of Heaven gave Ashikaga the title of Sei-i Tai Shōgun. Kamakura again became the military capital. The duarchy was restored, and the War of the Northern and the Southern Dynasties began, which lasted fifty-six years.

Ashikaga Takauji, Sei-i Tai Shōgun. (From a photograph taken from a wooden statue in a temple in Kiōto.)

The period 1333–1336, though including little more than two years of time, is of great significance as marking the existence of a temporary mikadoate. The fact that it lasted so short a time, and that the duarchy was again set up on its ruins, has furnished both natives and foreigners with the absurd and specious, but strongly urged, argument that the Government of Japan, by a single ruler from a single centre, is an impossibility, and that the creation of a dual system with a "spiritual" or nominal sovereign in one part of the empire, and a military or "secular" ruler in another, is a necessity.

During the agitation of the question concerning the abolition of the dual system, and the restoration of the mikado in 1860–1868, one of the chief arguments of the adherents of the shōgunate against the scheme of the agitators, was the assertion that the events of the period 1333–1336 proved that the mikado could not alone govern the country, and that it must have duarchy. Even after the overthrow of the "Tycoon" in 1868, foreigners, as well as natives, who had studied Japanese history, fully believed and expected that in a year or two the present mikado's Government would be overthrown, and the "Tycoon" return to power, basing their belief on the fact that the mikadoate of 1333–1336 did not last. Whatever force such an argument might have had when Japan had no foreign relations, and no aliens on her soil to disturb the balance between Kiōto and Kamakura, it is certain that it counts for naught when, under altered conditions, more than the united front of the whole empire* is now required to cope with the political pressure from without.

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* Certain writers, and one as late as 1873, dispute the right of Japan to be called an "empire," and the mikados to be styled "emperor," "inasmuch as they [the mikados] sent tribute to the Emperor of China." As matter of fact, none of the mikados ever did this, though one shōgun (Ashikaga Yoshimitsŭ, page 195) did. Chinese books, and even the official gazettes of Peking, speak of all nations —even England, France, and the United States—as "paying tribute" to China, and their envoys as "tribute-bearers." Japan has always remained in total political independence of the Middle Kingdom and her Hwang Ti. That Japan is an "empire," the absolutism of the mikado, the diversity of her forms of governmental administration, differing in Liu Kiu (having its lord, or feudal vassal), Yezo (territory governed by a special department), and in the main body of the empire, besides its varied nationalities—Japanese, Liu Kiuans, and Ainōs. This expression of sovereignty is graphically conveyed in the two Chinese characters, pronounced, in Japanese, Ko tei (page 39, note), and Hwang Ti in Chinese. The Japanese rulers, borrowing their notions of government and imperialism from China, as those of modern Europe have from Rome, adopted the title for the mikado, who has ever ruled, not only over his own subjects of like blood, but over ebisŭ, or barbarians, and tributary people. When the character Ko is joined to Koku (country), we get Ko Koku (which is stamped on the outside of this volume), or "The Mikado's Empire," the idea emphasized being personal, or that of the mikado as government personified. When Tei is joined to Koku (Tei Koku Nihon, the blazon, or distinctive tablet, inscribed with four Chinese characters over the Japanese section at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia), we have the idea of an empire ruled by deity, or divine government—theocracy. The fact that Japan, though so much smaller than China, has always claimed equal dignity, power, and glory with her mighty neighbor, and the fact that there can not be two suns in the same heaven, helps to explain the deep-seated rivalry, mutual jealousy, and even contempt, which "the decayed old gentleman" and "the conceited young upstart" feel toward esch other.

XIX.

THE WAR OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

The dynasty of the imperial rulers of Japan is the oldest in the world. No other family line extends so far back into the remote ages as the nameless family of mikados. Disdaining to have a family name, claiming descent, not from mortals, but from the heavenly gods, the imperial house of the Kingdom of the Rising Sun occupies a throne which no plebeian has ever attempted to usurp. Throughout all the vicissitudes of the imperial line, in plenitude of power or abasement of poverty, its members deposed or set up at the pleasure of the upstart or the political robber, the throne itself has remained unshaken. Unclean hands have not been laid upon the ark itself. As in the procession of life on the globe the individual perishes, the species lives on, so, though individual mikados have been dethroned, insulted, or exiled, the prestige of the line has never suffered. The loyalty or allegiance of the people has never swerved. The soldier who would begin revolution, or who lusted for power, would make the mikado his tool; but, however transcendent his genius and abilities, he never attempted to write himself mikado. No Japanese Cæsar ever had his Brutus, nor Charles his Cromwell, nor George his Washington. Not even, as in China, did one dynasty of alien blood overthrow another, and reign in the stead of a destroyed family. Such events are unknown in Japanese annals. The student of this people and their unique history can never understand them or their national life unless he measures the mightiness of the force, and recognizes the place of the throne and the mikado in the minds and hearts of its people.

There are on record instances in which the true heirship was declared only after bitter intrigue, quarrels, or even bloodshed. In the tenth century, Taira no Masakado, disappointed in not being appointed Dai Jō Dai Jin, left Kiōto, went to Shimōsa in the Kuanto, and set himself up as Shinnō, or cadet of the imperial line, and temporarily ruled the eight provinces of the East as a pseudo-mikado.* In 1139, the military families of Taira and Minamoto came to blows in Kiōto over the question of succession between the rival heirs, Shutoku and Go-Shirakawa. The Taira being victors, their candidate became mikado. During the decay of the Taira, they fled from Kiōto, carrying with them, as true emperor, with his suite and the sacred insignia, Antoku, the child, five years old, who was drowned in the sea when the Taira were destroyed. The Minamoto at the same time recognized Gotoba.

It may be more analogical to call the wars of the Gen and Hei, with their white and red flags, the Japanese Wars of the Roses. Theirs was the struggle of rival houses. Now, we are to speak of rival dynasties, each with the imperial crysanthemum.

In the time of the early Ashikagas (1336–1390) there were two mikados ruling, or attempting to rule, in Japan. The Emperor Go-Daigo had chosen his son Kuniyoshi as his heir, but the latter died in 1326. Kogen, son of the mikado Go-Fushimi (1299–1301), was then made heir. Go-Daigo's third son Moriyoshi, however, as he grew up, showed great talent, and his father regretted that he had consented to the choice of Kogen, and wished his own son to succeed him. He referred the matter to Hōjō at Kamakura, who disapproved of the plan. Those who hated Hōjō called Kogen the "false emperor," refusing to acknowledge him. When Nitta destroyed Kamakura, and Go-Daigo was restored, Kogen retired to obscurity. No one for a moment thought of or acknowledged any one but Go-Daigo as true and only mikado. When, however, Ashikaga by his treachery had alienated the emperor from him, and was without imperial favor, and liable to punishment as a rebel, he found out and set up Kogen as mikado, and proclaimed him sovereign. Civil war then broke out.

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* Taira no Masakado, or, as we should say, Masakado Taira, was a man of great energy and of unscrupulous character. He was at first governor of Shimōsa, but aspired to rule over all the East. He built a palace on the same model as that of the mikado, at Sajima, in Shimotsuké, and appointed officers similar to those at the imperial court. He killed his uncle, who stood in the way of his ambition. To revenge his father's death, Sadamori, cousin to Masakado, headed two thousand men, attacked the false mikado, and shot him to death with an arrow, carrying his head as trophy and evidence to Kiōto, where it was exposed on the pillory. Shortly after his decease, the people of Musashi, living on the site of modern Tōkiō, being greatly afflicted by the troubled and angry spirit of their late ruler, erected a temple on the site within the second castle enceinte near Kanda Bridge, and in that part of the city district of Kanda (God's Field) now occupied by the Imperial Treasury Department. This had the effect of soothing the unquiet ghost, and the land had rest; and later generations, mindful of the power of a spirit that in life ruled all the Kuantō, and in death could afflict or give peace to millions at will, worshiped Masakado under the posthumous name of Kanda Miō Jin (Illustrious Deity of Kanda), his history having been forgotten, or transfigured into the form of a narrative, which to doubt was sin. When Iyéyasŭ, in the latter end of the sixteenth century, made Yedo his capital, he removed the shrine to a more eligible location on the hill in the rear of the Kanda River and the Suido, where, later, the university stood, and erected an edifice of great splendor, surrounded by groves and grounds of surpassing loveliness. This was perhaps only policy, to gain the popular favor by honoring the local gods; but it stirred up some jealousy among the "mikado-reverencers" and students of history who knew the facts. Some accused him of treasonable designs like those of Masakado. In 1868, when the mikado's troops arrived in Yedo, they rushed to the temple of Kanda Miō Jin, and, pulling out the idol or image of the deified Masakado, hacked it to pieces with their swords, wishing the same fate to all traitors. Thus, after nine centuries, the traitor received a traitor's reward, a clear instance of historic justice in the eyes of native patriots.

Into the details of the war between the adherents of the Northern emperor, Ashikaga, with his followers, on the one side, and Go-Daigo, who held the insignia of authority, backed by a brilliant array of names famous among the Japanese, on the other, I do not propose to enter. It is a confused and sickening story of loyalty and treachery, battle, murder, pillage, fire, famine, poverty, and misery, such as make up the picture of civil wars in every country. Occasionally in this period a noble deed or typical character shines forth for the admiration or example of succeeding generations. Among these none have exhibited more nobly man's possible greatness in the hour of death than Nitta Yoshisada and Kusunoki Masashigé.

On one occasion the army of Nitta, who was fighting under the flag of Go-Daigo, the true emperor, was encamped before that of Ashikaga. To save further slaughter, Nitta sallied out alone, and, approaching his enemy's camp, cried out: "The war in the country continues long. Although this has arisen from the rivalry of two emperors, yet its issue depends solely upon you and me. Rather than millions of the people should be involved in distress, let us determine the question by single combat." The retainers of Ashikaga prevailed on their commander not to accept the challenge. In 1338, on the second day of the Seventh month, while marching with about fifty followers to assist in investing a fortress in Echizen, he was suddenly attacked in a narrow path in a rice-field near Fukui by about three thousand of the enemy, and exposed without shields to a shower of arrows. Some one begged Nitta, as he was mounted, to escape. "It is not my desire to survive my companions slain," was his response. Whipping up his horse, he rode forward to engage with his sword, making himself the target for a hundred archers. His horse, struck when at full speed by an arrow, fell. Nitta, on clearing himself and rising, was hit between the eyes with a white-feathered shaft, and mortally wounded. Drawing his sword, he cut off his own head—a feat which the warriors of that time were trained to perform—so that his enemies might not recognize him. He was thirty-eight years old. His brave little band were slain by arrows, or killed themselves with their own hand, that they might die with their master. The enemy could not recognize Nitta, until they found, beneath a pile of corpses of men who had committed *hara-kiri*, a body on which, inclosed in a damask bag, was a letter containing the imperial commission in Go-Daigo's handwriting, "I invest you with all power to subjugate the rebels." Then they knew the corpse to be that of Nitta. His head was carried to Kiōto, then in possession of Ashikaga, and exposed in public on a pillory. The tomb of this brave man stands, carefully watched and tended, near Fukui, in Echizen, hard by the very spot where he fell. I often passed it in my walks, when living in Fukui in 1871, and noticed that fresh blooming flowers were almost daily laid upon it—the tribute of an admiring people. A shrine and monument *in memoriam* were erected in his native place during the year 1875.

The brave Kusunoki, after a lost battle at Minatogawa, near Hiōgo, having suffered continual defeat, his counsels having been set at naught, and his advice rejected, felt that life was no longer honorable, and solemnly resolved to die in unsullied reputation and with a soldier's honor. Sorrowfully bidding his wife and infant children goodbye, he calmly committed *hara-kiri*, an example which his comrades, numbering one hundred and fifty, bravely followed.

Kusunoki Masashigé was one of an honorable family who dwelt in Kawachi, and traced their descent to the great-grandson of the thirty-second mikado, Bidatsu (A.D. 572–585). The family name, Kusunoki ("Camphor"), was given his people from the fact that a grove of camphor-trees adorned the ancestral gardens of the mansion. The twelfth in descent was the Vice-governor of Iyo. The father of Masashigé held land assessed at two thousand *koku*. His mother, desiring a child, prayed to the god Bishamon for one hundred days, and Masashigé was born after a pregnancy of fourteen months. The mother, in devout gratitude, named the boy Tamon (the Sanskrit name of Bishamon), after the god who had heard her prayers. The man-child was very strong, and at seven could throw boys of fifteen at wrestling. He received his education in the Chinese classics from the priests in the temple, and exercised himself in all manly and warlike arts. In his twelfth year he cut off the head of an enemy, and at fifteen studied the Chinese military art, and made it the solemn purpose of his life to overthrow the Kamakura usurpation, and restore the mikado to power. In 1330, he took up arms for Go-Daigo. He was several times besieged by the Hōjō armies, but was finally victorious with Nitta and Ashikaga. When the latter became a rebel, defeated Nitta, and entered Kiōto in force, Kusunoki joined Nitta, and thrice drove out the troops of Ashikaga from the capital. The latter then fled to the West, and Kusunoki advised the imperialist generals to follow them up and annihilate the rebellion. His superiors, with criminal levity, neglecting to do this, the rebels collected together, and again advanced, with increased strength by land and water, against Kiōto, having, it is said, two hundred thousand men. Kusunoki's plan of operations was rejected, and his advice ignored. With Nitta he was compelled to bear the brunt of battle against overwhelming forces at Minato gawa, near Hiōgo, and was there hopelessly defeated. Kusunoki, now feeling that he had done all that was possible to a subordinate, and that life was no longer honorable, retired to a farmer's house at the village of Sakurai, and there, giving him the sword bestowed on himself by the mikado, admonished his son Masatsura to follow the soldier's calling, cherish his father's memory, and avenge his father's death. Sixteen of his relatives, with unquailing courage, likewise followed their master in death.

Of all the characters in Japanese history, that of Kusunoki Masashigé stands pre-eminent for pureness of patriotism, unselfishness of devotion to duty, and calmness of courage. The people speak of him in tones of reverential tenderness, and, with an admiration that lacks fitting words, behold in him the mirror of stainless loyalty. I have more than once asked my Japanese students and friends whom they considered the noblest character in their history. Their unanimous answer was "Kusunoki Masashigé." Every relic of this brave man is treasured up with religious care; and fans inscribed with poems written by him, in fac-simile of his handwriting, are sold in the shops and used by those who burn to imitate his exalted patriotism.* His son Masatsura lived to become a gallant soldier.

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* I make no attempt to conceal my own admiration of a man who acted according to his light, and faced his soldierly ideal of honor, when conscience and all his previous education told him that his hour had come, and that to flinch from the suicidal thrust was dishonor and sin. No enlightened Japanese of today would show himself brave by committing *hara-kiri*, as the most earnest writers,

The war, which at first was waged with the clearly defined object of settling the question of the supremacy of the rival mikados, gradually lost its true character, and finally degenerated into a *mêlée* and free fight on a national scale. Before peace was finally declared, all the original leaders had died, and the prime object had been, in a great measure, forgotten in the lust for land and war. Even the rival emperors lost much of their interest, as they had no concern in brawls by which petty chieftains sought to exalt their own name, and increase their territory by robbing their neighbors. In 1392, an envoy from Ashikaga persuaded Go-Kaméyama to come to Kiōto and hand over the regalia to Go-Komatsu, the Northern emperor. The basis of peace was that Go-Kaméyama should receive the title of Dai Jō Tennō (ex-emperor), Go-Komatsu be declared emperor, and the throne be occupied alternately by the rival branches of the imperial family. The ceremony of abdication and surrender of regalia, on the one hand, and of investiture, on the other, were celebrated with due pomp and solemnity in one of the great temples in the capital, and the war of fifty-six years' duration ceased. All this redounded to the glory and power of the Ashikaga.

The period 1336–1392 is of great interest in the eyes of all native students of Japanese history. In the *Dai Nihon Shi*, the Southern dynasty are defended as the legitimate sovereigns, and the true descendants of Ten Shō Dai Jin, the sun-goddess; and the Northern dynasty are condemned as mere usurpers. The same view was taken by Kitabataké Chikafusa, who was the author of the Japanese Redbook, who warned the emperor Go-Daigo against Ashikaga, and in 1339 wrote a book to prove that Go-Daigo was mikado, and the Ashikaga's nominee a usurper. This is the view now held in modern Japan, and only those historians of the period who award legitimacy to the Southern dynasty are considered authoritative. The Northern branch of the imperial family after a few generations became extinct.*

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thinkers, and even soldiers admit. Fukuzawa, the learned reformer and pedagogue, and a chaste and eloquent writer, in one of his works condemns the act of Kusunoki, not mentioning him by name, however, as lacking the element of true courage, according to the enlightened view. He explains and defends the Christian ideas on the subject of suicide. His book created great excitement and intense indignation in the minds of the samurai at first; but now he carries with him the approbation of the leading minds in Japan, especially of the students.

* The names of the "Northern," or "False," emperors are Kōgen, Kōmiō, Shinko, Go-Kōgon, Go-Enyiu, and Go-Komatsu.

XX.

THE ASHIKAGA PERIOD.

The internal history of Japan during the period of time covered by the actual or nominal rule of the thirteen shōguns of the Ashikaga family, from 1336 until 1573, except that portion after the year 1542, is not very attractive to a foreign reader. It is a confused picture of intestine war.

Ashikaga Takauji, the founder of the line, was a descendant of the Minamoto Yoshikuni, who had settled at Ashikaga, a village in Shimotsuké, in the eleventh century. He died in 1356. His grandson Yoshimitsu, called the Great Ashikaga, was made shōgun when ten years old, and became a famous warrior in the South and West. After the union of the two dynasties, he built a luxurious palace at Kiōto, and was made Dai Jō Dai Jin. He enjoyed his honors for one year. He then retired from the world to become a shaven monk in a Buddhist monastery.

Under the Hōjō, the office of shōgun was filled by appointment of the imperial court; but under the Ashikaga the office became hereditary in this family. As usual, the man with the title was, in nearly every case, but a mere figure-head, wielding little more personal power than that of the painted and gilded simulacrum of the admiral that formerly adorned the prow of our old seventy-four-gun ships. During this period the term Kubō sama, applied to the shōguns, and used so frequently by the Jesuit fathers, came into use. The actual work of government was done by able men of inferior rank. The most noted of these was Hosokawa Yoriyuki, who was a fine scholar as well as a warrior. It was through his ordering that the young shōgun Yoshimitsu was well trained, and had for his companions noble youths who excelled in literary and military skill. This was vastly different from Hōjō Tokimasa's treatment of the sons of Yoritomo. He attempted the reform of manners and administration. He issued five mottoes for the conduct of the military and civil officers. They were: 1. Thou shalt not be partial in amity or enmity. 2. Thou shalt return neither favor nor vengeance. 3. Thou shalt not deceive, either with a right or a wrong [motive]. 4. Thou shalt not hope dishonestly [for a bribe]. 5. Thou shalt not deceive thyself.

The pendulum of power during this period oscillated between Kiōto and Kamakura; a tai (or "great") shōgun ruling at the former, and a shōgun at the latter place. An officer called the *shikken* was the real ruler of the capital and the central provinces; and another called the *kuan-rei* (Governor of the Kuantō), of Kamakura and the East. War was the rule, peace the exception. Feudal fights; border brawls; the seizure of lands; the rise of great clans; the building, the siege, and the destruction of castles, were the staple events. Every monastery was now a stronghold, an arsenal, or a camp. The issue of a combat or a campaign was often decided by the support which the bonzes gave to one or the other party. The most horrible excesses were committed, the ground about Kiōto and Kamakura, both of which were captured and recaptured many times, became like the *chitama* (blood-pits) of the execution-ground. Villages, cities, temples, monasteries, and libraries were burned. The fertile fields lay waste, blackened by fire, or covered from sight, as with a cloth, by dense thickets of tall weeds, which, even in one summer's time, spring with astonishing fecundity from the plethoric soil of Japan. The people driven from their homes by war returned to find a new wilderness, resounding with the din of devouring insects. The people of gentle birth fled to mountain caves. Education was neglected. The common herd grew up in ignorance and misery. Reading and writing, except among the priests and nobles, were unknown arts which the warriors scorned. War was the only lucrative trade, except that of the armorers or sword-makers. Famine followed on the footsteps of war, and with pestilence slew her tens of thousands. Pirates on the seas ravaged not only the coasts of Japan, but those of China and Corea, adding pillage and rapine to the destruction of commerce. The Chinese mothers at Ningpo even now are heard to frighten their children by mentioning the names of the Japanese pirates. On land the peasantry were impressed in military service to build castles or intrenched camps; or, the most daring, becoming robbers, made their nests in the mountains and plundered the traveler, or descended upon the merchant's store-house. Japan was then the paradise of thieves. To all these local terrors were added those gendered in the mind of man by the convulsions of nature. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods, tidal waves, typhoons, and storms seem to have been abnormally frequent during this period. The public morals became frightfully corrupted, religion debased. All kinds of strange and uncouth doctrines came into vogue. Prostitution was never more rampant. It was the Golden Age of crime and anarchy.

The condition of the emperors was deplorable. With no revenues, and dwelling in a capital alternately in the possession of one or the other hostile army; in frequent danger from thieves, fire, or starvation; exposed to the weather or the dangers of war, the narrative of their sufferings excites pity in the mind of even a foreign reader, and from the native draws the tribute of tears. One was so poor that he depended upon the bounty of a noble for his food and clothing; another died in such poverty that his body lay unburied for several days, for lack of money to have him interred. The remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of these poor emperors fired the hearts and nerved the arms of the men who in 1868 fought to sweep away forever the hated system by which such treatment of their sovereign became possible.

So utterly demoralized is the national, political, and social life of this period believed to have been, that the Japanese people make it the limbo of all vanities. Dramatists and romancers use it as the convenient ground whereon to locate every novel or play, the plot of which violates all present probability. The chosen time of the bulk of Japanese dramas and novels written during the last century or two is that of the late Ashikagas. The satirist or writer aiming at contemporary folly, or at blunders and oppression of the Government, yet wishing to avoid punishment and elude the censor, clothes his characters in the garb and manners of this period. It is the potter's field where all the outcasts and Judases of moralists are buried. By common consent, it has become the limbo of playwright and romancer, and the scape-goat of chronology.

The act by which, more than any other, the Ashikagas have earned the curses of posterity was the sending of an embassy to China in 1401, bearing presents acknowledging, in a measure, the authority of China, and accepting in return the title of Nippon Ō, or King of Japan. This, which was done by Ashikaga Yoshimitsu, the third of the line, was an insult to the national dignity for which he has never been forgiven. It was a needless humiliation of Japan to her arrogant neighbor, and done only to exalt the vanity and glory of the usurper Ashikaga, who, not content with adopting the style and equipage of the mikado, wished to be made or called a king, and yet dared not usurp the imperial throne.* The punishment of Ashikaga is the curse of posterity. In 1853, when the treaty with the United States was made, a similar insult to the sovereign and the nation, as well as a contemptible deception of the American envoy and foreigners, was practiced by the shōgun calling himself "Tycoon" (Great King, or Sovereign of Japan). In this latter instance, as we know, came not the distant anathema of future generations, but the swift vengeance of war, the permanent humiliation, the exile to obscurity, of the Tokugawa family, and the abolition of the shōgunate and the dual system forever.

It was during the first of the last three decades of the Ashikaga period that Japan became known to the nations of Europe; while fire-arms, gunpowder, and a new and mighty faith were made known to the Japanese nation.

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* The Ashikaga line of shōguns comprised the following:

1.	Takauji	1335–1357
2.	Yoshinori	1358–1367
3.	Yoshmitsu	1368–1393
4.	Yoshimochi	1394–1422
5.	Yoshikadzu	1423–1425
6.	Yoshinori	1428–1440
7.	Yoshikatsu	1441–1448
8.	Yoshimasa	1449–1471
9.	Yoshihisa	1472–1489
10.	Yoshitané	1490–1493
11.	Yoshizumi	1494–1507
12.	Yoshitané (same as the 10th)	1508–1520
13.	Yoshiharu	1521–1545
14.	Yoshiteru	1546–1567
15.	Yoshiaki	1568–1573

The term Kubo sama, so often used by the Jesuit and Dutch writers, was not an official title of the shōgun, but was applied to him by the common people. When at first anciently used, it referred to the mikado, or, rather, the mikado who had abdicated, or preceded the ruling sovereign; but later, when the people saw in the Kamakura court and its master so close an imitation of the imperial style and capital, they began gradually to speak of the shōgun as the Kubo, with, however, only the general meaning of "the governing power," or the nobleman who enjoyed the right of riding to the court in a car, and entering the imperial palace. The term was in use until 1868, but was never inherent in any office, being rather the exponent of certain forms of etiquette, privilege, and display, than of official duties. The Jesuit fathers nearly always speak of the mikado as the Dairi (see page 39), and at first erroneously termed the daimiōs "kings." Later on, they seemed to have gained a clear understanding of the various titles and official relations. In some works the Kuambaku (with *dono*, lord, attached) is spoken of as "emperor." Nobunaga, who became Nai Dai Jin, is also called "emperor." During the supremacy of the military rulers at Kamakura and Yedo, the offices and titles, though purely civil, once exclusively given to nobles at the mikado's court, were held by the officials of the shōgunate.

In later chapters, the writer of this work has fallen into the careless and erroneous practice of calling daimiōs "princes." The term "prince" should be employed only in speaking of the sons of the mikado, or members of the imperial family. "Collectively, the daimiōs were lords or barons, and all ranks of the peerage were represented among them, from the kokushi, or dukes, down to the hatamoto, or knights."

XXI.

LIFE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

History, as usually written, gives the impression that the normal condition of mankind is that of war. Japanese students who take up the history of England to read, lay it down convinced that the English people are a blood-loving race that are perpetually fighting. They contrast their own peaceful country with the countries of Europe, to the detriment of the latter. They turn most gladly from the monotonous story of battle, murder, and sieges, to Buckle, Guizot, or Lecky, that they may learn of the victories no less renowned than those of war which mark as mile-stones the progress of the race. I greatly fear that from lack of literary skill my readers will say that my story of Japan thus far is a story of bloody war; but such, indeed, it is as told in their own histories. Permanent, universal peace was unknown in Japan until, by the genius of Iyéyasŭ in the sixteenth century, two centuries and a half of this blessing were secured. Nevertheless, in the eight centuries included between the eighth and the sixteenth of our era were many, and often lengthened, intervals of peace. In many sequestered places the sandal of the warrior and the hoof of the war-horse never printed the soil. Peace in the palace, in the city, in the village, allowed the development of manners, arts, manufactures, and agriculture. In this period were developed the characteristic growths of the Japanese intellect, imagination, social economy, and manual skill that have made the hermit nation unique in the earth and Japanese art productions the wonder of the world.

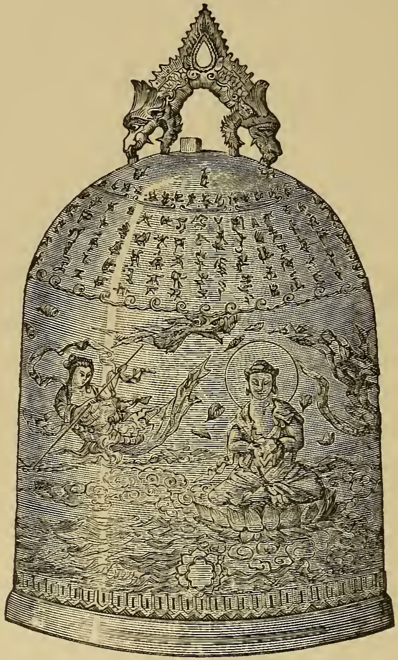
In this chapter, I shall simply glance at some of the salient features of life in Japan during the Middle Ages.

The introduction of continental or Chinese civilization into Japan was not a simple act of adoption. It was rather a work of selection and assimilation. As in this nineteenth century, the Japanese is no blind copyist, he improves on what he borrows. Although the traveler from China entering Japan can see in a moment whence the Japanese have borrowed their civilization, and though he may believe the

Japanese to be an inferior type to that of the Chinese, he will acknowledge that the Japanese have improved upon their borrowed elements fully as much as the French have improved upon those of Roman civilization. Many reflecting foreigners in Japan have asked the question why the Japanese are so unlike the Chinese, and why their art, literature, laws, customs, dress, workmanship, all bear a stamp peculiar to themselves, though they received so much from them? The reason is to be found in the strength and persistence of the primal Japanese type of character, as influenced by nature, enabling it to resist serious alteration and radical change. The greatest conquests made by any of the imparted elements of continental civilization was that of Buddhism, which became within ten centuries the universally popular religion. Yet even its conquests were but partial. Its triumph was secured only by its adulteration. Japanese Buddhism is a distinct product among the many forms of that Asiatic religion. Buddhism secured life and growth on Japanese soil only by being Japanized, by being grafted on the original stock of ideas in the Japanese mind. Thus, in order to popularize the Indian religion, the ancient native heroes and the local gods were all included within the Buddhist pantheon, and declared to be the incarnations of Buddha in his various forms. A class of deities exist in Japan who are worshipped by the Buddhists under the general name of *gongen.* They are all deified Japanese heroes, warriors, or famous men. Furthermore, many of the old rites and ceremonies of Shintō were altered and made use of by the bonzes. It may be doubted whether Buddhism could have ever been popular in Japan, had it not become thoroughly Japanized. Some of the first-fruits of the success of the new religion was the erection of temples, pagodas, idols, wayside shrines, monasteries, and nunneries; the adoption of the practice of cremation, until then unknown; and the cessation of the slaughter of animals for food. The largest and richest of the ecclesiastical structures were in or near Kiōto. The priests acted as teachers, advisers, counselors, and scribes, besides officiating at the altars, shriving the sick, and attending the sepulture of the dead.

Among the orders and sects which grew and multiplied were many similar to those in papal Europe—mendicants, sellers of indulgences, builders of shrines and images, and openers of mountain paths. The monasteries became asylums for the distressed, afflicted, and persecuted. In them the defeated soldier, the penniless and the dissatisfied, the refugee from the vendetta, could find inviolate shelter. To them the warrior after war, the prince and the minister leaving the palace, the honors and pomp of the world, could retire to spend the remnant of their days in prayer, worship, and the offices of piety. Often the murderer, struck with remorse, or the soldier before his bloody victim, would resolve to turn monk. Not rarely did men crossed in love, or the offspring of the concubine displaced by the birth of the legitimate son, or the grief-stricken father, devote himself to the priestly life. In general, however, the ranks of the bonzes were recruited from orphans or piously inclined youth, or from overstocked families. To the nunneries, the fertile soil of bereavement, remorse, unrequited love, widowhood furnished the greater number of sincere and devout nuns. In many cases, the deliberate choice of wealthy ladies, or the necessity of escaping an uncongenial marriage planned by relatives, undesirable attentions, or the lusts of rude men in unsettled times, gave many an inmate to the convents.

In general, however, natural indolence, a desire to avoid the round of drudgery at the well, the hoe, or in the kitchen, or as nurse, sent the majority of applicants to knock at the convent doors. Occasionally a noble lady was won to recluse life from the very apartments of the emperor, or his ministers, by the eloquence of a bonze who was more zealous than loyal. In a few of the convents, only ladies of wealth could enter. The monk and nun, in Japanese as in European history, romance, and drama, and art, are staple characters. The rules of these monastic institutions forbade the eating of fish or flesh, the drinking of saké, the wearing of the hair or of fine clothes, indulgence in certain sensuous pleasures, or the reading of certain books. Fastings, vigils, reflection, continual prayer by book, bell, candle, and beads, were enjoined. Pious pilgrimages were undertaken. The erection of a shrine, image, belfry, or lantern by begging contributions was a frequent and meritorious enterprise. There stand today thousands of these monuments of the piety, zeal, and industry of the mediæval monks and nuns. Those at Nara and Kamakura are the most famous. The Kamakura Dai Butsŭ (Great Buddha) has been frequently described before. It is a mass of copper 44 feet high, and a work of high art. The image at Nara was first erected in the eighth century, destroyed during the civil wars, and recast about seven hundred years ago. Its total height is 53½ feet; its face is 16 feet long, and 9½ feet wide. The width of its shoulders is 28$\frac{7}{10}$ feet. Nine hundred and sixty-six curls adorn its head, around which is a halo 78 feet in diameter, on which are sixteen images, each 8 feet long. The casting of the idol is said to have been tried seven times before it was successfully accomplished, and 3000 tons of charcoal were used in the operation. The metal, said to weigh 450 tons, is a bronze composed of gold (500 pounds), mercury (1954 pounds), tin (16,827 pounds), and copper (986,080 pounds). Many millions of tons of copper were mined and melted to make these idols. Equally renowned were the great temple-bells of Kiōto, and of Miidera, and various other monasteries. Some of these were ten feet high, and adorned with sacred texts from the Buddhist Scriptures, and images of heavenly beings, or Buddha on the sacred lotus in Nirvana, in high relief. As usual, the nimbus, or halo, surrounds his head. Two dragon-heads formed the summit, and ear, by which it was hung to its beam by an iron link. The bell was struck on a raised round spot, by a hammer of wood—a small tree-trunk swung loosely on two ropes. After impact, the bellman held the beam on its rebound, until the quivering monotone began to die away. Few sounds are more solemnly sweet than



Temple-bell from Kiōto, with Dragon-bow, Inscriptions, Representation of *Ten-nin* (angel), and of Buddha in Nirvana on the Lotus.

the mellow music of a Japanese temple-bell. On a still night, a circumference of twenty miles was flooded by the melody of the great bell of Zōzōji. The people learned to love their temple-bell as a dear friend, as its note changed with the years and moods of life.

The casting of a bell was ever the occasion of rejoicing and public festival. When the chief priest of the city announced that one was to be made, the people brought contributions in money, or offerings of bronze gold, pure tin, or copper vessels. Ladies gave with their own hands the mirrors which had been the envy of lovers, young girls laid their silver hair-pins and *bijouterie* on the heap. When metal enough and in due proportion had been amassed, crucibles were made, earth-furnaces dug, the molds fashioned, and huge bellows, worked by standing men at each end, like a seesaw, were mounted; and, after due prayers and consultation, the auspicious day was appointed. The place selected was usually on a hill or commanding place. The people, in their gayest dress, assembled in picnic parties, and with song and dance and feast waited while the workmen, in festal uniform, toiled, and the priests, in canonical robes, watched. The fires were lighted, the bellows oscillated, the blast roared, and the crucibles were brought to the proper heat and the contents to fiery fluidity, the joy of the crowd increasing as each stage in the process was announced. When the molten flood was finally poured into the mold, the excitement of the spectators reached a height of uncontrollable enthusiasm. Another pecuniary harvest was reaped by the priests before the crowds dispersed, by the sale of stamped kerchiefs or paper containing a holy text, or certifying to the presence of the purchaser at the ceremony, and the blessing of the gods upon him therefor. Such a token became an heir-loom; and the child who ever afterward heard the solemn boom of the bell at matin or evening was constrained, by filial as well as holy motives, to obey and reverence its admonitory call. The belfry was usually a separate building apart from the temple, with elaborate cornices and roof. (See page 172.)

In addition to the offices of religion, many of the priests were useful men, and real civilizers. They were not all lazy monks or idle bonzes. By the Buddhist priests many streams were spanned with bridges, paths and roads made, shade or fruit trees planted, ponds and ditches for purposes of irrigation dug, aqueducts built, unwholesome localities drained, and mountain passes discovered or explored. Many were the school-masters, and, as learned men, were consulted on subjects beyond the ken of their parishioners. Some of them, having a knowledge of medicine, acted as physicians. The sciences and arts in Japan all owe much to the bonzes who from Corea personally introduced many useful appliances or articles of food. Several edible vegetables are still named after the priests, who first taught their use. The exact sciences, astronomy and mathematics, as well as the humanities, owe much of their cultivation and development to clerical scholars. In the monasteries, the brethren exercised their varied gifts in preaching, study, calligraphy, carving, sculpture, or on objects of ecclesiastical art.

The monuments by which the memory of many a saintly bonze is still kept green exist to-day as treasures on the altars, or in the temple or its shady precincts, in winged words or material substance. A copy of the Buddhist Scriptures, a sacred classic, in roll or bound volume, might occupy a holy penman before his brush and ink-stone for years. The manuscript texts which I have often seen in the hall of worship on silky paper bound in damask, in Japanese monasteries, could not be improved in elegance and accuracy by the printer's art. The transcription of a sutra on silk, made to adorn the wall of a shrine, in many cases performed its mission for centuries.

Another monk excelled in improvisation of sacred stanzas, another painted the pictures and scrolls by which the multitude were taught by the priest, with his pointer in hand, the mysteries of theology, the symbols of worship, the terrors of the graded hells and purgatories, and the felicities of Nirvana. Another of the fraternity, with cunning hand, compelled the wonder of his brethren by his skill in carving. He could, from a log which to-day had its bark on, bring forth in time the serene countenance of Buddha, the ravishing beauty of Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy, the scowling terrors of the God of War, the frightful visage of Fudo, or the hideous face of the Lord of Hell. Another was famous for molding the clay for the carver, the sculptor, or the bronze-smith. Many articles of altar furniture, even to the incense-sticks and flowers, were often made entirely by clerical hands.

During the Middle Ages, the arts of pottery, lacquering, gilding, bronze-casting, engraving and chasing, chisel and punch work, sword-making, goldsmith's work, were brought to a perfection never since excelled, if indeed it has been equaled. In enameled and inlaid metal work the hand of the Japanese artisan has undoubtedly lost its cunning. Native archæologists assert that a good catalogue of "lost arts" may be made out, notably those of the composition and application of violet lacquer, and the ancient *cloisonné* enamel. The delicacy of tact, freedom of movement, and perfection of finish visible on Japanese work, are the result of long hereditary application and concentrated skill. Hidden away in sequestered villages, or occupying the same workshop in cities for centuries, generations of craftsmen wrought upon one class of objects, until from the workman's hand is born the offspring of a long pedigree of thought and dexterity. Japanese antiquarians fix the date of the discovery of lacquer-ware variously at A.D. 724 and 900. Echizen, from the first, has been noted for the abundance and luxuriant yield of lacquer-trees, and the skill of her workmen in extracting the milk-white virgin sap, which the action of the air turns to black, and which by pigments is changed to various colors. In the thirteenth century the art of gold-lacquering attained the zenith of perfection. Various schools of lacquer art were founded, one excelling in landscape, another in marine scenery, or the delineation, in gold and silver powder and varnish, of birds, insects, and flowers. The masters who flourished during the Hōjō period still rule the pencil of the modern artist.

Chasing Floral Designs from Nature on Copper.

Kiōto, as the civil and military as well as ecclesiastical capital of the empire, was the centre and standard of manners, language, and etiquette, of art, literature, religion, and government. No people are more courtly and polished in their manners than the Japanese, and my visit to Kiōto in 1873 impressed me with the fact that the citizens of this proud *miako* surpass all others in Japan in refined manners, and the graces of address and etiquette. The direct influences of court life have made themselves perceptibly felt on the inhabitants of the city.

From this centre radiated the multifarious influences which have molded the character of the nation. The country priest came as pilgrim to the capital as to the Holy City, to strengthen his faith and cheer his soul amidst its inspirations, to see the primate and magnates of his sect, to pray at the famous shrines, to study in the largest monasteries, under the greatest lights and holiest teachers. Returning to his parish, new sanctity was shed from his rustling robes. His brethren welcomed him with awe, and the people thronged to see and venerate the holy man who had drunk at the very fountains of the faith. The temple coffers grew heavy with the weight of offerings because of him. The sons of the noblemen in distant provinces were sent to Kiōto to be educated, to learn reading and writing from the priests, the perfection of the art of war in the army, the etiquette of palace life as pages to, or as guests of, the court nobles. The artisan or rich merchant from Ōshiu or Kadzŭsa, who had made the journey to Kiōto, astonished his wondering listeners at home with tales of the splendor of the processions of the mikado, the wealth of the temples, the number of the pagodas, the richness of the silk robes of the court nobles, and the wonders which the Kiōto potters and vase-makers, sword-forgers, goldsmiths, lacquerers, crystal-cutters, and bronze-molders, daily exposed in their shops in profusion.

In Kiōto also dwelt the poets, novelists, historians, grammarians, writers, and the purists, whose dicta were laws. By them were written the great bulk of the classic literature, embracing poetry, drama, fiction, history, philosophy, etiquette, and the numerous diaries and works on travel in China, Corea, and the remote provinces of the country, and the books called "mirrors" (*kagami*) of the times, now so interesting to the antiquarian student. Occasionally nobles or court ladies would leave the luxury of the city, and take up their abode in a castle, tower, pagoda, or temple room, or on some mountain overlooking Lake Biwa, the sea, or the Yodo River, or the plains of Yamato; and amidst its inspiring scenery, with tiny table, ink-stone and brush, pen some prose epic or romance, that has since become an immortal classic. Almost every mansion of the nobles had its "looking-room," or "Chamber of Inspiring View," whence to gaze upon the landscape or marine scenery. Rooms set apart for this æsthetic pleasure still form a feature of the house of nearly every modern native of means. On many a coigne of vantage may be seen also the summer-houses or rustic booths, where gather pleasure parties on picnics.

Picnic Booth, overlooking Lake Biwa.

In the civil administration of the empire, the chief work was to dispense justice, punish offenders, collect taxes, and settle disputes. After the rude surveys of those days, the boundaries of provinces and departments were marked by inscribed posts of wood or stone. Before the days of writing, the same end was secured by charcoal buried in the earth at certain points, the durability of which insured the mark against decay. The peasants, after the rice-harvest was over, brought their tribute, or taxes, with joyful ceremony, to the government granaries in straw bags, packed on horses gayly decorated with scarlet housings, and jingling with clusters of small bells. A relic of this custom is seen in the bunches of bells suspended by red cotton stuff from the rear of the pack-saddle, which dangle musically from the ungainly haunches of the native sumpters.

From earliest times there existed *séki* (guard gates or barriers) between the various provinces at mountain passes or strategic points. As feudalism developed, they grew more numerous. A fence of palisades, stretched across the road, guarded the path through which, according to time, or orders of the keepers, none could pass with arms, or without the pass-word or passport. Anciently they were erected at the Hakoné and other mountain passes, to keep up the distinction between the Ainōs and the pure Japanese. The possession of these barriers was ever an important object of rival military commanders, and the shifts, devices, and extraordinary artifices resorted to by refugees, disguised worthies, and forbidden characters, furnish the historian, the novelist, and dramatist with some of their most thrilling episodes.

It is related of Yoshitsuné, after he had incurred the wrath of Yoritomo, that, with Benkei, his servant, he arrived at a guard gate kept by some Genji soldiers, who would have been sure to arrest him had they discovered his august personality. Disguised as wandering priests of the Buddhist sect Yama-bushi, they approached the gate, and were challenged by the sentinel, who, like most of his class at that time, was ignorant of writing. Benkei, with great dignity, drawing from his bosom a roll of blank paper, began, after touching it reverently to his forehead, to extemporize and read aloud in choicest and most pious language a commission from the high-priest at the temple of Hokoji, in Kiōto, in which stood the great image of Buddha, authorizing him to collect money to cast a colossal bell for the temple. At the first mention of the name of his reverence the renowned priest, so talismanic in all the empire, the soldier dropped down on his knees with face to the ground, and listened with reverent awe, unaware that the paper was as blank as the reader's tongue was glib. To further lull suspicion, Benkei apologized for the rude conduct of his servant-boy, who stood during the reading, because he was only a boor just out of the rice-fields; and, giving him a kick, bid him get down on his marrow-bones, and not stand up in the presence of a gentleman and a soldier. The ruse was complete. The illustrious youth and his servant passed on.

Medical science made considerable progress in the course of centuries. The *materia medica*, system, practice, and literature of the healing art were borrowed from China; but upon these, as upon most other matters, the Japanese improved. Acupuncture, or the introduction of needles into living tissues for remedial purposes, was much improved by the Japanese. The puncturing needles, as fine as a hair, were made of gold, silver, or tempered steel, by experts. The bones, large nerves, or blood-vessels were carefully avoided in the process, which enjoyed great repute in cases of a peculiar violent colic, to which the natives are subject, and which sometimes becomes endemic. On the theory that this malady was caused by wind, holes were made in the stomach or abdomen, to the mystic number of nine—corresponding to the nine apertures of the body. Moxa (Japanese, *mokusa; mo*, fire, from *moyeru*, to burn, and *kusa*, herb, grass), or the burning of a small cone of cottony fibres of the artemisia, on the back or feet, was practiced as early as the eleventh century, reference being made to it in a poem written at that time. A number of ancient stanzas and puns relating to Mount Ibuki, on the sides of which the mugwort grows luxuriantly, are still extant. To this day it is an exception to find the backs of the common people unscarred with the spots left by the moxa. The use of mercury in corrosive sublimate was very anciently known. The dō-sha powder, however, which was said to cure various diseases, and to relax the rigid limbs of a corpse, was manufactured and sold only by the bonzes (Japanese, *bōzu*) of the Shin Gon sect. It is, and always was, a pious fraud, being nothing but unefficacious quartz sand, mixed with grains of mica and pyrites.*

Of the mediæval sports and pastimes within and without of doors, the former were preferred by the weak and effeminate, the latter by the hale and strong. Banquets and carousals in the palace were frequent. The brewing of saké from rice was begun, according to record, in the third century, and the office of chief butler even earlier. The native sauce, *shō-yu*, made of fermented wheat and beans, with salt and vinegar, which the cunning purveyors of Europe use as the basis of their high-priced piquant sauces, was made and used as early as the twelfth century. The name of this saline oil (*shō*, salt; *yu*, oil) appears as "soy" in our dictionaries, it being one of the three words (soy, bonze, moxa) which we have borrowed from the Japanese. At the feasts, besides the wine and delicacies to please the palate, music, song, and dance made the feast of reason and the flow of soul, while witty and beautiful women lent grace and added pleasure to the festivities.

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* See in Titsingh a long account of the wonderful virtues and effects claimed for the dō-sha ("dosia") powder, and in various other old writers on Japan, who have gravely described this humbug. I once tested this substance thoroughly by swallowing a tea-spoonful, without experiencing any effects. It might cause, but not cure, a headache. I also used up a packageful of the holy sand, purchased at an orthodox Shin Gon temple, upon a stiffened corpse that had but a short time previous become such, but no unlimbering of the rigid body took place. I also fused a quantity of the certified "drug" with some carbonate of soda, dissolved the resultant mass in distilled water, and upon adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid, a precipitate of gelatinous silica was the result. I also subjected the dō-sha to careful microscopic examination, finding it only quartz sand, with flakes of other minerals. That the "corpse" in my experiment was that of an old dog does not affect the validity of the test. It may be remembered also that gelatinous silica is the substance sometimes used to adulterate butter. The main objection to such butter is that one can buy sand in a cheaper form; and the same may be said of that nostrum in the ecclesiastical quackery and *materia theologica* of Japan called *dō-sha*.

In long trailing robes of white, crimson, or highly figured silk, with hair flowing in luxuriance over the shoulders, and bound gracefully in one long tress which fell below the waist behind, maids and ladies of the palace rained glances and influence upon the favored ones. They fired the heart of admirers* by the bewitching beauty of a well-formed hand, foot, neck, face, or form decked with whatever added charms cosmetics could bestow upon them. Japanese ladies have ever been noted for neatness, good taste, and, on proper occasions, splendor and luxuriance of dress. With fan, and waving long sleeve, the language of secret but outwardly decorous passion found ample expression. Kisses, the pressure of the hand, and other symbols of love as expressed in other lands, were then, as now, unknown. In humble life also, in all their social pleasures the two sexes met together to participate in the same delights, with far greater freedom than is known in Asiatic countries. As, however, wives or concubines had not always the attractions of youth, beauty, wit, maidenly freshness, or skill at the *koto*, the *geisha*, or singing-girl, then as now, served the saké, danced, sung, and played, and was rewarded by the gold or gifts of the host, or perhaps became his Hagar. The statement that the empress was attended only by "vestals who had never beheld a man" is disproved by a short study of the volumes of poetry, amorous and otherwise, written by them, and still quoted as classic. As to the standard of virtue in those days, I believe it was certainly not below that of the later Roman empire, and I am inclined to believe it was far above it.

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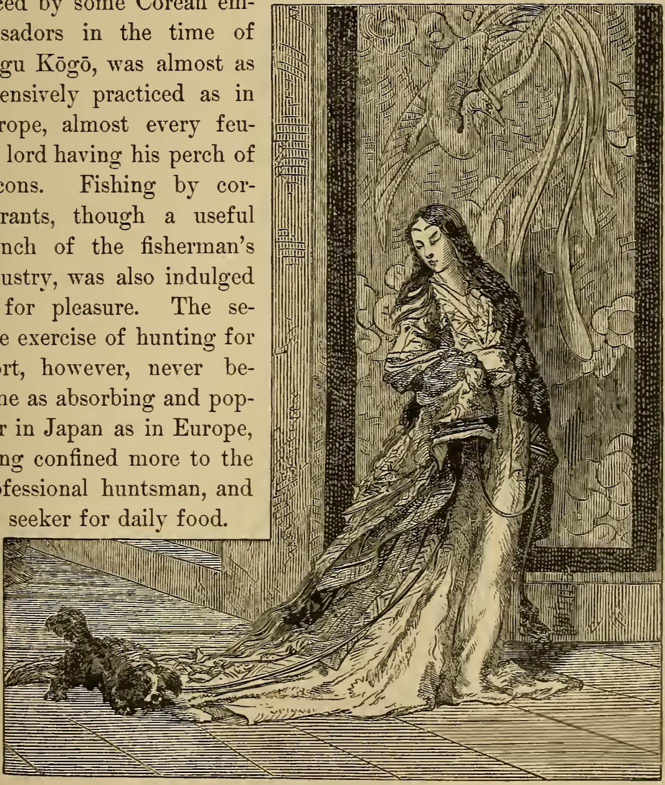
* The following is the native ideal of a Japanese woman, given by a young Japanese gentleman at the International Congress of Orientalists held at Paris in 1873: "I will commence, gentlemen, with the head, which is neither too large nor too small. Figure to yourself large black eyes, surmounted by eyebrows of a strict arch, bordered by black lashes; a face oval, white, very slightly rose-colored on the cheeks, a straight high nose; a small, regular, fresh mouth, whose thin lips disclose, from time to time, white teeth ranged regularly; a narrow forehead, bordered by long, black hair, arched with perfect regularity. Join this head by a round neck to a body large, but not fat, with slender loins, hands and feet small, but not thin; a breast whose swell (*saillie*) is not exaggerated. Add to these the following attributes: a gentle manner, a voice like the nightingale, which makes one divine its artlessness; a look at once lively, sweet, gracious, and always charming; witty words pronounced distinctly, accompanied by charming smiles; an air sometimes calm, gay, sometimes thoughtful, and always majestic; manners noble, simple, a little proud, but without ever incurring the accusation of presumption."

In the court at Kiōto, besides games of skill or chance in the house, were foot-ball, cock-fighting, falconry, horsemanship, and archery. The robust games of the military classes were hunting the boar, deer, bear, and smaller game. Hunting by falcons, which had been introduced by some Corean embassadors in the time of Jingu Kōgō, was almost as extensively practiced as in Europe, almost every feudal lord having his perch of falcons. Fishing by cormorants, though a useful branch of the fisherman's industry, was also indulged in for pleasure. The severe exercise of hunting for sport, however, never became as absorbing and popular in Japan as in Europe, being confined more to the professional huntsman, and the seeker for daily food.



Court Lady in Kiōto.

The court ladies shaved off their eyebrows, and painted two sable bars or spots on the forehead resembling false eyebrows. In addition to the gentle tasks of needle-work and embroidery, they passed the time in games of chess, checkers, painted shells, and a diversion peculiar to the palace, in which the skill of the player depended on her sensitiveness in appreciating perfumes, the necessary articles being vials of fragrant extracts. Their pets were the peculiar little dogs called *chin.* They stained their teeth black, like the women of the lower classes; an example which the nobles of the sterner sex followed, as they grew more and more effeminate. One of the staple diversions of both sexes at the court was to write poetry, and recite it to each other. The emperor frequently honored a lady or noble by giving the chosen one a subject upon which to compose a poem. A happy thought, skillfully wrought stanza, a felicitous grace of pantomime, often made the poetess a maid of honor, a concubine, or even an empress, and the poet a minister or councilor.

Another favorite means of amusement was to write and read or tell stories—the Scheherezade of these being a beautiful lady, who often composed her own stories. The following instance is abbreviated from the *Onna Dai Gaku* ("Woman's Great Study"): Isé no Taiyu was a daughter of Sukéichika, the mikado's minister of festivals, and a highly accomplished lady. None among the ladies of the court could equal her. One day a branch of luxuriant cherry-blossoms was brought from Nara. The emperor gave it to her, and asked her to extemporize a verse. She did so, and the courtiers were all astonished at the beauty and delicate sentiment of the verse.

Here is another: Murasaki Shikibu was the daughter of the lord of Echizen. One day a lady of Kamo asked if there was any new entertaining literature or novels, as the empress-dowager wished to read something new. The lady invited Murasaki to write some stories. She, knowing that the great Chinese scholar Shomei completed his collection of the essays of ancient writers by building a high house and secluding himself in it, had a high tower erected at Ishiyama overlooking Lake Biwa, and affording a glorious view of the mountains, especially in the moonlight. There she retired, and one night when the full moon shone upon the waters she was so inspired that she wrote in one night two chapters of the *Genji Monogatari,** a book containing fifty-four chapters in all, which she finished in a few weeks. She presented it to the empress-dowager, who gave it to the mikado. To this day it is a classic.

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* The various forms of inarticulate language, by pantomime, flowers, art, and symbolism, in Japan differ in many respects from those expressed by us. Among the gestures partly or wholly unknown to them are nictation, kissing, shaking

Sei Shonagon was the daughter of Kiyowara no Motosŭké. She was one of the imperial concubines. She was well read in Japanese and Chinese literature, and composed poetry almost from infancy, having a wonderful facility of improvisation. One day, after a fall of snow, she looked out from the southern door of the palace. The emperor, having passed round the wine-cup to his lords and ladies at the usual morning assembly of the courtiers and maids of honor, said, "How is

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hands, shrugging the shoulders, and the contemptuous gyratory motion of the thumb set against the nose, with the fingers upright. Flirtation is practiced not by the use of the fan or the handkerchief (which is of paper), but with a wave of the right hand, with palms downward, or by the fair charmer waving her long sleeve. Instead of winking, they convey the same meaning by twitching the left corner of the mouth, or rolling the eyeballs to the right or left. The girls simper by letting their eyelids fall, and the language of woman's eyes is in other respects the same as with us, as Japanese poetry shows. Jealousy is indicated by the erecting the two forefingers on the forehead, in allusion to the monster which in Japan has horns and black hide, but not green eyes. A jilt who wishes to give her lover "the mitten" sends him a branch of maple, the color (*iro*) of whose leaves has changed, like her love (*iro*).

Turning up the nose and curling the lip in scorn are achieved with masterly skill. In agony, the hands are not clasped, but put upright, palm to palm, at length. People shake their heads to mean "no," and nod them to mean "yes."

Among the peculiarities in their code of etiquette, eructation is permissible in company at all times, and after a hearty meal is rather a compliment to the host. On the other hand, to attend to the requirements of nasal etiquette, except with face apart from the company, is very bad manners. Toothpicks must not be used, but in a semi-secret way, and with the left hand covering the mouth. At banquets, the fragrant bark on these is carved ornamentally, and under a shaving loosened from the white wood is written in tiny script a pun, witticism, bon-mot, or sentimental proposal, like that on the "secret papers" on bonbons at our refreshments. At feasts or daily meals, all such matters as carving, slicing, etc., are looked upon as out of place, and properly belonging to servant's work and in the kitchen. In clothing, the idea that garments ought to be loose and flowing, so as to conceal the shape of the body and its parts, and give no striking indication of sex, as among us, was never so general as in China. In hair-dressing, besides marking age and sex, the female coiffure had a language of its own. Generally a keen observer could distinguish a maiden, a married wife, a widow who was willing to marry the second time, and the widow who intended never to wed again. As marks of beauty, besides the ideals spoken of on page 30, large ears were thought desirable, especially those with long lobes. Fat people were much admired, and a rotund physique considered a good gift of nature. Many of the striking details of military and social etiquette, such as falling on hands and knees, with forehead on the floor or on the prone hand, and the simultaneous noisy sucking-in of the breath, which sounds and seems so ridiculous to the foreigner, are very ancient.

the snow of Kuroho?" No one else understood the meaning, but Sei Shonagon instantly stepped forward and drew up the curtains, revealing the mountains decked in fresh-fallen snow. The emperor was delighted, and bestowed upon her a prize. Sei Shonagon had understood his allusion to the line in an ancient poem which ran thus:

> "The snow of Kuroho is seen by raising the curtains."

Once when a certain kugé was traveling in a province, he came, on a moonlight night, to a poor village in which the cottages had fallen into picturesque decay, the roofs of which gleamed like silver. The sight of the glorified huts inspired the noble with such a fine frenzy that he sat up all night gazing rapturously on the scene, anon composing stanzas. He was so delighted that he planned to remain in the place several days. The next morning, however, the villagers, hearing of the presence of so illustrious a guest among them, began busily to repair the ruin, and to rethatch the roofs. The kugé, seeing all his poetic visions dispelled by this vandal industry, ordered his bullock-car, and was off, disgusted.

During the first centuries of writing in Japan, the spoken and the written language were identical. With the study of the Chinese literature, and the composition of works by the native literati almost exclusively in that language, grew up differences between the colloquial and literary idiom and terminology. The infusion of a large number of Chinese words into the common speech steadily increased; while the learned affected a pedantic style of conversation, so interlarded with Chinese words, names, and expressions, that to the vulgar their discourse was almost unintelligible. Buddhism also made Chinese the vehicle of its teachings, and the people everywhere became familiar, not only with its technical terms, but with its stock phrases and forms of thought. To this day the Buddhist, or sham-religious, way of talking is almost a complete tongue in itself, and a good dictionary always gives the Buddhistic meaning of a word separately. In reading or hearing Japanese, the English-speaking resident continually stumbles on his own religious cant and orthodox expressions, which he believes to be peculiar to his own atmosphere, that have a meaning entirely different from the natural sense: "this vale of tears," "this evil world," "gone to his reward," "dust and ashes," "worm of the dust," and many phrases which so many think are exclusively Christian or evangelical, are echoed in Japanese. So much is this true, that the missionaries, in translating religious books, are at first delighted to find exact equivalents for many expressions desirable in technical theology, or for what may fairly be termed pious slang, but will not use them, for fear of misleading the reader, or rather of failing to lead him out of his old notions into the new faith which it is desired to teach. So general have the use and affectation of Chinese become, that in many instances the pedantic Chinese name or word has been retained in the mouths of the people, while the more beautiful native term is almost lost. In general, however, only the men were devoted to Chinese, while the cultivation of the Japanese language was left to the women. This task the women nobly discharged, fully maintaining the credit of the native literature. Mr. W. G. Aston says, "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters, to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature was the work of women." The *Genji Monogatari* is the acknowledged standard of the language for the period to which it belongs, and the parent of the Japanese novel. This, with the classics *Isé Monogatari* and *Makura Zoshi*, and much of the poetry of the time, are the works of women.

It is to be noted that the borrowed Chinese words were taken entirely from the written, not the colloquial, language of China, the latter having never been spoken by the Japanese, except by a few interpreters at Nagasaki. The Japanese literary style is more concise, and retains archaic forms. The colloquial abounds in interjectional and onomatopoetic words and particles, uses a more simple inflection of the verb, and makes profuse use of honorific and polite terms. Though these particles defy translation, they add grace and force to the language. As in the English speech, the child of the wedded Saxon and Norman, the words which express the wants, feelings, and concerns of every-day life—all that is deepest in the human heart—are for the most part native; the technical, scientific, and abstract terms are foreign. Hence, if we would find the fountains of the musical and beautiful language of Japan, we must seek them in the hearts, and hear them flow from the lips, of the mothers of the Island Empire. Among the anomalies with which Japan has surprised or delighted the world may be claimed that of woman's achievements in the domain of letters. It was woman's genius, not man's, that made the Japanese a literary language. Moses established the Hebrew, Alfred the Saxon, and Luther the German tongue in permanent form; but in Japan, the mobile forms of speech crystallized into perennial beauty under the touch of woman's hand.

XXII.

THE GROWTH AND CUSTOMS OF FEUDALISM.

JAPAN, of all the Asiatic nations, seems to have brought the feudal system to the highest state of perfection. Originating and developing at the same time as in Europe, it became the constitution of the nation and the condition of society in the seventeenth century. When in Europe the nations were engaged in throwing off the feudal yoke and inaugurating modern government, Japan was riveting the fetters of feudalism, which stood intact until 1871. From the beginning of the thirteenth century, it had come to pass that there were virtually two rulers in Japan, and as foreigners, misled by the Hollanders at Déshima, supposed, two emperors.

The growth of feudalism in Japan took shape and form from the early division of the officials into civil and military. As we have seen, the Fujiwara controlled all the civil offices, and at first, in time of emergency, put on armor, led their troops to battle, and braved the dangers of war and the discomforts of the camp. In time, however, this great family, yielding to that sloth and luxury which ever seem, like an insidious disease, to ruin greatness in Japan, ceased to take the field themselves, and delegated the uncongenial tasks of war to certain members of particular noble families. Those from which the greatest number of shōguns were appointed were the Taira and Minamoto, that for several centuries held the chief military appointments. As luxury, corruption, intrigue, and effeminacy increased at the capital, the difficulty of keeping the remote parts of the empire in order increased, especially in the North and East. The War Department became disorganized, and the generals at Kiōto lost their ability to enforce their orders.

Many of the peasants, on becoming soldiers, had, on account of their personal valor or merit, been promoted to the permanent garrison of household troops. Once in the gay capital, they learned the details of intrigue and politics. Some were made court pages, or attendants on men of high rank, and thus learned the routine of official duty. They caught the tone of life at court, where every man was striving for rank and his own glory, and they were not slow to imitate their august examples. Returning to their homes with the prestige of having been in the capital, they intrigued for power in their native districts, and gradually obtained rule over them, neglecting to go when duty called them to Kiōto, and ignoring the orders of their superiors in the War Department. The civil governors of the provinces dared not to molest, or attempt to bring these petty tyrants to obedience. Having armor, horses, and weapons, they were able to train and equip their dependents and servants, and thus provide themselves with an armed following.

Thus was formed a class of men who called themselves warriors, and were ever ready to serve a great leader for pay. The natural consequence of such a state of society was the frequent occurrence of village squabbles, border brawls, and the levying of black-mail upon defenseless people, culminating in the insurrection of a whole province. The disorder often rose to such a pitch that it was necessary for the court to interfere, and an expedition was sent from Kiōto, under the command of a Taira or Minamoto leader. The shōgun, instead of waiting to recruit his army in the regular manner—a process doubtful of results in the disorganized state of the War Department and of the country in general — had immediate recourse to others of these veteran "warriors," who were already equipped, and eager for a fray.

Frequent repetition of the experience of the relation of brothers in arms, of commander and commanded, of rewarder and rewarded, gradually grew into that of lord and retainers. Each general had his special favorites and followers, and the professional soldier looked upon his commander as the one to whom his allegiance was directly due. The distant court at Kiōto, being utterly unable to enforce its authority, put the whole power of quieting the disturbed districts, whenever the disorder increased beyond the ability of the civil magistrate to repress it, into the hands of the Minamoto and Taira. These families thus became military clans and acquired enormous influence, enjoyed the monopoly of military patronage, and finally became the virtual rulers of the land.

The power of the sword was, as early as the twelfth century, lost to the court, which then attempted, by every means in its power, to check the rising influence of the military families and classes. They began by denying them high rank, thus putting them under social ban.

They next attempted to lay an interdict upon the warriors by forbidding them to ally themselves with either the Taira or the Minamoto. This availed nothing, for the warriors knew who rewarded them. They then endeavored, with poor success, to use one family as a check upon the other. Finally, when the Minamoto, Yoriyoshi, and Yoshiiyé conquered all the north of Hondo, and kept in tranquillity the whole of the Kuantō for fifteen years, even paying governmental expenses from their private funds, the court ignored their achievements. When they petitioned for rewards to be bestowed on their soldiers, the dilatory and reluctant, perhaps jealous, nobles composing the court not only neglected to do so, but left them without the imperial commission, and dishonored their achievements by speaking of them as "private feuds." Hence they took the responsibility, and conferred upon their soldiers grants of the conquered land in their own name. The Taira followed the same policy in the south and west.

When Yoritomo became Sei-i Tai Shōgun at Kamakura, erected the dual system, and appointed a military with a civil governor of each province in the interest of good order, feudalism assumed national proportions. Such a distribution soon ceased to be a balance, the military pan in the scale gained weight and the civil lost until it kicked the beam. At the end of the Hōjō domination, the court had lost the government of the provinces, and the kugé (court nobles) had been despoiled and impoverished by the buké (military). So thoroughly had feudalism become the national polity, that in the temporary mikadoate, 1534–1536, the Emperor Go-Daigo rewarded those who had restored him by grants of land for them to rule in their own names as his vassals.

Under the Ashikagas, the hold of even the central military authority, or chief daimiō, was lost, and the empire split up into fragments. Historians have in vain attempted to construct a series of historical maps of this period. The pastime was war—a game of patchwork in which land continually changed possessors. There was no one great leader of sufficient power to overawe all; hence might made right; and whoever had the ability, valor, or daring to make himself pre-eminent above his fellows, and seized more land, his power would last until he was overcome by a stronger, or his family decayed through the effeminacy of his descendants. During this period, the great clans with whose names the readers of the works of the Jesuits and Dutch writers are familiar, or which have been most prominent since the opening of the empire, took their rise. They were those of Hosokawa

Uyésugi, Satáké, Takéda, the "later Hōjō of Odawara," Mōri, Ōtomo, Shimadzŭ, Riuzoji, Ōta, and Tokŭgawa.

As the authority of the court grew weaker and weaker, the allegiance which all men owed to the mikado, and which they theoretically acknowledged, was changed into loyalty to the military chief. Every man who bore arms was thus attached to some "great name" (daimiō), and became a vassal (kérai). The agricultural, and gradually the other classes, also put themselves, or were forcibly included, under the protection of some castle lord or nobleman having an armed following. The taxes, instead of being collected for the central government, flowed into the treasury of the local rulers. This left the mikado and court without revenue. The kugé, or Kiōto nobles, were thus stripped of wealth, until their poverty became the theme for the caricaturist. Nevertheless, the eye of their pride never dimmed. In their veins, they knew, ran the blood of the gods, while the daimiōs were only "earth-thieves," and the parvenus of feudalism. They still cherished their empty titles; and to all students of history their poverty was more honorable than all the glitter of the shōgun's train, or the splendor of the richest daimiō's mansion.

The daimiōs spent their revenues on their retainers, their personal pleasures, and in building castles. In almost every feudal city, or place of strategic importance, the towers, walls, and moats of these characteristic specimens of Japanese architecture could be seen. The strictest vigilance was maintained at the castle-gates, and a retainer of another daimiō, however hospitably entertained elsewhere, was never allowed entrance into the citadel. A minute code of honor, a rude sort of chivalry, and an exalted sense of loyalty were the growth of the feudal system.

Many of the mediæval military customs were very interesting. During this period the habit originated of the men shaving the hair off their temples and from the middle of the scalp, and binding the long cue into a top-knot, which was turned forward and laid on the scalp. The object of this was to keep the hair out of the eyes during battle, and also to mark the wearer as a warrior. Gradually it became a universal custom, extending to all classes.

When, in 1873, the reformers persuaded the people to cut off their knots and let their hair grow, the latter refused to "imitate the foreigners," and supposed they were true conservatives, when, in reality, the ancient Japanese knew nothing of shaven faces and scalps, or of top-knots. The ancient warriors wore mustaches, and even beards.

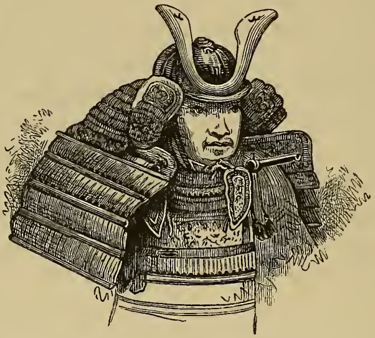
The practice of keeping the face scrupulously bare, until recently so universally observed except by botanists and doctors, is comparatively modern.

The military tactics and strategic arts of the Japanese were anciently copied from the Chinese, but were afterward modified as the nature of the physical features of their country and the institutions of feudalism required. No less than seven distinct systems were at different times in vogue; but that perfected by Takéda and Uyésugi, in the Ashikaga period, finally bore off the palm. These tactics continued to command the esteem and practice of the Japanese until the revolution wrought by the adoption of the European systems in the present century. The surface of the country being so largely mountainous, uneven, and covered with rice-swamps, cavalry were but little employed. A volley of arrows usually opened the battle, followed by a general engagement along the whole line. Single combats between commanders of hostile armies were of frequent occurrence. When they met on the field, their retainers, according to the strict etiquette of war, gave no aid to either, but encouraged them by shouts, as they called out each other's names and rushed to the combat. The battle slackened while the leaders strove, the armies becoming spectators. The victor cut off the head of his antagonist, and, holding it up, shouted his name and claimed the victory. The triumph or defeat of their leaders often decided the fate of the army. Vengeance against the victor was not permitted to be taken at the time, but must be sought again, the two armies again joining battle. The fighting over, those who had slain distinguished personages must exhibit their heads before their chiefs, who bestowed rewards upon them. This practice still continues; and during the expedition in Formosa in 1874, the chief trophies were the heads of the Boutan cannibals; though the commander, General Saigo, attempted to abolish the custom. Whoever saved his chieftain's life on the field was honored with the place of highest rank in the clan. These customs had a tremendous influence in cultivating valor and a spirit of loyalty in the retainer toward the prince. The meanest soldier, if brave and faithful, might rise to the highest place of honor, rank, emolument, and influence. The bestowal of a reward, the investiture of a command, or military promotion, was ever an occasion of impressive ceremony.

Even in time of peace the samurai never appeared out-of-doors unarmed, invariably wearing their two swords in their girdle. The offensive weapons—spears long and short, the bows, arrows, and quiver, and battle-axes—were set on their butts on the porch or vestibule in front of the house. Within doors, in the *tokonoma*, or recess, were ranged in glittering state the cuirass, helmet, greaves, gauntlets, and chain-mail. Over the sliding partitions, on racks, were the long halberds, which the women of the house were trained to use in case of attack during the absence of the men.

The gate of a samurai, or noble's, house was permanently guarded by his armed retainers, who occupied the porter's lodge beside it. Standing upright and ready were three long instruments, designed to entangle, throw down, and pin to the earth a quarrelsome applicant. Familiar faces passed unchallenged, but armed strangers were held at bay till their business was known. A grappling-iron, with barbed tongues turned in every direction, making a ball of hooks like an iron hedgehog, mounted on a pike-staff ten feet long, thrust into the Japanese loose clothing, sufficed to keep at a wholesome length any swashbuckler whose sword left its sheath too easily. Another spiked weapon, like a double rake, could be thrust between his legs and bring him to the earth. A third, shaped like a pitchfork, could hold him helpless under its wicket arch. Three heavy quarter staves were also ready, to belabor the struggling wight who would not yield, while swords on the racks hung ready for the last resort, or when intruders came in numbers. On rows of pegs hung wooden tickets about three inches square, branded or inscribed with the names of the retainers and servants of the lord's house, which were handed to the keeper of the gate as they passed in or out.

The soldiers wore armor made of thin scales of iron, steel, hardened hide, lacquered paper, brass, or shark-skin, chain-mail, and shields. The helmet was of iron, very strong, and lined within by buckskin. Its flap of articulated iron rings drooped well around the shoulders. The visor was of thin lacquered iron, the nose and mouth pieces being removable. The eyes were partially protected by the projecting front piece. A false mustache was supposed to make the upper lip of the warrior dreadful to behold. On the frontlet were the distinguishing symbols of the man, a pair of horns, a fish, an eagle, dragon, buckhorns, or flashing brass plates of various designs. Some of the helmets were very tall. Kato Kiyomasa's was three feet high. On the top was a hole, in which a pennant was thrust, or an ornament shaped like a pear inserted. The "pear-splitter" was the fatal stroke in combat and the prize-cut in fencing. Behind the corslet on the back was another socket, in which the clan flag was inserted. The breastplate was heavy and tough; the arms, legs, abdomen, and thighs were protected by plates joined by woven chains. Shields were often used; and for forlorn-hopes or assaults, cavalrymen made use of a stuffed bag resembling a bolster, to receive a volley of arrows. Besides being missile-proof, it held the arrows as spoils. On the shoulders, hanging loosely, were unusually wide and heavy brassarts, designed to deaden the force of the two-handed sword-stroke. Greaves and sandals completed the suit, which was laced and bound with iron clamps, and cords of buckskin and silk, and decorated with crests, gilt tassels, and glittering insignia. Suits of armor were of black, white, purple, crimson, violet, green, golden, or silver colors.



Kusunoki Masatsura. (From a photograph taken from a native drawing.)

The rations of the soldiers were rice, fish, and vegetables. Instead of tents, huts of straw or boughs were easily erected to form a camp. The general's head-quarters were inclosed by canvas, stretched on posts six feet high, on which his armorial bearings were wrought. The weapons were bows and arrows, spear, sword, and, rarely, battle-axes and bow-guns; for sieges, fire-arrows. The general's scabbard was of tiger-skin. Supplies of this material were obtained from Corea, where the animal abounds. His baton was a small lacquered wand, with a cluster of strips of thick white paper dependent from the point. Flags, banners, and streamers were freely used; and a camp, castle, or moving army, in time of war, with its hundreds and thousands of flags, presented a gay and lively appearance. Drums, hard-wood clappers, and conch-shells sounded the reveille, the alarm, the onset, or the retreat.

Owing to the nature of the ground, consisting chiefly of mountains and valleys, or plains covered with rice-swamps intersected by narrow paths, infantry were usually depended upon. In besieging a castle, the intrenchments of the investing army consisted chiefly of a line of palisades or heavy planks, propped up from within by hinged supports, at an angle of forty-five degrees, behind which the besiegers fought or lived in camp life, while sentinels paced at the gates. Lookouts were posted on overlooking hills, in trees, or in towers erected for the purpose. Sometimes huge kites able to sustain a man were flown, and a bird's-eye view of the interior of the enemy's castle thus obtained. Fire, treachery, stratagem, starvation, or shooting at long range having failed to compel surrender, an assault took place, in which the gates were smashed in, or the walls scaled. Usually great loss resulted before the besiegers were driven off, or were victorious. Rough surgery awaited the wounded. An arrow-barb was usually pulled out by a jerk of the pincers. A sabre-cut was sewed or bound together with tough paper, of which every soldier carried a supply. The wonderfully adhesive, absorptive, and healing power of the soft, tough, quickly wet, easily hardening, or easily kept pliable, Japanese paper made excellent plasters, bandages, tourniquets, cords, and towels. In the dressing of wounds, the native doctors to this day, as I have often had occasion to witness, excel.

Seppuku (belly-cut) or *hara-kiri* also came into vogue about the time of the beginning of the domination of the military classes. At first, after a battle, the vanquished wounded fell on their swords, drove them through their mouth or breast, or cut their throats. Often a famous soldier, before dying, would flay and score his own face beyond recognition, so that his enemies might not glory over him. This grew into a principle of honor; and frequently the unscathed survivors, defeated, and feeling the cause hopeless, or retainers whose master was slain, committed suicide. Hence arose, in the Ashikaga period, the fashion of wearing two swords; one of which, the longer, was for enemies; the other, shorter, for the wearer's own body. The practice of *hara-kiri* as a judicial sentence and punishment did not come into vogue until in the time of the Tokugawas.

Thrust into a tiny scabbard at the side of the dirk, or small sword, was a pair of chopsticks to eat with in camp. Anciently these were skewers, to thrust through the top-knot of a decapitated enemy, that the head might be easily carried. Besides, or in lieu of them, was a small miniature sword, *ko-katana* (little sword), or long, narrow knife. Although this was put to various trivial uses, such as those for which we employ a penknife, yet its primary purpose was that of the card of the owner. Each sword was adorned with some symbol or crest, which served to mark the clan, family, or person of the owner.

The Satsuma men wore swords with red-lacquered scabbards. Later, the Tokugawa vassals, who fought in the battle of Sékigahara, were called "white hilts," because they wore swords of extraordinary length, with white hilts. The bat, the falcon, the dragon, lion, tiger, owl, and hawk, were among the most common designs wrought in gold, lacquer, carving, or alloy on the hilts, handles, or scabbard; and on the *ko-katana* was engraved the name of the owner.

Feudalism was the mother of brawls innumerable, and feuds between families and clans continually existed. The wife whose husband was slain by the grudge-bearer brought up her sons religiously to avenge their father's death. The vendetta was unhindered by law and applauded by society. The moment of revenge selected was usually that of the victim's proudest triumph. After promotion to office, succession to patrimony, or at his marriage ceremony, the sword of the avenger did its bloody work. Many a bride found herself a widow on her wedding-night. Many a child became an orphan in the hour of the father's acme of honor. When the murder was secret, at night, or on the wayside, the head was cut off, and the avenger, plucking out his *ko-katana*, thrust it in the ear of the victim, and let it lie on the public highway, or sent it to be deposited before the gate of the house. The *ko-katana*, with the name engraved on it, told the whole story.

Whenever the lord of a clan wished his rival or enemy out of the way, he gave the order of Herodias to her daughter to his faithful retainers, and usually the head in due time was brought before him, as was John's, on a charger or ceremonial stand.

The most minutely detailed etiquette presided over the sword, the badge of the gentleman. The visitor whose means allowed him to be accompanied by a servant always left his long sword in his charge when entering a friend's house; the salutation being repeated bowing of the forehead to the floor while on the hands and knees, the breath being sucked in at the same time with an impressive sound. The degree of obeisance was accurately graded according to rank. If alone, the visitor laid his sword on the floor of the vestibule. The host's servants, if so instructed by their master, then, with a silk napkin in hand, removed it inside and placed it, with all honor, on the sword-rack. At meetings between those less familiar, the sheathed weapon was withdrawn from the girdle and laid on the floor to the right, an indication of friendship, since it could not be drawn easily. Under suspicious circumstances, it was laid to the left, so as to be at hand. On short visits, the dirk was retained in the girdle; on festal occasions, or prolonged visits, it was withdrawn. To clash the sheath of one's sword against that of another was a breach of etiquette that often resulted in instantaneous and bloody reprisal. The accompanying cut by Hokusai represents such a scene. The story is a true one, and well told by Mitford. Fuwa Banzaëmon—he of the robe marked with the *nurétsubami* (swallow in a shower)—and Nagoya Sanzaburo—he of the coat figured with the device of lightning—both enemies, and *rōnin*, as their straw hats show, meet, and intentionally turn back to back and clash scabbards, holding their hands in tragic attitude. In a moment more, so the picture tells us, the insulted scabbards will be empty, and the blades crossed in deadly combat. In the story, which has been versified and dramatized, and which on the boards will hold an audience breathless, Nagoya finally kills Fuwa The writing at the side of the sketch gives the clue to the incident: *saya-até* (scabbard collision), equivalent to our "flinging down the gauntlet."

The Challenge.

To turn the sheath in the belt as if about to draw was tantamount to a challenge. To lay one's weapon on the floor of a room, and kick the guard toward a person, was an insult that generally resulted in a combat to the death. Even to touch another's weapon in any way was a grave offense. No weapon was ever exhibited naked for any purpose, unless the wearer first profusely begged pardon of those present. A wish to see a sword was seldom made, unless the blade was a rare one. The owner then held the back of the sword to the spectator, with the edge toward himself, and the hilt, wrapped in the little silk napkin which gentlemen always carry in their pocket-books, or a piece of white paper, to the left. The blade was then withdrawn from the scabbard, and admired inch by inch, but never entirely withdrawn unless the owner pressed his guest to do so, when, with much apology, the sword was entirely withdrawn and held away from those present. Many gentlemen took a pride in making collections of swords, and the men of every samurai family wore weapons that were heir-looms, often centuries old. Women wore short swords when traveling, and the palace ladies in time of fires armed themselves.

In no country has the sword been made an object of such honor as in Japan. It is at once a divine symbol, a knightly weapon, and a certificate of noble birth. "The girded sword is the soul of the samurai." It is "the precious possession of lord and vassal from times older than the divine period." Japan is "the land of many blades." The gods wore and wielded two-edged swords. From the tail of the dragon was born the sword which the Sun-goddess gave to the first emperor of Japan. By the sword of the clustering clouds of heaven Yamato-Daké subdued the East. By the sword the mortal heroes of Japan won their fame.

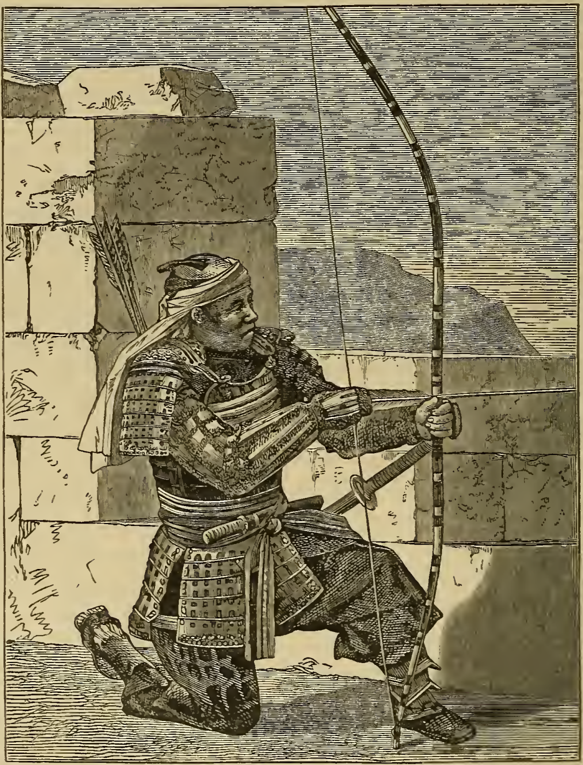
"There's naught 'twixt heaven and earth that man need fear, who carries at his belt this single blade." "One's fate is in the hands of Heaven, but a skillful fighter does not meet with death." "In the last days, one's sword becomes the wealth of one's posterity." These are the mottoes graven on Japanese swords.

Names of famous swords belonging to the Taira, Minamoto, and other families are, "Little Crow," "Beard-cutter," "Knee-divider." The two latter, when tried on sentenced criminals, after severing the heads from the body, cut the beard, and divided the knee respectively. The forging of these swords occupied the smith sixty days. No artisans were held in greater honor than the sword-makers, and some of them even rose to honorary rank. The forging of a blade was often a religious ceremony. The names of Munéchicka, Masamuné, Yoshimitsu, and Muramasa, a few out of many noted smiths, are familiar words in the mouths of even Japanese children. The names, or marks and dates, of famous makers were always attached to their blades, and from the ninth to the fifteenth century were sure to be genuine. In later times, the practice of counterfeiting the marks of well-known makers came into vogue. Certain swords considered of good omen in one family were deemed unlucky in others.

I had frequent opportunities of examining several of the masterpieces of renowned sword-makers while in Japan, the property of kugés, daimiōs, and old samurai families, the museum at Kamakura being especially rich in famous old blades. The ordinary length of a sword was a fraction over two feet for the long and one foot for the short sword. All lengths were, however, made use of, and some of the old warriors on horseback wore swords over six feet long.

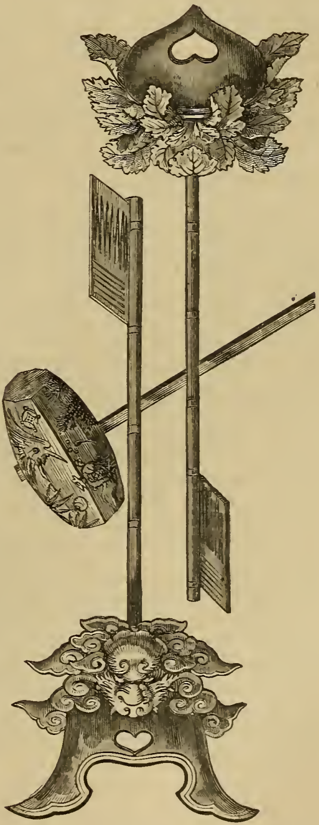
The Japanese sword-blade averages about an inch in width, about seven-eighths of which is a backing of iron, to which a face of steel is forged along its entire length. The back, about one-fourth of an inch thick, bevels out very slightly to near the centre of the blade, which then narrows to a razor edge. The steel and the forging line are easily distinguished by a cloudiness on the mirror-like polish of the metal. An inch and a quarter from the point, the width of the blade having been decreased one-fourth, the edge is ground off to a semi-parabola, meeting the back, which is prolonged, untouched; the curve of the whole blade, from a straight line, being less than a quarter of an inch. The guard is often a piece of elaborate workmanship in metal, representing a landscape, water-scene, or various emblems. The hilt is formed by covering the prolonged iron handle by shark-skin and wrapping this with twisted silk. The ferule, washers, and cleets are usually inlaid, embossed, or chased in gold, silver, or alloy. The rivets in the centre of the handle are concealed by designs, often of solid gold, such as the lion, dragon, cock, etc.

In full dress, the color of the scabbard was black, with a tinge of green or red in it, and the bindings of the hilt of blue silk. The taste of the wearer was often displayed in the color, size, or method of wearing his sword, gay or proud fellows affecting startling colors or extravagant length. Riven through ornamental ferules at the side of the scabbards were long, flat cords of woven silk of various tints, which were used to tie up the flowing sleeves, preparatory to fighting. Every part of a sword was richly inlaid, or expensively finished. Daimiōs often spent extravagant sums on a single blade, and small fortunes on a collection. A samurai, however poor, would have a blade of sure temper and rich mountings, deeming it honorable to suffer for food, that he might have a worthy emblem of his social rank as a samurai. A description of the various styles of blade and scabbard, lacquer, ornaments, and the rich vocabulary of terms minutely detailing each piece entering into the construction of a Japanese sword, the etiquette to be observed, the names, mottoes, and legends relating to them, would fill a large volume closely printed. A considerable portion of native literature is devoted to this one subject.



Archer on Castle Rampart. (From a native drawing.)

The bow and arrows were the chief weapons for siege and long range operations. A Japanese bow has a peculiar shape, as seen in the engraving. It was made of well-selected oak (kashi), incased on both sides with a semi-cylinder of split bamboo toughened by fire. The three pieces composing the bow were then bound firmly into one piece by thin withes of rattan, making an excellent combination of lightness, strength, and elasticity. The string was of hemp. Arrows were of various kinds and lengths, according to the arms of the archer. The average length of the war-arrow was three feet. The "turnip-head," "frog-crotch," "willow-leaf," "armor-piercer," "bowel-raker," were a few of the various names for arrows. The "turnip-top," so named from its shape, made a singing noise as it flew. The "frog-crotch," shaped like a pitchfork, or the hind legs of a leaping-frog, with edged blades, was used to cut down flags or sever helmet lacings. The "willow-leaf" was a two-edged, unbarbed head, shaped like the leaf of a willow. The "bowel-raker" was of a frightful shape, well worthy of the name; and the victim whose diaphragm it penetrated was not likely to stir about afterward. The "armor-piercer" was a plain bolt-head, with nearly blunt point, well calculated to punch through a breastplate. Barbs of steel were of various shape; sometimes very heavy, and often handsomely open-worked. The shaft was of cane bamboo, with string-piece of bone or horn, whipped on with silk. Quivers were of leather, water-proof paper, or thin lacquered wood, and often splendidly adorned. Gold-inlaid weapons were common among the rich soldiers, and the outfit of an officer often cost many hundreds of dollars. Not a few of these old tools of war have lost their significance, and have become household adornments, objects of art, or symbols of peace. Such especially are the emblems of the carpenter's guilds, which consist of the half-feathered "turnip-head" arrow, wreathed with leaves of the same succulent, and the "frog-crotch," inserted in the mouth of a dragon, crossed upon the ancient mallet of the craft. These adorn temples or houses, or are carried in the local parades and festivals.



Symbols of the Carpenter's Guild: the Singing or "Turnip-top," and Cutting or Knife-prong, Arrows, and Mallet.

As Buddhism had become the professed religion of the entire nation, the vast majority of the military men were Buddhists. Each had his patron or deity. The soldier went into battle with an image of Buddha sewed in his helmet, and after victory ascribed glory to his divine deliverer. Many temples in Japan are the standing monuments of triumph in battle, or vows performed. Many of the noted captains, notably Kato, inscribed their banners with texts from the classics or the prayers, "Namŭ Amida Butsŭ," or "Namu miō hō," etc., according to their sect. Amulets and charms were worn almost without exception, and many a tale is told of arrows turned aside, or swords broken, that struck on a sacred image, picture, or text. Before entering a battle, or performing a special feat of skill or valor, the hero uttered the warrior's prayer, "Namu Hachiman Dai-bosatsu" (Glory to Hachiman, the incarnation of Great Buddha). Though brave heroes must, like ordinary men, pass through purgatory, yet death on the battle-field was reckoned highly meritorious, and the happiness of the warrior's soul in the next world was secured by the prayers of his wife and children.

[*Note on the Development of Feudalism.*—A thoroughly competent critic in *The Japan Mail* of November 25th, 1876, in a review of this work, criticising the author's treatment of Japanese feudalism, says: "In Japan, as in other Asiatic countries, the two main functions of government were the collection of the land revenue and the repression of rapine. In the palmy days of the mikado's power, both these functions were united in the hands of the prefects, who were appointed from Kiōto, with a tenure of office restricted to four years. What Yoritomo ostensibly did was to procure a division of these two departments of governmental activity, leaving one (the collection of revenue) to the mikado's functionaries, and obtaining the control of the other (the repression of crime) for himself. This control he acquired not . . . . in virtue of his military office of Sei-i-Tai Shōgun, but by cloaking his military power under the guise of his civil title, Sō Tsuiho Shi, which might well be rendered Chief Commissioner of Police, or High Constable of the Realm. The extension of the system of appointing military magistrates, which was found to work so well in the Kuantō, to the central and western provinces, was effected some years before he received his rank of Barbarian-quelling Generalissimo. The second step in the direction of feudalism . . . . was the system, initiated by the Ashikaga shōguns, of making the military magistracies hereditary in the families of their own nominees. The third was when Hidéyoshi parceled out the fiefs without reference to the sovereign, by titles granted in his own names. This was the precedent that Iyéyasŭ followed when he based the power of his dynasty on the tie of personal fealty of the Fudai daimiōs and hatamotos to himself and his successors as lords-paramount of their lands."]

XXIII.

NOBUNAGA, THE PERSECUTOR OF THE BUDDHISTS.

In the province of Echizen, a few miles from Fukui, on the seacoast, stands the mountain of Ochi, adorned with many a shrine and sacred portal, and at its foot lies the village of Ota. Tradition states that nearly a thousand years ago the pious bonze, Tai Chō, ascended and explored this mountain, which is now held sacred and resorted to by many a pilgrim. Here, in uninterrupted harmony, dwelt for centuries priests of both the native Shintō and Buddhist *cultus*, until 1868, when, in the purification, all Shintō shrines were purged of Buddhist symbolism and influences, as of a thing unclean. The priests were wont to make occasional journeys to Kiōto, the ecclesiastical centre of the country. Centuries before the troublous times of Ashikaga, and during the period of the Taira and Minamoto, one of the Shintō priests, while on his way through Ōmi, stopped at Tsuda, and lodged with the *nanushi*, or head-man of the village, and asked him for one of his sons for the priesthood. The host gave him his step-son, whom the priest named Ota Chikazané.

That boy was of Taira blood, the great-grandson of Kiyomori. His father, Sukémori, had been killed by the Minamoto, but his mother had fled to Ōmi, and the head-man of the village of Tsuda had married her.

The mother, though grieving for the loss of her son, doubtless, as a pious woman, rejoiced to see him in such excellent hands. The lad was returned to Ota, and lived in the village. He grew up, married as became a *kannushi* (custodian of a Shintō shrine), and founded a family of Shintō priests. He was the common ancestor of the famous hero of Echizen, Shibata Katsuiyé, and of the renowned Nobunaga, who deposed the Ashikaga, persecuted the Buddhists, encouraged the Jesuits, and restored, to a great extent, the supremacy of the mikado. In the "History of the Church," a portrait is given of Nobunaga, which is thus translated by Dr. Walter Dixon. He is described as "a prince of large stature, but of a weak and delicate complexion, with a heart and soul that supplied all other wants; ambitious above all mankind; brave, generous, and bold, and not without many excellent moral virtues; inclined to justice, and an enemy to treason. With a quick and penetrating wit, he seemed cut out for business. Excelling in military discipline, he was esteemed the fittest to command an army, manage a siege, fortify a town, or mark out a camp, of any general in Japan, never using any heads but his own. If he asked advice, it was more to know their hearts than to profit by their advice. He sought to see into others, and to conceal his own counsel, being very secret in his designs. He laughed at the worship of the gods, convinced that the bonzes were impostors abusing the simplicity of the people, and screening their own debauches under the name of religion."

Nobunaga had four generals, whom the people in those days were wont to nickname, respectively, "Cotton," "Rice," "Attack," "Retreat." The one was so fertile of resources that he was like cotton, that can be put to a multitude of uses; the second was as absolutely necessary as rice, which, if the people be without for a day, they die; the third excelled in onset; the fourth, in skillful retreat. They were Hidéyoshi, Goroza, Shibata, and Ikéda. A fifth afterward joined him, whose name was Tokugawa Iyéyasŭ. These three names, Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasŭ, are the most renowned in Japan.

Nobunaga first appears on the scene in 1542. His father, after the fashion of the times, was a warrior, who, in the general scramble for land, was bent on securing a fair slice of territory. He died in 1549, leaving to his son his arms, his land, and his feuds. Nobunaga gained Suruga, Mino, Ōmi and Mikawa, Isé and Echizen, in succession. Having possession of Kiōto, he built the fine castle of Nijō, and took the side of Ashikaga Yoshiaki, who by his influence was made shōgun in 1558. Six years later, the two quarreled. Nobunaga arrested and deposed him, and the power of this family, which had lasted two hundred and thirty-eight years, came to an end. From this time there was no Sei-i Tai Shōgun, until Iyéyasŭ obtained the office, in 1604. By the aid of his commanders, Hidéyoshi and Iyéyasŭ, he brought large portions of the empire under his authority, and nominally that of the mikado, in whose name he governed. He became Naidaijin (inner great minister), but never shōgun. The reason of this, doubtless, was that the office of shōgun was by custom monopolized by the Minamoto family and descendants, whereas Nobunaga was of Taira descent. Like Yoritomo, he was a skillful and determined soldier, but was never able to subdue the great clans. Unlike him, he lacked administrative power, and was never able to follow up in peace the victories gained in war.

He met his death in Kiōto, when in the fullness of his power and fame, in the following manner. Among his captains was Akéchi, a brave, proud man, who had taken mortal offense at his leader. One day, while in his palace, being in an unusually merry and familiar mood, Nobunaga put Akéchi's head under his arm, saying he would make a drum of it, struck it with his fan, like a drumstick, playing a tune. Akéchi did not relish the joke, and silently waited for revenge. His passion was doubtless nursed and kept warm by a previous desire to seize the place and power and riches of his chief.

In those days treachery was a common and trivial occurrence, and the adherent of to-day was the deserter of to-morrow. The opportunity did not delay. Nobunaga had sent so large a re-enforcement into the west, to Hidéyoshi, who was fighting with Mōri, that the garrison at the capital was reduced to a minimum. Akéchi was ordered to the Chiugoku, and pretended to march thither. Outside the city he disclosed his plan of killing Nobunaga, whom he denounced to his officers, and promised them rich booty. They returned to Kiōto, and surrounded the temple of Honnōji, where their victim was then residing. Hearing of the unexpected presence of so many soldiers in armor around his dwelling, he drew aside the window of his room to ascertain the cause. He was struck by an arrow, and instantly divined the situation, and that escape was impossible. He then set the temple on fire, and committed suicide. In a few minutes the body of the great hero was a charred crisp.

An uninscribed tomb of polygonal masonry, built in his honor, stands in the *ten-shiu*, or keep, of his most famous castle, Azuchi yama, on a high hill looking out upon the white walls of the fortress of Hikoné, the blue lake of Biwa, and the towering grandeur of Ibuki yama. He died at the age of forty-nine.

The position of Ota Nobunaga in Japanese history would be illy understood were the reader to regard him merely as a leader in clan fights, who by genius and vigor rose above the crowd of petty military adventurers, or even as one who wished to tranquilize and unify all Japan for the mikado. We must inquire why it is that no man has won more execration and anathemas from the Buddhists in Japan than he. They look upon him as an incarnate demon sent to destroy their faith.

The period of the Ashikaga was that in which the Buddhist priests reached the acme of power. Their monasteries were often enormous stone-walled and moated fortresses. The bonzes kept armor and arsenals full of weapons to don and use themselves, or to equip the armies in their pay when it suited their pleasure to cope with or assist either of the changing sides, or to take spoil of both. Many bloody battles took place between rival sects, in which temples were burned down, villages fired, and hundreds on both sides killed. Part of what is now the immense castle of Ōzaka belonged to the Ikkō or Shin sect.

At Hiyeizan, on Lake Biwa, was the most extensive monastery in Japan. The grounds, adorned and beautified with the rarest art of the native landscape gardener, inclosed thirteen valleys and over five hundred temples, shrines, and priestly dwellings. Here thousands of monks were congregated. They chanted before gorgeous altars, celebrated their splendid ritual, reveled in luxury and licentiousness, drank their saké, eat the forbidden viands, and dallied with their concubines, or hatched plots to light or fan the flames of feudal war, so as to make the quarrels of the clans and chiefs redound to their aggrandizement. They trusted profoundly to their professedly sacred character to shield them from all danger.

For these bonzes Nobunaga had no respect. His early life among the priests had doubtless destroyed whatever reverence he might have had for their sanctity. His education as a Shintōist made him hate the Buddhists as enemies. The bonzes continually foiled his schemes, and he saw that, even if war between the clans ceased, the existence of these monasteries would jeopard the national peace. He resolved to destroy them.

In the Ninth month, 1571, says the *Nihon Guai Shi*, he encamped at Séta, and ordered his generals to set Hiyeizan on fire. The generals, surprised at the order, lost countenance, and exhorted him not to do it, saying, "Since Kuammu Tennō [782–806] built this monastery, nearly a thousand years ago, it has been esteemed the most vigilant against the devil. No one has yet dared to injure these temples; but now, do you intend to do so? How can it be possible?" To this Nobunaga answered: "I have put down the thieves against the emperor [*kokuzoku*, robbers of country]; why do you hinder me thus? I intend to tranquilize the whole land, and revive the declining power of the imperial Government. I continually make light of my life for the mikado's sake, and hence I have no rest for a single day. Last year I subdued Settsu, and both castles were about to be surrendered, when Yoshikagé [Daimiō of Echizen] and Nagamasa [Daimiō of Ōmi] attacked my rear, and I was obliged to raise the siege and retrace my steps. My allowing the priests to remain on this mountain was in order that I might destroy them. I once dispatched a messenger to the priests, and set before them happiness and misery. The bonzes never obeyed my word, but stoutly assisted the wicked fellows, and so resisted the imperial army [*ōshi*, or *kuangun*]. Does this act not make them [*kokuzoku*] country-thieves? If I do not now take them away, this great trouble will continue forever. Moreover, I have heard that the priests violate their own rules; they eat fish and stinking vegetables [the five odorous plants prohibited by Buddhism—common and wild leek, garlic, onions, scallions], keep concubines, and roll up the sacred books [never untie them to read them or pray]. How can they be vigilant against evil, or preserve justice? Then surround their dwellings, burn them down, suffer no one to live."

The generals, incited by the speech of their commander, agreed. On the next day an awful scene of butchery and conflagration ensued. The soldiers set fire to the great shrines and temples; and while the stately edifices were in flames, plied sword, lance, and arrow. None were permitted to escape. Without discrimination of age or sex, the toothless dotard, abbot, and bonze, maid-servant and concubine and children, were speared or cut down without mercy. This was the first great blow at Buddhism.

In 1579, the two great sects of Nichiren and Jōdō held a great discussion upon religious subjects, which reached such a point of acrimony that the attention of the Government was called to it, and it was continued and finished before Nobunaga, at his castle at Azuchi yama, on the lands of which he had already allowed the Jesuits to build churches. A book called *Azuchi Ron*, still extant, contains the substance of the argument on both sides. One result of the wordy contest was the suppression of a sub-sect of Jōdō, whose doctrines were thought to be dangerous to the State.

The immense fortified temple and monastery called Honguanji, in Ōzaka, was the property of the Monto, or Shin sect of Buddhists, and the retreat and hiding-place of Nobunaga's enemies. The bonzes themselves were his most bitter haters, because he had so encouraged the Jesuits. They had taken the side of his enemies for over twelve years. At last, when some of his best captains had been killed by "grass-rebels," or ambuscaders, who fled into the monastery, he laid siege to it in earnest, with the intention of serving the inmates as he did those of Hiyeizan. Within the enceinte, crowded in five connecting fortresses, were thousands of women and children, besides the warriors and priests. Another frightful massacre seemed imminent. The place was so surrounded that every attempt of the garrison to escape was cut off. On an intensely dark night, under cover of a storm then raging, several thousands of the people, of all sexes and ages, attempted to escape from one of the forts. They were overtaken and slaughtered. The main garrison shortly afterward learned the fate of their late comrades by seeing a junk, dispatched by the victors, laden with human ears and noses, approach the castle with its hideous cargo.

View of the Castle of Ōzaka (taken in 1861), from the Rice-fields.

Another outpost of the castle was surrendered. In the second month of the siege, a sortie in force was repelled by showers of arrows and matchlock balls; but, in the fighting, Nobunaga's best officers were slain. The besieging army finally occupied three of the five in the net-work of fortresses. Thousands ("twenty thousand") of the garrison had been killed by arrow and ball, or had perished in the flames, and the horrible stench of burning flesh filled the air for miles. The fate of the main body within the walls was soon to be decided.

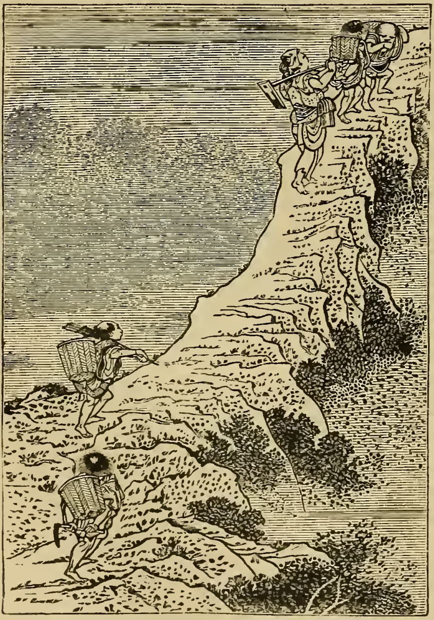
The mikado, grieving over the shedding of so much blood, sent three court nobles and a priest of another sect to persuade the garrison to yield. A conference of the abbot and elders was called, and a surrender decided upon. The castle was turned over to Nobunaga, and from that day until the present has remained in the hands of the Government. Pardon was granted to the survivors, and the bonzes scattered to the other large monasteries of their sect. To this day, the great sects in Japan have never fully recovered from the blows dealt by Nobunaga. Subsequently, rulers were obliged to lay violent hands upon the strongholds of ecclesiastical power that threatened so frequently to disturb the peace of the country; but they were able to do it with comparative ease, because Nobunaga had begun the work with such unscrupulous vigor and thoroughness.

Nobunaga's Victims: Types of Buddhist Priesthood and Monastic Orders.

XXIV.

HIDÉYOSHI'S ENTERPRISES.—THE INVASION OF COREA.

There are hundreds of *mura*, or villages, in Japan, called Nakamura (*naka*, middle; *mura*, village), for the same reason that there are many Middletowns in English-speaking countries, but none of them claim to be the birthplace of Hidéyoshi except that in the district of Aichi, in Owari. There, in 1536, lived a peasant called Yasuké, whose wife bore a wizen-faced, pithecoid baby, who grew up to be a cunning and reckless boy. Instead of going out to the hill-sides, grass-hook in hand and basket on back, to cut green fodder for horses, or standing knee-deep in the mud-pulp of the rice-fields weeding the young plants, returning at night, with hoe on shoulder, he lived on the streets, and sharpened his wits, afraid of no one. While a mere boy, he became a *bettō*, or groom, to Nobunaga, who noticed the boy's monkey face and restless eyes, and encouraged him to become a soldier, which he did.


A Familiar Country Scene: Boys going up a Mountain to cut Grass; Peasant Woman, with Hoe on her Shoulder.

The number and variety of names possessed by him in his life-time illustrate well the confusing custom in vogue among the Japanese of frequently changing their names. The reader of the native literature or of foreign works of Japan is perplexed, among the multitude of names and titles, to distinguish the personage to whom they belong. When there are many actors in the scene, and each is known by a half-dozen aliases, confusion becomes confounded, and the patience is sorely taxed.

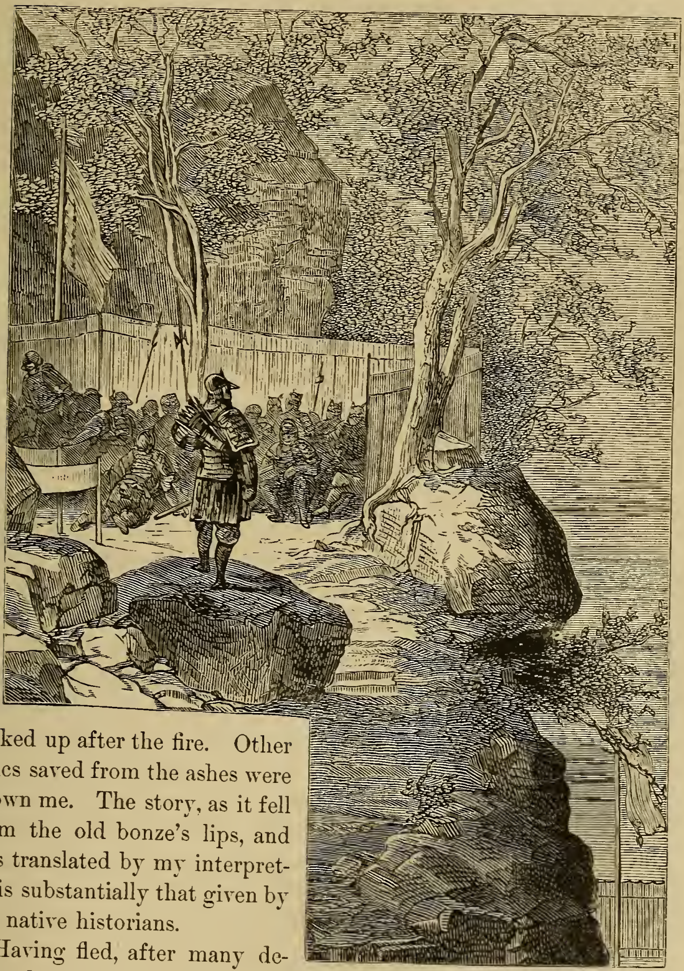
In this work I designate one person by one name, although apparent anachronisms must thereby be committed, and the eyes of the scholar be often annoyed. It has, until recently, in Japan been the custom for every samurai to be named differently in babyhood, boyhood, manhood, or promotion, change of life or residence, in commemoration of certain events, or on account of a vow, or from mere whim. Thus, at his birth, Hidéyoshi's mother having, as it is said, dreamed that she had conceived by the sun, called him Hiyoshi marō (good sun). Others dubbed him Ko chiku (small boy), and afterward Saru matsŭ (monkey-pine). As a soldier, he enlisted as Kinoshita Tokichiro, the first being an assumed name. As he grew famous, he was nicknamed Momen Tokichi ("Cotton" Tokichi). When a general, from a mere whim, he made himself a name by uniting two syllables, *ha* and *shiba*, making Hashiba, from the names of two of his generals, Ni-wa or ha, and Shibata, which the Jesuits wrote, as the Portuguese orthography required, Faxiba.

When, in 1586, he attained the rank of Kuambaku (Cambaku dono of the Jesuits), or premier, his enemies, who were jealous of the parvenu, spoke of him as Saru Kuan ja, or crowned monkey. How he obtained this high office, even with all the limitless store of cunning impudence and egotism, is not known, for no one except nobles of Fujiwara blood had ever filled that office, it being reserved exclusively for members of that family. He obtained from the emperor the patent of a family name, and he and his successors are known in history as the Toyotomi family, he being Toyotomi Hidéyoshi. In 1591 he resigned his high office, and was succeeded by his son. Hence he took the title of *taikō*, and the people referred to him as Taikō sama, just as they put the term *sama* (Mr., or Sir, Honorable, etc.) after the titles of emperor, shōgun, other titled officials, or after the name of any person. Japanese address foreigners as "Smith sama," or "Smith san," or an infant as "baby san," instead of "Mr. Smith," "the baby," etc. The term *sama* fulfills, in a measure, the function of the definite article or demonstrative pronoun, or serves as a social handle. Hence, in foreign works, Hidéyoshi, the taikō; or that one of the many taikō, called Hidéyoshi, is referred to as Taikō sama.

Hidéyoshi was a man of war from his youth up. His abilities and soldierly qualities made him a favorite commander. His banner consisted of a cluster of gourds. At first it was a single gourd. After each battle another was added, until at last it became an imposing sheaf. The standard-bearer carried aloft at the head of the columns a golden representation of the original model, and wherever Hidéyoshi's banner moved there was the centre of victory.

At the death of Nobunaga, the situation was as follows: His third son, Nobutaka, was ruler over Shikokŭ; Shimadzŭ (Satsuma) was fighting with Otomo, and seizing his land in Kiushiu. Hidéyoshi and Nobuwo, second son of Nobunaga, with the imperial army, were fighting with Mōri, Prince of Chōshiu, who held ten provinces in the West. Iyéyasŭ, ruler of eight provinces in the Kuantō, was in the field against Hōjō of Odawara. Shibata held Echizen. Hidéyoshi and Iyéyasŭ were the rising men, but the former attained first to highest power. Immediately on hearing of Nobunaga's death, Hidéyoshi made terms with Mōri, hastened to Kiōto, and defeated and slew Akéchi. The fate of this assassin has given rise to the native proverb, "Akéchi ruled three days." His name and power were now paramount. The prizes of rank were before him, for the mikado and court could not oppose his wishes. Of his master's sons, one had died, leaving an infant; the second son was assisted by Iyéyasŭ, with whom Hidéyoshi had made a compromise; the third, Nobutaka, was weak, and endeavored, seconded by his chief captain, Shibata, who had married the sister of Nobunaga, to maintain his rights. Hidéyoshi marched into Mino, defeated him, pursued Shibata into Echizen, and, after several skirmishes, burned his castle. The account of this, as given by the Jesuits, is as follows: "Among the confederates of Nobutaka was one Shibata dono, brother-in-law to Nobunaga. He was besieged in the fortress of Shibata [in what is now Fukui]; and seeing no way of escape, he, having dined with his friend's wife and children and retainers, set fire to his castle, first killing his wife, his children, and the female servants; and his friends, following his example, afterward committed suicide, and lay there wallowing in their blood, till the fire kindled, and burned them to ashes."

My residence in Fukui, during the year 1871, was immediately on the site of part of Shibata's old castle. His tomb stands under some venerable old pine-trees some distance from the city. When I visited it, the old priest who keeps the temple, since erected, brought out several old boxes carefully labeled, and reverently opened them. One contained the rusty breastplate and other portions of Shibata's armor,



Camp of Hidéyoshi on Atago Mountain, before Fukui.

picked up after the fire. Other relics saved from the ashes were shown me. The story, as it fell from the old bonze's lips, and was translated by my interpreter, is substantially that given by the native historians.

Having fled, after many defeats, he reached the place now called Fukui. Hidéyoshi, in hot pursuit, fixed his camp on Atagoyama, a mountain which overlooks the city, and began the siege, which he daily pressed closer and closer. Being hopelessly surrounded, and succor hopeless, Shibata, like a true Epicurean, gave a grand feast to all his captains and retainers, in anticipation of the morrow of death. All within the doomed walls eat, drank, sung, danced and made merry, for the morrow was not to see them in this world. At the height of the banquet, Shibata, quaffing the parting cup before death, addressed his wife thus: "You may go out of the castle and save your life. You are a woman; but we are men, and will die. You are at liberty to marry another." His wife, the sister of Nobunaga, with a spirit equal to his, was moved to tears, thanked her lord for his love and kindness, and declared she would never marry another, but would die with her husband. She then composed a farewell stanza of poetry, and, with a soul no less brave because it was a woman's, received her husband's dirk into her heart.

Like true Stoics, Shibata and his companions put all the women and children to the death they welcomed, and for which they gave thanks; and then, with due decorum and ceremony, opening their own bodies by *hara-kiri*, they died as brave Japanese ever love to die, by their own hands, and not by those of an enemy.

Hidéyoshi, on his return to Kiōto, began a career of usefulness, developing the resources of the empire and strengthening the power of the emperor. Knowing it was necessary to keep his captains and soldiers busy in time of inaction, and having a genius for the works of peace as well as war, he built splendid palaces at Kiōto, improved the city, and paved the bed of the river Kamo with broad, flat stones. He laid the foundations of the future commercial greatness of Ōzaka by enlarging the site of the monastery destroyed by Nobunaga, building the immense fortress, only part of which still remains, the pride of the city, enlarged and deepened the river, and dug many of the hundreds of canals which give this city whatever right it may have to be called the Venice of Japan. It had, when I saw it in 1871, over eleven hundred bridges, one of them of iron. He fortified Fushimi, the strategic key of Kiōto, with a triple-moated castle, erected colossal towers and pagodas in many places. He sequestrated the flourishing commercial port of Nagasaki from the Daimiō of Ōmura, and made it the property of the crown. Neither Déshima nor Pappenberg was then historic; but the lovely scenery was as much the subject of admiration as it is now. His policy was to forgive those who had fought against him, and not to put them to death, as Nobunaga had done, who, in the course of his life, had killed his brother, father-in-law, and many of his enemies. He reformed the revenues. His rule was highly popular, for, in his execution of justice, he cared little for rank, name, or family line, or services done to himself. He was successful in inducing Iyéyasŭ, after the latter had secured the taikō's mother as hostage, to come to Kiōto and pay homage to the emperor; and the two rivals becoming friends, Iyéyasŭ married the taikō's sister. Mōri, lord of the Western provinces, also came to the capital, and acknowledged him as his superior.

Among his other works, Hidéyoshi followed out the policy of Nobunaga, destroyed the great monastery at Kumano, the bonzes of which claimed the province of Kii. He was never made shōgun, not being of Minamoto blood; but having become Kuambaku, and being surrounded by nobles of high birth and the lofty etiquette of the court, he felt the need of a pedigree. No one at court knew who his grandfather was, if, indeed, he was aware himself. He made out that his mother was the daughter of a kugé, who, in the disturbed times of Ashikaga, had fled from Kiōto, and, while in poverty and great distress, had married his father, but had conceived him before her marriage.

In his youth he had wedded a peasant girl; but as he rose step by step to eminence, he kept on marrying until he had a number equal to that of the polygamous English king, Henry VIII.; but, unlike that monarch, he enjoyed them all at once, and caused none of them to lose her head. The last two of his spouses were, respectively, a daughter of the house of Maëda, of the rich province of Kaga, and the Princess Azai, from Ōmi, daughter of the wife of Shibata Katsuiyé, whom the Jesuits, under the name of Kita Mandocoro, say was the first wife of the taikō, "sweetest and best beloved." He had no son until in old age.

The immoderate ambition of Hidéyoshi's life was to conquer Corea, and even China. It had been his dream when a boy, and his plan when a man. When under Nobunaga, he had begged of him the revenue of Kiushiu for one year and weapons, while he himself would provide the ships and provisions, offering to subdue Corea, and with an army of Coreans to conquer China, and thus make the three countries one. His master laughed, but he kept thinking of it. When in the Kuantō, he visited Kamakura, and saw an image of Yoritomo, such as one

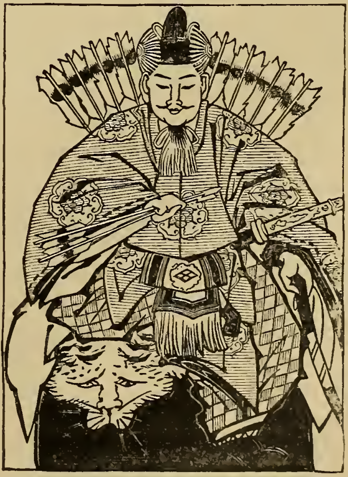


Image of Japanese Deified Hero, seen in Shintō Shrines.

may still see in the temple of Tsurugaöka. Rubbing and patting its back, the parvenu thus addressed the illustrious effigy: "You are my friend. You took all the power under Heaven (in Japan). You and I, only, have been able to do this; but you were of a famous family, and not like me, sprung from peasants. I intend, at last, to conquer all the earth, and even China. What think you of that?" Hidéyoshi used to say, "The earth is the earth's earth"—a doctrine which led him to respect very slightly the claim of any one to land which he coveted, and had won by his own efforts.

Under the declining power of Ashikaga, all tribute from Corea had ceased, and the pirates who ranged the coasts scarcely allowed a precarious trade to exist. The Sō family, who held Tsushima, however, had a small settlement in Corea. Some Chinese, emigrating to Japan, told Hidéyoshi of the military disorganization and anarchy in China, which increased his desire to "peep into China." He then sent two embassies in succession to Corea to demand tribute. The second was successful. He also sent word to the Emperor of China by some Liu Kiu tribute-bearers that if he (the Emperor of China) would not hear him, he would invade his territory with an army. To the Corean envoy he recounted his exploits, and announced his intentions definitely.

Several embassies crossed and recrossed the sea between Corea and Japan, Hidéyoshi meanwhile awaiting his best opportunity, as the dispatch of the expedition depended almost entirely on his own will. His wife, Azai, had borne him a child, whom he loved dearly, but it died, and he mourned for it many months. One day he went out to a temple, Kiyomidzŭ, in Kiōto, to beguile the sad hours. Lost in thought, in looking over the western sky beyond the mountains, he suddenly exclaimed to his attendant, "A great man ought to employ his army beyond ten thousand miles, and not give way to sorrow." Returning to his house, he assembled his generals, and fired their enthusiasm by recounting their exploits mutually achieved. He then promised to march to Peking, and divide the soil of China in fiefs among them. They unanimously agreed, and departed to the various provinces to prepare troops and material. Hidéyoshi himself went to Kiushiu.

On his way, some one suggested that scholars versed in Chinese should accompany the expedition. Hidéyoshi laughed, and said, "This expedition will make the Chinese use our literature." After worshiping at a shrine, he threw up a handful of one hundred "cash" in front of the shrine, and said, "If I am to conquer China, let the heads show it." The Japanese copper and iron *zeni*, or *kas*, have Chinese characters representing the chronological period of coinage on one side, and waves representing their circulation as money on the reverse. The lettered side is "head," the reverse is "tail." All the coins which the taikō flung up came down heads. The soldiers were delighted with the omen. Maps of Corea were distributed among the commanders of the eight divisions, and the plan of the expedition and their co-operation explained.

Kato Kiyomasa, who hated the Christians, and who afterward became their bitterest persecutor, was commander of the first; and Konishi Yukinaga, the Christian leader, and a great favorite of the Jesuits, of the second. These divisions were alternately to lead the van. The naval and military force that embarked is set down in the *Guai Shi* at five hundred thousand men. A reserve of sixty thousand was kept ready in Japan as re-enforcements. Many of the generals, captains, and private soldiers were of the Christian faith. Kato despised Konishi, and they were not friends. The latter was the son of a druggist, and persisted, to the disgust of the high-born Kato, in carrying a banner representing a paper medicine-bag, such as can be seen swinging in front of a native drug-shop to-day. He probably took his cue from the august parvenu, the taikō.

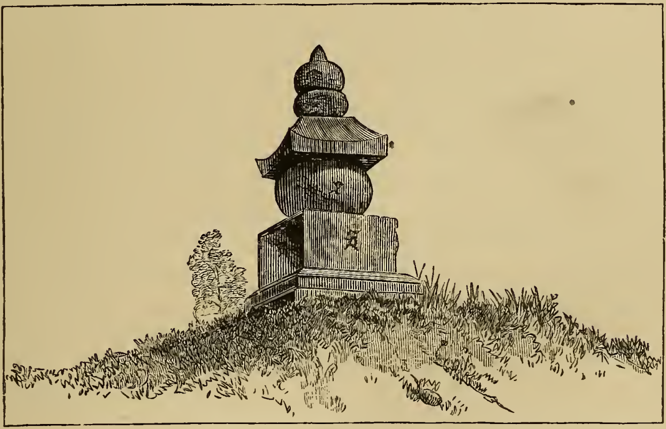
Hidéyoshi expected to lead the army himself; but being sixty years old, and infirm, and his aged mother sorrowing so that she could not eat on account of it, he remained behind. He gave Kato a flag, saying, "This was given me by Ota [Nobunaga] when I marched against Mōri [Chōshiu]." To Konishi he presented a fine horse, saying, "With this gallop over the bearded savages [Coreans]." All being ready, the fleet set sail amidst the shouts of the army and the thunder of cannon on the shore. Hidéyoshi had attempted to buy or charter two Portuguese ships, but was unsuccessful, and the fleet consisted of large junks. They were detained off Iki Island by stormy weather. As soon as it was calm, Konishi, well acquainted with the route, sailed away with his division, arrived at Fusan, in Southern Corea, first, and seized the castle. Without allowing his troops to rest, he urged them on to other triumphs, that the glory might be theirs alone, and not be shared by the other troops, who would soon arrive. Another large castle was stormed, several towns captured, and brilliant victories won. Three days later, Kato arrived, and heard, to his chagrin, of his rival's advance into the interior. He exclaimed, "The boy has taken my route; I shall not follow in his tracks." He then burned the town, which Konishi had spared, and advanced into the country by another way.

Corea was divided into eight circuits, and the taikō's plan had been for each corps of the army to conquer a circuit. The Corean king appointed a commander-in-chief, and endeavored to defend his country, but the Japanese armies were everywhere victorious. After many battles fought, and fortresses stormed, nearly all the provinces of the eight circuits were subdued, and the capital, Kenkitai, was taken. The king and his son fled. At one great battle, ten thousand Coreans are said to have been killed, and their ears cut off and preserved in salt or saké. The forts were garrisoned by Japanese troops. The Coreans asked the aid of China, and a Chinese army of assistance was sent forward, and after several severe battles the Japanese were compelled to fall back. Reserves from Japan were dispatched to Corea, and the Japanese were on the point of invading China, when, in 1598, the death of the taikō was announced, and orders were received from their Government to return home. A truce was concluded, and Corean envoys accompanied Konishi to Japan.

The conquest of Corea, thus ingloriously terminated, reflects no honor on Japan, and perhaps the responsibility of the outrage upon a peaceful nation rests wholly upon Hidéyoshi. The Coreans were a mild and peaceable people, wholly unprepared for war. There was scarcely a shadow of provocation for the invasion, which was nothing less than a huge filibustering scheme. It was not popular with the people or the rulers, and was only carried through by the will of the taikō. While Japan was impoverished by the great drain on its resources, the soldiers abroad ruthlessly desolated the homes and needlessly ravaged the land of the Coreans. While the Japanese were destroying the liberties of the Coreans, the poor natives at home often pawned or sold themselves as slaves to the Spaniards and Portuguese slave-traders. The sacrifice of life on either side must have been great, and all for the ambition of one man. Nevertheless, a party in Japan has long held that Corea was, by the conquests of the third and sixteenth centuries, a part of the Japanese empire, and the reader will see how in 1872, and again in 1875, the cry of "On to Corea!" shook the nation like an earthquake.

The taikō died on the 15th of September, 1598. Before his death, he settled the form of government, and married his son Hidéyori, then six years old, to the granddaughter of Iyéyasŭ, and appointed five *tairō*, or ministers, who were to be guardians of the boy, and to acknowledge him as his father's successor. As Iyéyasŭ was the rising man, the taikō hoped thus to gain his influence, so that the power might descend in his own family. The last thoughts of the hero were of strengthening the citadel at Ōzaka. The old hero was buried in the grounds of Kodaiji, in Kiōto.

The victorious army, returning from Corea, brought much spoil, and fine timber to build a memorial temple to the memory of the dead hero. Among other trophies were several thousands of ears, which, instead of heads, the Japanese carried back to raise a barrow in Kiōto. The temple was erected on a hill on the west side of Kiōto by his wife, who, after the death of her husband, became a nun. This splendid edifice was afterward burned, and the site of the taikō's remains is uncertain.



Mimidzuka (Ear Monument), in Kiōto. (From a photograph.)

In the city still stands the Mimidzuka (ear-tomb), a monument of characteristic appearance. It consists of a cube, sphere, and pagoda-curve, surmounted by two spheroids, the top-stone rising to a point. The mound is seven hundred and twenty feet in circumference, and ninety feet in height; the pedestal at the top being twelve feet square, and the monument twelve feet high. As usual on Buddhist tombs or ecclesiastical edifices, a Sanskrit letter is carved on each side of the four faces of the cube. Beneath this tomb is a barrow, covering the dissevered ears of thousands of Coreans; but the most enduring monuments of the great taikō were the political institutions, and the works of peace reared by his genius and labor.

It is not difficult to account for the tone of admiration and pride with which a modern Japanese speaks of "the age of Taikō." There are many who hold that he was the real unifier of the empire, and that Iyéyasŭ merely followed in his footsteps, perfecting the work which Hidéyoshi began. Certain it is that in many of the most striking forms of national administration, and notably in bestowing upon his vassals grants of land, and making the conditions of tenure loyalty to himself and family, Iyéyasŭ was but the copyist of the taikō. In his time, the arts and sciences were not only in a very flourishing condition, but gave promise of rich development. The spirit of military enterprise and internal national improvement was at its height. Contact with the foreigners of many nations awoke a spirit of inquiry and intellectual activity; but it was on the seas that genius and restless activity found their most congenial field.

This era is marked by the highest perfection in marine architecture, and the extent and variety of commercial enterprises. The ships built in this century were twice or thrice the size, and vastly the superior in model, of the junks that now hug the Japanese shores, or ply between China and Japan.[*] The pictures of them preserved to the present day show that they were superior in size to the vessels of Columbus, and nearly equal in sailing qualities to the contemporary Dutch and Portuguese galleons. They were provided with ordnance, and a model of a Japanese breech-loading cannon is still preserved in Kiōto. Ever a brave and adventurous people, the Japanese then roamed the seas with a freedom that one who knows only of the modern shore-bound people would scarcely credit. Voyages of trade, discovery, or piracy had been made to India, Siam, Burmah, the Philippines, Southern China, the Malay Archipelago, and the Kuriles, on the north, even in the fifteenth century, but were most numerous in the sixteenth. The Japanese gave the name to the island of Roson (Luzon), and the descendants of Japanese pirates or traders are still to be found in numbers in this archipelago. In the city of Ayuthaya, on the Menam, in Siam, a flourishing sea-port, the people call one part of the place the "Japanese quarter." The Japanese literature contains many references to these adventurous sailors; and when the records of the Far East are thoroughly investigated, and this subject fully studied, very interesting results will be obtained, showing the wide-spread influence of Japan at a time when she was scarcely known by the European world to have existence.

XXV.

CHRISTIANITY AND FOREIGNERS.*

It seems now nearly certain that when Columbus set sail from Spain to discover a new continent, it was not America he was seeking; for of that he knew nothing. His quest was the land of Japan. Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler, had spent seventeen years (1275–1292) at the court of the Tartar emperor, Kublai Khan, and while in Peking had heard of a land lying to the eastward called, in the language of the Chinese capital, Jipangŭ, from which our modern name, Japan, has been corrupted. Columbus was an ardent student of Polo's book, which had been published in 1298. He sailed westward across the Atlantic to find this kingdom of the sun-source. He discovered, not Japan, but an archipelago in America, on whose shores he eagerly inquired concerning Jipangŭ. The torch of modern discovery thus kindled by him was handed on by Vasco da Gama, and a host of brave Portuguese navigators, who drove their keels into the once unknown seas of the Orient, and came back to tell of densely populated empires enriched with the wealth that makes civilization possible, and of which Europe had scarcely heard. Their accounts fired the hearts of the zealous who longed to convert the heathen, aroused the cupidity of traders who thirsted for gold, and kindled the desire of monarchs to found empires in Asia.

As the Spaniards had founded an empire in America, Portugal was then nearing the zenith of her maritime glory. Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer, seems to have been the first European who landed on Japanese soil. On his return to Europe, he told so many wonderful stories that he was dubbed, by a pun on his Christian name, "the mendacious." His narrative was, however, as we now know, substantially correct. Pinto, while in China, had got on board a Chinese junk, commanded by a pirate. They were attacked by another corsair, their pilot was killed, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a storm. They made for the Liu Kiu Islands; but, unable to find a harbor, put to sea, and after twenty-three days beating about, sighted the island of Tané (*Tanégashima*, island of the seed), off the south of Kiushiu, and landed. The name of the island was significant. The arrival of those foreigners was the seed of troubles innumerable. The crop was priestcraft of the worst type, political intrigue, religious persecution, the Inquisition, the slave-trade, the propagation of Christianity by the sword, sedition, rebellion, and civil war. Its harvest was garnered in the blood of sixty thousand Japanese.

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* In compiling this chapter, I have made use of Hildreth's "Japan as it Was and Is;" Léon Pagés' "Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne au Japon;" Charlevoix's "Histoire du Christianisme au Japon;" Dixon's "Japan;" "*Shimabara:* A Japanese Account of the Christian Insurrection in 1637;" the Japanese Encyclopædia, *San Sai Dzu Yé;* and the able paper of Herr Von Brandt (Minister of the North German Confederation in Japan) read before the German Asiatic Society of Japan.

The native histories recount the first arrival of Europeans on Tanégashima in 1542, and note that year as the one in which fire-arms were first introduced. Pinto and his two companions were armed with arquebuses, which delighted this people, ever ready to accept whatever will tend to their advantage. They were even more impressed with the novel weapons than by the strangers. Pinto was invited by the Daimiō of Bungo to visit him, which he did. The natives began immediately to make guns and powder, the secret of which was taught them by their visitors. In a few years, as we know from Japanese history, fire-arms came into general use. To this day many country people call them "Tanégashima." Thus, in the beginning, hand-in-hand came foreigners, Christianity, and fire-arms. To many a native they are still each and equal members of a trinity of terrors, and one is a synonym of the other. Christianity to most of "the heathen" still means big guns and powder.

In those days commerce and piracy, war and religion, were closely united; and the sword and the cross were twin weapons, like the cimeter and the Koran of the Turks, by which the pious robbers of the most Christian empires of Spain and Portugal went forth to conquer weak nations.

The pirate-trader who brought Pinto to Japan cleared twelve hundred per cent. on his cargo, and the three Portuguese returned, loaded with presents, to China. This new market attracted hundreds of Portuguese adventurers to Japan, who found a ready welcome at the hands of the impressible people. The daimiōs vied with each other in attracting the foreigners to their shores, their object being to obtain the weapons, and get the wealth which would increase their power, as the authority of the Ashikaga shōguns had before this time been cast off, and each chief was striving for local supremacy.

The missionary followed the merchant. Already the Portuguese priests and Franciscan friars were numerous in India and the straits. A native of Satsuma named Anjiro, who, having killed a man, had fled to Pinto's boat, and was carried off by him, after the long sufferings of remorse reached Goa, becoming a convert to Christianity. Learning to read and write Portuguese, and having mastered the whole Christian doctrine, he became Xavier's interpreter. To the question whether the Japanese would be likely to accept Christianity, Anjiro answered—in words that seem fresh, pertinent, and to have been uttered but yesterday, so true are they still—that "his people would not immediately assent to what might be said to them, but they would investigate what I might affirm respecting religion by a multitude of questions, and, above all, by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words. This done, the king (daimiō), the nobility, and adult population would flock to Christ, being a nation which always follows reason as a guide." The words are recorded by Xavier himself.

In 1549, the party of two Jesuits and two Japanese landed at Kagoshima, in Satsuma. Xavier, after studying the rudiments of the language, beyond which he never advanced, and making diligent use of the pictures of the Virgin and Child, soon left the capital of this warlike clan, for the city had not been favored with the commerce of the Portuguese; and, as the missionaries had not come to improve the material resources of the province, they were not warmly welcomed. He then went to Bungo and Nagato. Besides having an interpreter, though unable to preach, he used to read the Gospel of Matthew translated by Anjiro into Japanese, and Romanized. Though unable to understand much of it, he read it in public with great effect. There trade was flourishing and enriching the daimiōs, and he was warmly received by them. His next step was a journey to Kiōto. There, instead of the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, which he had expected to see plated with gold on the roofs and ceilings, with tables of the same metal, and all the other wonders as related by Marco Polo, he found it but a city which wars and fires had rendered desolate, and almost uninhabitable, except as a camp. Here he employed the policy of austerity and poverty, his appearance being that of a beggar, though later he used wealth and great display in his ministrations, with marked effect. The mikado's (dairi) authority, he found, was merely nominal; the shōgun, Ashikaga Yoshitéru, ruled only over a few provinces around the capital. Every one's thoughts were of war, and battle was imminent. The very idea of an interview with the mikado was an absurdity, and one with the Kubo sama (shōgun) an impossibility, his temporary poverty not permitting him to make a present effectively large enough for the latter, and rendering him contemptible in the eyes of the people. He attempted to preach several times in the streets, but, not being master of the language, failed to secure attention, and after two weeks left the city disgusted. Not long after, having turned his attention to the furtherance of trade and diplomacy, he departed from Japan, disheartened by the realities of missionary work. He had, however, inspired others, who followed him, and their success was amazingly great. Within five years after Xavier visited Kiōto, seven churches were established in the vicinity of the city itself, while scores of Christian communities had sprung up in the south-west. In 1581, there were two hundred churches, and one hundred and fifty thousand native Christians. In Bungo, where Xavier won his way by costly gifts, as he did in Suwo by diplomacy; in Harima and Ōmura, the daimiōs themselves had professed the new faith, while Nobunaga, the hater of the Buddhists, openly favored the Christians, and gave them eligible sites upon which to build dwellings and churches. Ready to use any weapons against the bonzes, Nobunaga hoped to use the foreigners as a counterpoise to their arrogance.

In 1583, an embassy of four young noblemen was dispatched by the Christian daimiōs of Kiushiu to the pope, to declare themselves vassals of the Holy See. Eight years afterward, having had audience of Philip II. of Spain, and kissed the feet of the pope at Rome, they returned, bringing with them seventeen Jesuit missionaries—an important addition to the many Portuguese religious of that order already in Japan. Spanish mendicant friars from the Philippine Islands, with Dominicans and Augustans, also flocked into the country, preaching and zealously proselyting. The number of "Christians" at the time of the highest success of the missionaries in Japan was, according to their own figures, six hundred thousand—a number which I believe is no exaggeration, the quantity, not quality, being considered. The Japanese, less accurately, set down a total of two million nominal adherents to the Christian sects, large numerical statements in Japanese books being untrustworthy, and often worthless. Among their converts were several princes, and large numbers of lords and gentlemen in high official position, generals and captains in the army, and the admiral and officers of the Japanese fleets. Several of the ladies of the households of Hidéyoshi, Hidéyori, and Iyéyasŭ, besides influential women of noble blood in many provinces whose rulers were not Christians, added to their power, while at the seat of government the chief interpreter was a Jesuit father. Churches, chapels, and residences of the fathers were numbered by thousands, and in some provinces crosses and Christian shrines were as numerous as the kindred evidences of Buddhism had been before. The fathers and friars had traveled or preached from one end of the western half of Hondo to the other; northward in Echizen, Kaga, Echigo, and Ōshiu, and in the provinces of the Tōkaidō. They had also one church in Yedo.

The causes of this astonishingly rapid success of the Jesuits are to be sought in the mental soil which the missionaries found ready prepared for their seed. It was in the later days of the Ashikaga, when Xavier arrived in Japan. Centuries of misrule and anarchy had reduced the people, on whom the burdens of war fell, to the lowest depths of poverty and misery. The native religions then afforded little comfort or consolation to their adherents. Shintō had sunk to a myth almost utterly unknown to the people, and so overshadowed by Buddhism that only a few scholars knew its origin. Buddhism, having lost its vitalizing power, had degenerated into a commercial system of prayers and masses, in which salvation could be purchased only by the merit of the deeds and prayers of the priests. Nevertheless, its material and outward splendor were never greater. Gorgeous vestments, blazing lights, imposing processions, altars of dazzling magnificence, and a sensuous worship captivated the minds of the people, while indulgences were sold, and saints' days and holidays and festivals were multiplied.

The Japanese are an intensely imaginative people; and whatever appeals to the æsthetics of sense, or fires the imagination, leads the masses captive at the will of their religious leaders. The priests of Rome came with crucifixes in their hands, eloquence on their lips, and with rich dresses, impressive ceremonies, processions, and mysteries out-dazzled the scenic display of the Buddhists. They brought pictures, gilt crosses, and images, and erected gorgeous altars, which they used as illuminated texts for their sermons. They preached the doctrine of an immediate entrance into paradise after death to all believers, a doctrine which thrilled their hearers to an uncontrollable pitch of enthusiasm. Buddhism promises rest in heaven only after many transformations, births, and the repeated miseries of life and death, the very thought of which wearies the soul. The story of the Cross, made vivid by fervid eloquence, tears, and harrowing pictures and colored images, which bridged the gulf of remoteness, and made the act of Calvary near and intensely real, melted the hearts of the impressible natives. Furthermore, the transition from the religion of India to that of Rome was extremely easy. The very idols of Buddha served, after a little alteration with the chisel, for images of Christ. The Buddhist saints were easily transformed into the Twelve Apostles. The Cross took the place of the *torii.* It was emblazoned on the helmets and banners of the warriors, and embroidered on their breasts. The Japanese soldiers went forth to battle like Christian crusaders. In the roadside shrine Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy, made way for the Virgin, the mother of God. Buddhism was beaten with its own weapons. Its own artillery was turned against it. Nearly all the Christian churches were native temples, sprinkled and purified. The same bell, whose boom had so often quivered the air announcing the orisons and matins of paganism, was again blessed and sprinkled, and called the same hearers to mass and confession; the same lavatory that fronted the temple served for holy-water or baptismal font; the same censer that swung before Amida could be refilled to waft Christian incense; the new convert could use unchanged his old beads, bells, candles, incense, and all the paraphernalia of his old faith in celebration of the new.

Almost every thing that is distinctive in the Roman form of Christianity is to be found in Buddhism: images, pictures, lights, altars, incense, vestments, masses, beads, wayside shrines, monasteries, nunneries, celibacy, fastings, vigils, retreats, pilgrimages, mendicant vows, shorn heads, orders, habits, uniforms, nuns, convents, purgatory, saintly and priestly intercession, indulgences, works of supererogation, pope, archbishops, abbots, abbesses, monks, neophytes, relics and relic-worship, exclusive burial-ground, etc., etc., etc.

The methods which the foreign priests employed to propagate the new faith were not such as commend themselves to a candid mind. The first act of propagation was an act of Mariolatry. They brought with them the spirit of the Inquisition, then in full blast in Spain and Portugal, which they had used there for the reclamation of native and Dutch heretics. In Japan they began to attack most violently the character of the native bonzes, and to incite their converts to insult the gods, destroy the idols, and burn or desecrate the old shrines. They made plentiful use of the gold furnished liberally by the kings of Portugal and Spain, under the name of "alms." In two years and a half Xavier received one thousand doubloons (fifteen thousand dollars) for the support of his mission. This abundance of the foreign precious metal was noticed especially by the native rulers. In Kiushiu the daimiōs themselves became Christians, and they compelled their subjects to embrace their religion. The people of whole districts of country were ordered to become Christians, or to leave their land and the homes of their fathers, and go into banishment. The bonzes were exiled or killed; and fire and sword, as well as preaching, were employed as instruments of conversion. Furthermore, fictitious miracles were frequently got up to utilize the credulity of the superstitious in furthering the spread of the faith, glowing accounts of which may be found in Léon Pagés' "Histoire de la R. C." Not only do the native Japanese writers record these things as simple matter of fact, but the letters of the Jesuits themselves, and the books written by them, teem with instances of ferocious cruelty and pious fraud wrought in their behalf, or at their instigation. The following passages from the Jesuit Charlevoix's "Histoire du Christianisme au Japon" are translated by Dr. Walter Dixon in his "Japan:" "Sumitanda, King of Ōmura, who had become a Christian in 1562, declared open war against the devils [bonzes]. He dispatched some squadrons through his kingdom to ruin all the idols and temples without any regard to the bonzes' rage."…. "In 1577, the lord of the island of Amacusa [Amakusa] issued his proclamation, by which his subjects—whether bonzes or gentlemen, merchants or tradesmen—were required either to turn Christians, or to leave the country the very next day. They almost all submitted, and received baptism, so that in a short time there were more than twenty churches in the kingdom. God wrought miracles to confirm the faithful in their belief." The Daimiō of Takatsŭki, Settsu, "labored with a zeal truly apostolic to extirpate the idolaters out of his states. He sent word that they should either receive the faith, or be gone immediately out of his country, for he would acknowledge none for his subjects but such as acknowledged the true God. The declaration obliged them all to accept instruction, which cut out work enough for all the fathers and missionaries at Meaco [Miako]."

The Daimiō of Bungō at one time, during war, destroyed a most prodigious and magnificent temple, with a colossal statue, burning three thousand monasteries to ashes, and razing the temples to the ground. The comment of the Jesuit writer on this is, "This ardent zeal of the prince is an evident instance of his faith and charity." This does not, however, sound like an echo of the song once heard above the Bethlehem hills, few echoes of which the Japanese have as yet heard.

As the different orders, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Augustinians, increased, they began to trench upon each other's parishes. This gave rise to quarrels, indecent squabbles, and mutual vituperation, at which the pagans sneered and the bonzes rejoiced. While the friars of these orders were rigorously excommunicating each other, thinking heathen were not favorably impressed with the new religion. Christianity received her sorest wound in the house of her friends.

At this time, also, political and religious war was almost universal in Europe, and the quarrels of the various nationalities followed the buccaneers, pirates, traders, and missionaries to the distant seas of Japan. The Protestant, Dutch, and English stirred up the hatred and fear of the Japanese against the papists, and finally against each other. Spaniards and Portuguese blackened the character of the heretics, and as vigorously abused each other when it served their interest. All of which impelled the shrewd Japanese to contrive how to use them one against the other, an art which they still understand. All foreigners, but especially Portuguese, then were slave-traders, and thousands of Japanese were bought and sold and shipped to Macao, in China, and to the Philippines. The long civil wars, and the misery caused by them, and the expedition to Corea, had so impoverished the people that slaves became so cheap that even the Malay and negro servants of the Portuguese, speculated in the bodies of Japanese slaves who were bought and sold and transported. Hidéyoshi repeatedly issued decrees threatening with death these slave-traders, and even the purchasers. The sea-ports of Hirado and Nagasaki were the resort of the lowest class of adventurers from all European nations, and the result was a continual series of uproars, broils, and murders among the foreigners, requiring ever and anon the intervention of the native authorities to keep the peace. To the everlasting honor of some of the Jesuit bishops and priests be it said, they endeavored to do all they could to prevent the traffic in the bodies of men.

Such a picture of foreign influence and of Christianity, which is here drawn in mild colors, as the Japanese saw it, was not calculated to make a permanently favorable impression on the Japanese mind.

While Nobunaga lived, and the Jesuits basked in his favor, all was progress and victory. Hidéyoshi, though at first favorable to the new religion, issued, in 1587, a decree of banishment against the foreign missionaries. The Jesuits closed their churches and chapels, ceased to preach in public, but carried on their proselyting work in private as vigorously as ever, averaging ten thousand converts a year, until 1590. The Spanish mendicant friars, pouring in from the Philippines, openly defied the Japanese laws, preaching in their usual garb in public, and in their intemperate language.. This aroused Hidéyoshi's attention, and his decree of expulsion was renewed. Some of the churches were burned. In 1596, six Franciscan, three Jesuit, and seventeen Japanese converts were taken to Nagasaki, and there crucified. Still the Jesuits resided in the country, giving out to the people that the Spaniards nourished the political designs against Japan, and that the decrees of expulsion had been directed against the priests of that nation, and that the late outburst of persecution was an explosion of zeal on the part of a few subordinate officials. Several of the generals of the army in Corea still openly professed the Christian faith.

When the taikō died, affairs seemed to take a more favorable turn, but only for a few years. The Christians looked to Hidéyori for their friend and quasi-leader. The battle of Sékigahara, and the defeat of Hidéyori's following, blew their hopes to the winds; and the ignominious death of Ishida, Konishi, and Otani, the Christian generals who had witnessed a good confession both as warriors and as upholders of the faith in Corea and at home, drove their adherents to the verge of despair. Iyéyasŭ re-adjusted the feudal relations of his vassals in Kiushiu; and as the taikō had also re-arranged the fiefs, the political status of the Christians was profoundly altered. The new daimiōs, carrying the policy of their predecessors as taught them by the Jesuits, but reversing its direction, began to persecute their Christian subjects, and to compel them to renounce their faith. The native converts resisted even to blood and the taking-up of arms. This was an entirely new thing under the Japanese sun. Hitherto the attitude of the peasantry to the Government had been one of passive obedience and slavish submission. The idea of armed rebellion among the farmers was something so wholly new that Iyéyasŭ suspected foreign instigation. Color was given to this idea by the fact that the foreigners still secretly or openly paid court to Hidéyori, and at the same time freely dispersed gold and gifts, in addition to religious comfort, to the persecuted. Iyéyasŭ became more vigilant as his suspicions increased, and, resolving to crush this spirit of independence and intimidate the foreign emissaries, met every outbreak with bloody reprisals. In 1606, an edict from Yedo forbade the exercise of the Christian religion, but an outward show of obedience warded off active persecution. In 1610, the Spanish friars again aroused the wrath of the Government by defying its commands, and exhorting the native converts to do likewise. In 1611, Iyéyasŭ obtained documentary proof of what he had long suspected, viz., the existence of a plot on the part of the native converts and the foreign emissaries to reduce Japan to the position of a subject state. The chief conspirator, Ōkubo, then Governor of Sado, to which place thousands of Christian exiles had been sent to work the mines, was to be made hereditary ruler by the foreigners. The names of the chief native and foreign conspirators were written down, with the usual seal of blood from the end of the middle finger of the ringleader. With this paper was found concealed, in an iron box in an old well, a vast hoard of gold and silver.

Iyéyasŭ now put forth strenuous measures to root out utterly what he believed to be a pestilent breeder of sedition and war. Fresh edicts were issued, and in 1614 twenty-two Franciscan, Dominican, and Augustinian friars, one hundred and seventeen Jesuits, and hundreds of native priests and catechists, were embarked by force on board junks, and sent out of the country.

In 1615, Iyéyasŭ pushed matters to an extreme with Hidéyori, who was then entertaining some Jesuit priests; and, calling out the troops of Kiushiu and the Kuantō, laid siege to the castle of Ōzaka. A battle of unusual ferocity and bloody slaughter raged, on the 9th of June, 1615, ending in the burning of the citadel, and the total defeat and death of Hidéyori and thousands of his followers. The Jesuit fathers say that one hundred thousand men perished in this brief war, of which vivid details are given in the "Histoire de la Religion Chrétienne." The Christian cause was now politically and irretrievably ruined. Hildredth remarks that Catholicism in Japan "received its death-blow in that same year in which a few Puritan pilgrims landed at Plymouth to plant the obscure seeds of a new and still growing Protestant empire."

The exiled foreign friars, however, kept secretly returning, apparently desirous of the crown of martyrdom. Hidétada, the shōgun, now pronounced sentence of death against any foreign priest found in the country. Iyémitsŭ, his successor, restricted all foreign commerce to Nagasaki and Hirado; all Japanese were forbidden to leave the country on pain of death; and in 1624 all foreigners, except Dutch and Chinese, were banished from Japan, and an edict was issued commanding the destruction of all vessels beyond a certain diminutive size, and restricting the universal model in ship-building to that of the coasting junk. Fresh persecutions followed, many apostate lords and gentry now favoring the Government. Fire and sword were used to extirpate Christianity, and to paganize the same people who in their youth were Christianized by the same means. Thousands of the native converts fled to China, Formosa, and the Philippines. All over the empire, but especially at Ōzaka and in Kiushiu, the people were compelled to trample on the cross, or on a copper plate engraved with the representation of "the Christian criminal God." The Christians suffered all sorts of persecutions. They were wrapped in straw sacks, piled in heaps of living fuel, and set on fire. All the tortures that barbaric hatred or refined cruelty could invent were used to turn thousands of their fellow-men into carcasses and ashes. Yet few of the natives quailed, or renounced their faith. They calmly let the fire of wood cleft from the crosses before which they once prayed consume them, or walked cheerfully to the blood-pit, or were flung alive into the open grave about to be filled up. Mothers carried their babes at their bosoms, or their children in their arms to the fire, the sword, or the precipice's edge, rather than leave them behind to be educated in the pagan faith. If any one doubt the sincerity and fervor of the Christian converts of to-day, or the ability of the Japanese to accept a higher form of faith, or their willingness to suffer for what they believe, they have but to read the accounts preserved in English, Dutch, French, Latin, and Japanese, of various witnesses to the fortitude of the Japanese Christians of the seventeenth century. The annals of the primitive Church furnish no instances of sacrifice or heroic constancy, in the Coliseum or the Roman arenas, that were not paralleled on the dry river-beds and execution-grounds of Japan.

Finally, in 1637, at Shimabara, the Christians rose by tens of thousands in arms, seized an old castle, repaired and fortified it, and raised the flag of rebellion. Armies from Kiushiu and the Kuantō, composed mainly of veterans of Corea and Ōzaka, were sent by the shōgun to besiege it. Their commanders expected an easy victory, and sneered at the idea of having any difficulty in subduing these farmers and peasants. A siege of two months, by land and water, was, however, necessary to reduce the fortress.* Thousands of the rebels, were hurled from the rock of Pappenburg, or were banished to various provinces, or put to death by torture. Others escaped, and fled to the island of Formosa, joining their brethren already there. The edicts prohibiting the "evil sect" were now promulgated and published permanently all over the empire, and new ones commanded that, as long as the sun should shine, no foreigners should enter Japan, or natives leave it. The Dutch gained the privilege of a paltry trade and residence on the little fan-shaped island of Déshima (outer island), in front of Nagasaki. Here, under degrading restrictions and constant surveillance, lived a little company of less than twenty Hollanders, who were allowed one ship per annum to come from the Dutch East Indies and exchange commodities of Japan for those of Holland.

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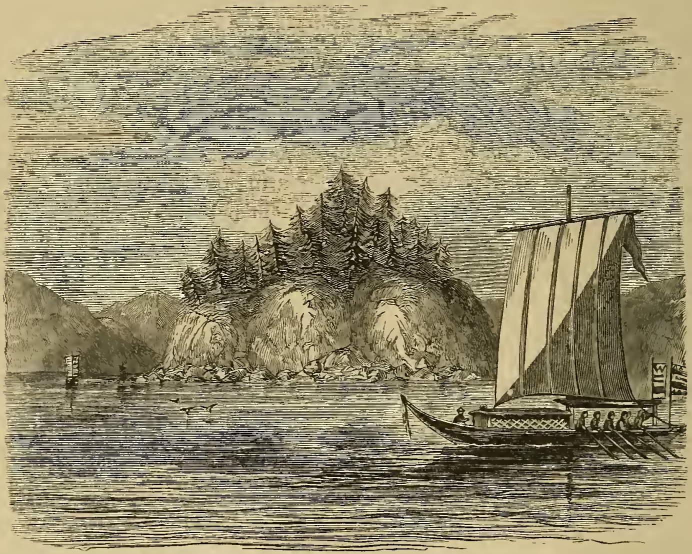
* Dr. Geerts, in the *Chrysanthemum*, Jan., 1883, and in the "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan," vol. xi., with original documents, vindicates the Dutch from the aspersions cast upon them by Tavernier and Kaempfer.



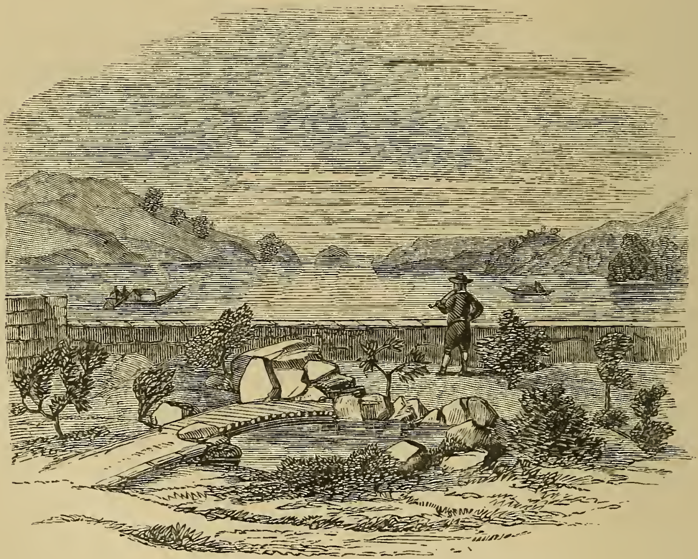
"The Tarpeian Rock of Japan:" the Island of Pappenberg, in Nagasaki Harbor. (Now used as a picnic resort.)

After nearly a hundred years of Christianity and foreign intercourse, the only apparent results of this contact with another religion and civilization were the adoption of gunpowder, and fire-arms as weapons, the use of tobacco, and the habit of smoking, the making of sponge-cake (still called Castira—the Japanese form of Castile), the naturalization into the language of a few foreign words, the introduction of new and strange forms of disease, among which the Japa nese count the scourge of the venereal virus, and the permanent addition to that catalogue of terrors which priest and magistrate in Asiatic countries ever hold as weapons to overawe the herd. For centuries the mention of that name would bate the breath, blanch the cheek, and smite with fear as with an earthquake shock. It was the synonym of sorcery, sedition, and all that was hostile to the purity of the home and the peace of society. All over the empire, in every city, town, village, and hamlet; by the roadside, ferry, or mountain pass; at every entrance to the capital, stood the public notice-boards, on which, with prohibitions against the great crimes that disturb the relations of society and government, was one tablet, written with a deeper brand of guilt, with a more hideous memory of blood, with a more awful terror of torture, than when the like superscription was affixed at the top of a cross that stood between two thieves on a little hill outside Jerusalem. Its daily and familiar sight startled ever and anon the peasant to clasp hands and utter a fresh prayer, the bonze to add new venom to his maledictions, the magistrate to shake his head, and to the mother a ready word to hush the crying of her fretful babe. That name was Christ. So thoroughly was Christianity, or the "*Jashiu mon*" (corrupt sect), supposed to be eradicated before the end of the seventeenth century, that its existence was historical, remembered only as an awful scar on the national memory. No vestiges were supposed to be left of it, and no knowledge of its tenets was held, save by a very few scholars in Yedo, trained experts, who were kept, as a sort of spiritual blood-hounds, to scent out the adherents of the accursed creed.

So perfect was the work done, that the Government believed fully, as Europeans, and among them Mr. Lecky, who uses the example to strengthen his argument, that "persecution had extirpated Christianity in Japan." It was left to our day, since the recent opening of Japan, for them to discover that a mighty fire had been smoldering for over two centuries beneath the ashes of persecutions. As late as 1829, seven persons, six men and an old woman, were crucified in Ōzaka, on suspicion of being Christians and communicating with foreigners. When the French brethren of the Mission Apostolique, of Paris, came to Nagasaki in 1860, they found in the villages around them over ten thousand people who held the faith of their fathers of the seventeenth century.

A few interesting traces and relics of the century of Christianity and foreigners still exist in Japan. In the language the names of

God (*Deus*), Holy Spirit (*Espiritu Santo*), Jesus (*Yesu*), and Christ (*Kirishito*) have remained. Castira is still the name of sponge-cake, so universally used, and the making of which was first taught by the men of Castile; and the Japanese having no *l*, change that letter into *r*. The Japanese have no word for bread; they use the Latin *pan*. The words *taffel* (table), *Dontakŭ* (Sunday), *cuppŭ* (cup), *rauda* (laudanum), *yerikter* (electricity), *bouton* (button), *briki* (tin), and many of the names of drugs and medicines, and rare metals and substances, terms in science, etc., and even some in common use, are but the Japanized forms of the Dutch words. I have seen "Weird Specifica" and "Voum Von Mitter" in large Roman letters, or in *katagana*, advertised on the hanging signs of the drug-shops in every part of the country I have been in, from Kobé to near Niigata, and other travelers have noticed it nearly everywhere in Japan. It is the old or incorrect spelling of the name of some Dutch nostrum.



Hollander on Déshima looking for the Arrival of a Ship.

The natives speak of Christianity as the religion of the "Lord of Heaven." The destruction of the Christian churches, crosses, images, etc., was so thorough that the discovery of relics by modern seekers has been very rare. A few years ago, shortly after Perry's arrival, there was in Suruga a cave, to which the country people resorted in large numbers, on account of the great efficacy believed to reside in an image of the mother of Shaka (Buddha), with her infant in her arms. The idol was reputed to have healed many diseases. An educated samurai, who hated all foreigners and their ways and works, especially the "Jesus doctrine," happening to enter the cave, perceived in a moment that the image was a relic of the old Christian worship. It was nothing else than an image of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. The samurai dashed it to pieces.

The attempts of the English and French to open a permanent trade with Japan are described in Hildredth's "Japan as It Was and Is." Captain John Saris, with the ships *Clove*, *Thomas*, and *Hector*, left England in April, 1611, with letters from the king, James I. of England, to the "emperor" (shōgun) of Japan. Landing at Hirado, he was well received, and established a factory in charge of Mr. Richard Cocks. With Will Adams and seventeen of his company, Saris set out to see Iyéyasŭ, who was then living at the modern Shidzuōka. He touched at Hakata, traversed the Inland Sea, past Shimonoséki, to Ōzaka; thence by boat to Fushimi, thence by horse and palanquin to Sumpu (Shidzuōka). In the interview accorded the English captain, Iyéyasŭ invited him to visit his son, Hidétada, the ruling shōgun at Yedo. Saris went to Yedo, visiting, on his way, Kamakura and the great copper image of Dai Butsu, some of the Englishmen going inside of it and shouting in it for the fun of the thing. They also wrote their own names inside of it, as foreign tourists, visitors, and even personal friends of republican rulers do to this day, and as the natives have always done, to immortalize themselves. After a stay in Yedo, they touched at Uraga; thence returned to Sumpu, where a treaty, or privileges of trade, in eight articles, was signed and given to Saris. It bore the signature of Minamoto Iyéyasŭ.

After a tour of three months, Saris arrived at Hirado again, having visited Kiōto, where he saw the splendid Christian churches and Jesuit colleges, on his way. After discouraging attempts to open a trade with Siam, Corea, and China, and hostilities having broken out between them and the Dutch, the English abandoned the project of permanent trade with Japan; and all subsequent attempts to reopen it failed.

Will Adams, who was an English pilot, and the first of his nation in Japan, is spoken of frequently, and in no flattering terms, by the Jesuit fathers. He arrived in Japan in 1607, and lived in or near

Yedo till he died, in 1620. By the sheer force of a manly, honest character, this sturdy Briton, "who may have seen Shakspeare and Ben Jonson" and Queen Elizabeth, rose into favor with Iyéyasŭ, and gained the regard of the people. His knowledge of ship-building, mathematics, and foreign affairs made him a very useful man. Although treated with honor and kindness, he was not allowed to leave Japan. He had a wife and daughter in England. He was made an officer, and given the revenues of the village of Hémi, in Sagami, near the modern Yokosŭka, where are situated the dry-docks, machine-shops, and ship-building houses in which the modern war-vessels of the imperial navy are built and launched—a fitting location, so near the ground made classic by this exile from the greatest marine nation in the world. Will Adams had a son and daughter born to him in Japan, and there are still living Japanese who claim descent from him. One of the streets of Yedo was named after him, Anjin Chō (Pilot Street), and the people of that street still hold an annual celebration on the 15th of June in his honor, one of which I attended in 1873. When Adams died, he, and afterward his Japanese wife, were buried on the summit of one of the lovely hills overlooking the Bay of Yedo, Goldsborough Inlet, and the surrounding beautiful and classic landscape. Adams chose the spot himself. The people of Yedo erected memorial-stone lanterns at his tomb. Perry's fleet, in 1854, anchored within the very shadow of the Englishman's sepulchre. In May, 1872, Mr. Walters, of Yokohama, after a study of Hildreth and some search, discovered the tomb, which others had sought for in vain. Two neat stone shafts, in the characteristic style of native monumental architecture, set on a stone pediment, mark the spot. I visited it, in company of the bonze in charge of the Shin shiu temple of the village, in July, 1873.

In Charlevoix's "Histoire du Christianisme au Japon," it is related that the Abbé Sidotti, an Italian priest, came to Manila, with the intention of landing in Japan, and once more attempting to regain Japan to Christianity. After several years' waiting, he persuaded the captain of a vessel to take him to Satsuma and set him ashore. This was done in 1709. He was arrested and sent to Yedo. There he was confined in a house in the city district, called Koishikawa, on the slope of a hill ever since called Kirishitan zaka (Christian slope), as the valley at the foot is called Kirishitan dané (Christian valley), and the place Kirishitan gui (Christian neighborhood). Here the censors, judges, scholars, and interpreters assembled, and for many days examined him, asking many questions and gaining much information concerning foreign countries. In another building near by, an old man and woman who had professed Christianity, and had been compelled to recant, were confined. After the abbé's arrival, exhorted by him, they again embraced their old faith. The abbé gave his name as Jean Baptiste. He made a cross of red paper, which he pasted on the wall of his room. He was kept prisoner, living for several years after his arrival, in Yedo, and probably died a natural death.

About ten years ago, the Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., discovered a book called *Sei Yō Ki Bun* (Annals of Western Nations), in three volumes, written by the Japanese scholar who examined the abbé. The books contain a summary of the history and judicial proceedings in the case, and the information gained from the Italian. The whole narrative is of intensest interest. While in Tōkiō, in 1874, I endeavored to find the site of the Inquisition, and the martyr's tomb.

Tradition says that the abbé was buried on the opposite slope of the valley corresponding to that on which he lived, under an old pine-tree, near a spring. Pushing my way through scrub bamboo along a narrow path scarcely perceptible for the undergrowth, I saw a nameless stone near a hollow, evidently left by a tree that had long since fallen and rotted away. A little run of water issued from a spring hard by. At the foot was a rude block of stone, with a hollow for water. Both were roughly hewn, and scarcely dressed with the chisel. Such stones in Japan mark the graves of those who die in disgrace, or unknown, or uncared for. This was all that was visible to remind the visitor of one whose heroic life deserved a nobler monument.

The influence of a century of Papal Christianity in Japan on the national ethics and character was *nil*. A careful examination has not revealed any trace of new principles of morals adopted by the Japanese from foreigners in the sixteenth, as has been gained in the nineteenth century, though the literary, scientific, and material gains were great. The Japanese mental constitution and moral character have been profoundly modified in turn by Buddhism and Confucianism, but the successive waves of Christianism that passed over Japan left no sediment teeming with fertility, rather a barren waste like that which the river-floods leave in autumn. I should be glad to see these statements disproved. Let us hope that the Christianity of the present, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Russo-Greek, may work a profounder and more beneficent revolution in faith and moral practice, and that only that kingdom may be established which is not of this world.

XXVI.

IYÊYASŬ, THE FOUNDER OF YEDO.

The last of struggles of rival military factions for the possession of power is now to be narrated, and the weary record of war and strife closed. Since 1159, when the Taira and Minamoto came to blows in the capital, and the imperial palace fell into the hands of armed men, and the domination of the military families began, until the opening of the seventeenth century the history of Japan is but that of civil war and slaughter. The history of two centuries and a half that followed the triumphs of Iyéyasŭ is that of profound peace. Few nations in the world have enjoyed peace so long.

The man who now stood foremost among men, who was a legislator as well as warrior, who could win a victory and garner the fruits of it, was Tokugawa Iyéyasŭ, the hero of Sékigahara, the most decisive battle in Japanese history, the creator of the perfected dual system and of feudalism, and the founder of Yedo.

Yedo is not an ancient city. Its site becomes historic when Yamato Daké, in the second century of our era, marched to conquer the Eastern tribes. In later times, the Minamoto chieftains subdued the plains of the Kuantō. Until the twelfth century, the region around the Bay of Yedo was wild, uncivilized, and sparsely populated, and the inhabitants were called by the polished Kiōto people "Adzuma Ebisŭ," or Eastern boors.

In the fifteenth century, a small castle was built on the rising ground within the western circuit of the present stronghold, and near Kōji machi (Yeast Street), where now stands the British Legation. East of the castle was a small relay village, Ō Temma Chō, near the modern site of the prison, at which officials or travelers, on their way to Kamakura or Kiōto, *viâ* the Tōkaidō, might stop for rest and refreshment, or to obtain fresh *kagos* (palanquins), bearers, and baggage-carriers. The name of the commander of the castle, Ōta Dokuan, a retainer of the shōgun at Kamakura, and a doughty warrior, is still preserved in the memories of the people, and in poetry, song, art, and local lore. A hill in the north of the city, a delightful picnic resort, bears his name, and the neighborhood of Shiba was his favorite drill-ground and rendezvous before setting out on forays or campaigns.

One romantic incident, in which a maiden of equal wit and beauty bore chief part, has made him immortal, though the name of the fair one has been forgotten. One day, while out hawking near Yedo, a heavy shower of rain fell. Dismounting from his horse, he, with his attendant, approached a house, and in very polite terms begged the loan of a grass rain-coat (*mino*). A pretty girl, daughter of the man of the house, came out, listened, blushing, to the request, but, answering not a word, ran to the garden, plucked a flower, handed it, with mischief in her eyes, to the hero, and then coquettishly ran away. Ōta, chagrined and vexed at such apparently frivolous manners and boorish inhospitality, and the seeming slight put upon his rank, returned in wrath, and through the rain, to his castle, inwardly cursing the "Adzuma Ebisŭ," who did not know how to treat a gentleman. It happened that, shortly after, some court nobles from Kiōto were present, sharing the hospitalities of the castle at Yedo, to whom he related the incident. To his own astonishment, the guests were delighted. "Here," said they, "in the wilderness, and among the 'Adzuma Ebisŭ,' is a gentle girl, who is not only versed in classic poetry, but had the wit and maidenly grace to apply it in felicitous style." Ōta had asked for a rain-coat (*mino*); the little coquette was too polite to acknowledge she had none. How could she say "no" to such a gallant? Rather, to disguise her negative, she had handed him a mountain camellia; and of this flower the poet of Yamato had, centuries ago, sung: "Although the mountain camellia has seven or eight petals, yet I grieve to say it has no seed" (*mino*).

After the death of Ōta, no name of any great note is attached to the unimportant village or fortress; but in 1590, at the siege of Odawara, Hidéyoshi suggested to his general, Iyéyasŭ, Yedo as the best site for the capital of the Kuantō. After the overthrow of the "later Hōjō" clan, and the capture of their castle at Odawara, Iyéyasŭ went to Yedo and began to found a city. He set up his court, and watched his chances.

Iyéyasŭ was born at Okasaki, in Mikawa, in 1542; he served with Nobunaga and with Hidéyoshi; again fought with the latter, and again made terms with him. His first possessions were Mikawa and Suruga. In the latter province he built a fine castle at Sumpu (now called Shidzŭöka), and made it his residence for many years. He seems to have had little to do with the Corean expedition. While busy in building Yedo in 1598, he received news of the taikō's sickness, attended his death-bed, and was urged to swear to protect the interests of Hidéyori, then six years old. He evasively declined.

The prospects of the boy were not very fine. In the first place, few people believed him to be the son of the taikō. In the second place, the high-spirited lords and nobles, who prided themselves on their blood and lineage, detested Hidéyoshi as an upstart, and had been kept in curb only by his indomitable will and genius. They were still more incensed at the idea of his son Hidéyori, even if a true son, succeeding. Again: Hidénobu, the nephew of Nobunaga, was living, and put in a claim for power. His professed conversion to Christianity gave him a show of support among the Christian malcontents. As for Iyéyasŭ, he was suspected of wishing to seize the military power of the whole empire. The strong hand of the taikō was no longer felt. The abandonment of the Corean invasion brought back a host of men and leaders, flushed with victory and ambition. Differences sprung up among the five governors. With such elements at work—thousands of men, idle, to whom war was pastime and delight, princes eager for a fray in which land was the spoil, more than one man aspiring to fill the dead master's place—only a spark was needed to kindle the blaze of war.

The governors suspected Iyéyasŭ. They began to raise an army. Iyéyasŭ was not to be surprised. He followed the example of his rivals, and watched. I shall not tax the patience of the reader to follow through the mazes of the intricate quarrels which preceded the final appeal to arms. Suffice to say, that after the seizure and reseizure of the citadel of Ōzaka and the burning of the taikō's splendid palace in Fushimi, the army of the league and the army of Iyéyasŭ met at Sékigahara (plain of the barrier), in Ōmi, near Lake Biwa.

By this battle were decided the condition of Japan for over two centuries, the extinction of the claims of the line of Nobunaga and Hidéyoshi, the settlement of the Tokugawa family in hereditary succession to the shōgunate, the fate of Christianity, the isolation of Japan from the world, the fixing into permanency of the dual system and of feudalism, the glory and greatness of Yedo, and peace in Japan for two hundred and sixty-eight years.

In the army of the league were the five governors appointed by the taikō, and the lords and vassals of Hidéyoshi, and most of the generals and soldiers who had served in the Corean campaigns. Among them were the clans of Satsuma, Chōshiu, Uyésugi, and Ukita, with the famous Christian generals, Konishi and Ishida. This army, one hundred and eighty thousand strong, was a heterogeneous mass of veterans, acting under various leaders, and animated by various interests. As the leaders lacked unity of purpose, so the army was made the victim of discordant counsels and orders. On the other hand, the army of one man, Iyéyasŭ, had one soul, one discipline, and one purpose. The Castle of Gifu, in Mino, was captured by one of his captains. On the 1st of October, 1600, Iyéyasŭ marched from Yedo over the Tōkaidō with a re-enforcement of thirty thousand troops. His standard was a golden fan and a white flag embroidered with hollyhocks. The diviners had declared "the road to the West was shut." Iyéyasŭ answered, "Then I shall open it by knocking." On the thirteenth day he arrived at Gifu, where he effected a junction with his main body. Some one offered him a persimmon (ōgaki). He said, as it fell in his hand, "Ōgaki waga te ni otsuru" ("Ōgaki has fallen into my hand"). He threw it down, and allowed his attendants to eat the good-omened and luscious pieces.

The battle-field at Sékigahara is an open, rolling space of ground, lying just inside the eastern slope of hills on the west wall of Lake Biwa, and part of the populous plain drained by the Kiso gawa, a branch of which crosses the field and winds round the hill, on which, at that time, stood a residence of the Portuguese missionaries. The Nakasendō,* one of the main roads between Yedo and Kiōto, enters from Ōmi, and bisects the field from west to east, while from the northwest, near the village of Sékigahara, the road enters from Echizen. By this road the writer, in 1872, came to reach the classic site and study the spot around which cluster so many stirring memories. The leaders of the army of the league, having arranged their plans, marched out from the Castle of Ōgaki at early morn on the fifteenth day of the Ninth month. They built a fire on a hill overlooking the narrow path, to guide them as they walked without keeping step. It was raining, and the armor and clothes of the soldiers were very wet. At five o'clock they reached the field, the Satsuma clan taking up their position at the foot of a hill facing east. Konishi, the Christian hero of Corea, commanded the left centre, Ishida the extreme left. Four famous commanders formed, with their corps, the right wing. Reserves were stationed on and about the hills facing north. The cavalry and infantry, according to the *Guai Shi* figures, numbered one hundred and twenty-eight thousand.

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* The Nakasendō (Central Mountain Road) is three hundred and eighty-one miles long. It begins at the Bridge of Sanjo, over the river at Kiōto, and ends at Nihon Bridge in Tōkiō. It was used, in part, as early as the second century, but was more fully opened in the early part of the eighth century. It passes through Ōmi, Mino, Shinano, Kōdzuké, terminating in Musashi. It can be easily traversed in fourteen days; but the tourist who can understand and appreciate all he sees would be reluctant to perform the tour, if for pleasure, in less than a month. There are on the route nine *togé* (mountain passes). It carries the traveler through the splendid scenery of Shinano, which averages twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level, along Lake Biwa, and nearly its whole length is classic ground. The Nakasendō is sometimes called the Kisokaidō. An excellent guide-book, in seven volumes, full of good engravings, published in 1805, called *Kisoji Meishō Dzuyé* ("Collection of Pictures of Famous Places on the Nakasendō"), furnishes the information that makes a sight of the famous places very enjoyable. The heights of the *togé* are as follows: 620, 2150, 3060, 4340, 3680, 5590, 3240, and 4130 feet, respectively.

At early morn of the same day one of the pickets of Iyéyasŭ's outposts hastened to the tent of his general and reported that all the enemy had left the Castle of Ōgaki. Other pickets, from other points, announced the same reports simultaneously. Iyéyasŭ, in high glee, exclaimed, "The enemy has indeed fallen into my hand." He ordered his generals to advance and take positions on the field, himself leading the centre. His force numbered seventy-five thousand.

This was the supreme moment of Iyéyasŭ's life. The picture as given us by native artist and tradition is that of a medium-sized and rotund man, of full, round, and merry face, who loved mirth at the right time and place, and even when others could not relish or see its appropriateness. Of indomitable will and energy, and having a genius for understanding men's natures, he astonished his enemies by celerity of movement and the promptitude with which he followed up his advantages. Nevertheless, he was fond of whims. One of these was to take a hot bath before beginning a battle; another was to issue ambiguous orders purposely when he wished to leave a subordinate to act according to his own judgment. On the present occasion, his whim was to go into battle with armor donned, but with no helmet on, knotting his handkerchief over his bare forehead. A dense fog hung like a pall over the battle-field, so that one could not see farther than a few feet.

The two armies, invisible, stood facing each other. However, Iyéyasŭ sent an officer with a body of men with white flags, who advanced six hundred feet in front of the main army, to prevent surprise. At eight o'clock the fog lifted and rolled away, and the two hosts descried each other. After a few moments' waiting, the drums and conchs of the centre of each army sounded, and a sharp fire of matchlocks and a shower of arrows opened the battle. The easterners at first wavered, and till noon the issue was doubtful. Cannon were used during the battle, but the bloodiest work was done with the sword and spear. One of the corps in the army of the league deserted and joined the side of Iyéyasŭ. At noon, the discipline and unity of the eastern army and the prowess and skill of Iyéyasŭ triumphed. Ordering his conch-blowers and drummers to beat a final charge, and the reserves having joined the main body, a charge was made along the whole line. The enemy, routed, broke and fled. Nearly all the wounded, and hundreds of unscathed on the battle-field, committed *hara-kiri* in order not to survive the disgrace. The pursuers cut off the heads of all overtaken, and the butchery was frightful. The grass was dyed red, and the moor became literally, not only an Aceldama, but a Golgotha. According to the *Guai Shi's* exaggerated figures, forty thousand heads were cut off. Of the Eastern army four thousand were slain, but no general was killed. The soldiers assembled, according to custom, after the battle in the centre of the field, to show their captives and heads. On this spot now stands a memorial mound of granite masonry within a raised earthen embankment, surrounded and approached from the road by rows of pine-trees. On the Kiōto side of the village, near the shrine of Hachiman, may be seen a *kubidzuka* (barrow, or pile of heads), the monument of this awful slaughter, and one of the many such evidences of former wars which careful travelers in Japan so often notice.

Iyéyasŭ went into the fight bare-headed. After the battle he sat down upon his camp-stool, and ordered his helmet to be brought. All wondered at this. Donning it with a smile, and fastening it securely, he said, quoting the old proverb, "After victory, knot the cords of your helmet." The hint was taken and acted upon. Neither rest nor negligence was allowed.

The Castle of Hikoné, on Lake Biwa, was immediately invested and captured. Ōzaka was entered in great triumph. Fushimi and Kiōto were held; Chōshiu and Satsuma yielded. Konishi and Mitsuda were executed on the execution-ground in Kiōto. The final and speedy result was that all Japan submitted to the hero who, after victory, had knotted the cords of his helmet.

XXVII.

THE PERFECTION OF DUARCHY AND FEUDALISM.

We have traced the rise and fall of no fewer than six families that held governing power in their persons or in reality. These were in succession the Sugawara, Fujiwara, Taira, Minamoto, Hōjō, and Ashikaga. The last half of the sixteenth century witnessed the rise, not of great families, but of individuals, the mark of whose genius and energy is stamped upon Japanese history. These three individuals were Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasŭ. Who and what were they?

Nobunaga was one of many clan-leaders who, by genius and daring, rose above the crowd, and planned to bring all the others in subjection to himself, that he might rule them in the mikado's name. From having been called *Baka Dono* (Lord Fool) by his enemies, he rose to be Nai Dai Jin, and swayed power equal to a shōgun, but he never received that name or honor; for not being a Minamoto, he was ineligible. But for this inviolable precedent, Nobunaga might have become Sei-i Tai Shōgun, and founded a family line as proud and powerful as that of the Tokugawas of later time.

Who was Hidéyoshi? This question was often asked, in his own time, by men who felt only too keenly *what* he was. This man, who manufactured his own ancestry on paper, was a parvenu from the peasant class, who, from grooming his master's horses in the stable, continued his master's work, as shōgun, in the field, and, trampling on all precedent, amazed the Fujiwara peers by getting the office of kuambakŭ.

Who was Iyéyasŭ? Neither of his two predecessors had Minamoto blood. Iyéyasŭ, though at first an obscure captain under Nobunaga, was of true Genji stock. The blood of mikados, and of the great conquerors of Eastern Japan, was in his veins. He was destined to eclipse even the splendor of his forefathers. He was eligible, by right of descent, to become Sei-i Tai Shōgun, or chief of all the daimiōs.

The family of Tokugawa took its name from a place and river in Shimotsŭké, near Ashikaga and Nitta — which are geographical as well as personal names—claimed descent from the mikado Seiwa through the Minamoto Yoshiiyé, thence through that of Nitta Yoshisada. Tokugawa Shiro, the father of Iyéyasŭ, lived in the village of Matsudaira, in Mikawa. Iyéyasŭ always signed the documents sent to foreigners, Minamoto no Iyéyasŭ.

As it is the custom in Japan, as in Europe, to name families after places, the name of this obscure village, Matsudaira, was also taken as a family name by nearly all vassals, who held their lands by direct grant from Iyéyasŭ. In 1867, no fewer than fifty-four daimiōs were holding the name Matsudaira. The title of the daimiō in whose capital the writer lived in 1871, was Matsudaira Echizen no Kami.

Crest of the Tokugawa Family.

The Tokugawa crest was a circle inclosing three leaves of the *awoi* (a species of mallow, found in Central Japan) joined at the tips, the stalks touching the circle. This gilded trefoil gleamed on the Government buildings and property of the shōgun, and on the official documents, boats, robes, flags, and tombs. On Kaempfer's and Hildreth's books there is printed under it the misleading legend, "Insignia *Imperatoris* Japonici." The trefoil flag fluttered in the breeze when Commodore Perry made his treaty under its shadow. To this day many foreigners suppose it to be the national flag of Japan. It was simply the family crest of the chief daimiō in Japan.

The imperial court, yearning for peace, and finding in Iyéyasŭ the person to keep the empire in order, command universal obedience, and satisfy the blood requirements of precedent to the office, created him Sei-i Tai Shōgun, and it was left to Minamoto Tokugawa Iyéyasŭ to achieve the perfection of duarchy and Japanese feudalism.

Let us see how he arranged the chess-board of the empire. There were his twelve children, a number of powerful princes of large landed possessions whom he had not conquered, but conciliated; the lesser daimiōs, who had joined him in his career; his own retainers of every grade; and a vast and miscellaneous array of petty feudal superiors, having grants of land and retinues of from three to one hundred followers. The long hereditary occupation of certain lands had given the holders a right which even Iyéyasŭ could not dispute. Out of such complexity and chaos, how was such a motley array of proud and turbulent men to be reduced to discipline and obedience? Upon such a palimpsest, how was an accurate map to be drawn, or a durable legible record to be written? Iyéyasŭ had force, resources, and patience. He was master of the arts of conciliation and of letting alone. He could wait for time to do its work. He would give men the opportunity of being conquered by their own good sense.

Of Iyéyasŭ's twelve children, three daughters married the daimiōs of Mimasaka, Sagami, and Hida. Of his nine sons, Nobuyasŭ died before his father became shōgun. Hidéyasŭ, his second son, had been adopted by the taikō, but a son was born to the latter. Iyéyasŭ then gave his son the province of Echizen. Hence the Echizen clansmen, as relatives of the shōgunal family, were ever their stanchest supporters, even until the cannon fired at Fushimi in 1868. Their crest was the same trefoil as that of their suzerain. When Hidéyasŭ was enfeoffed with Echizen, many prominent men and heads of old families, supposing that he would, of course, succeed his father in office, followed him to his domain, and lived there. Hence in Fukui, the capital of Echizen, in which I lived during the year 1871, I became acquainted with the descendants of many proud families, whose ancestors had nursed a profound disappointment for over two centuries; for Iyéyasŭ chose his third son, Hidétada, who had married a daughter of the taikō, to succeed him in the shōgunate.

Tadayashi, fifth son of Iyéyasŭ, whose title was Matsudaira Satsuma no Kami, died young. At his death five of his retainers disemboweled themselves, that they might follow their young master into the happy land. This is said to be the last instance of the ancient custom of *jun-shi* (dying with the master), such as we have noticed in a former chapter. During the early and mediæval centuries occur authentic instances of such immolation, or the more horrible test of loyalty in the burial of living retainers to their necks in the earth, with only the head above ground, who were left to starve slowly to death. Burying a man alive under the foundations of a castle about to be built or in the pier of a new bridge, was a similar instance of lingering superstitions.

In the *Bu Kan* ("Mirror of the Military Families of Japan"), a complete list of the "Yedo nobility," or clans, no record is given of Iyéyasŭ's sixth and ninth male children. On his three last sons were bestowed the richest fiefs in the empire, excepting those of Satsuma, Kaga, Mutsu, Higo, and a few others — all-powerful daimiōs, whose lands Iyéyasŭ could not touch, and whose allegiance was only secured by a policy of conciliation. These three sons were invested with the principalities of Owari, Kii, and Mito. They founded three families, who were called Gosanké (the three illustrious families), and from these, in case of failure of heirs in the direct line, the shōgun was to be chosen. The assessed revenue of these families were 610,500, 555,000, and 350,000 koku of rice, respectively. They were held in great respect, and wielded immense influence. Their yashikis in Yedo were among the largest, and placed in the most conspicuous and commanding sites of the city. At the tombs of the shōguns at Shiba and Uyéno, the bronze memorial lanterns presented in honor of the deceased ruler are pre-eminent above all others for their size and beauty.

In the course of history down to 1868, it resulted that the first seven shōguns were descendants of Iyéyasŭ in the line of direct heirs.[*] From the eighth, and thence downward to the sixteenth, or next to the last, the shōguns were all really of the blood of Kii. The Owari family was never represented on the seat of Iyéyasŭ. It was generally believed, and is popularly stated, that as the first Prince of Mito had

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[*] SHŌGUNS OF THE TOKUGAWA FAMILY.

1.	Iyéyasŭ	1603–1604	9.	Iyéshigé	1745–1762
2.	Hidétada	1605–1622	10.	Iyéharu	1762–1786
3.	Iyémitsŭ	1623–1649	11.	Iyénori	1787–1837
4.	Iyétsuna	1650–1680	12.	Iyéyoshi	1838–1852
5.	Tsunayoshi	1681–1708	13.	Iyésada[*]	1853–1858
6.	Iyénobu	1709–1712	14.	Iyémochi	1858–1866
7.	Iyétsugu	1713–1716	15.	Noriyoshi[†]	1866–1868
8.	Yoshimuné	1717–1744			

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[*] First shōgun ever styled Tai-kun ("Tycoon") in a treaty document. The last three shōguns were styled Tai-kun by themselves and foreigners.

[†] Keiki, or Hitotsŭbashi, the last Sei-i Tai Shōgun, still living (1876) at Shidzuōka, in Suruga.

married the daughter of an enemy of Iyéyasŭ, the Mito family could not furnish an heir to the shōgunate. In 1867, however, as we shall see, Keiki, a son of Mito, but adopted into the Hitotsŭbashi family, became the thirty-ninth and last Sei-i Tai Shōgun of Japan, the fifteenth and last of Tokugawa, and the fourth and last "Tycoon" of Japan.

Next to the Gosanké ranked the Kokushiu (*koku*, province; *shiu*, ruler) daimiōs, the powerful leaders whom Iyéyasŭ defeated, or won over to obedience, but never tamed or conquered. He treated them rather as equals less fortunate in the game of war than himself. Some of them were direct descendants of the Kokushiu appointed by Yoritomo, but most were merely successful military adventurers like Iyéyasŭ himself. Of these, Kaga was the wealthiest. He ruled over Kaga, Noto, and Etchiu, his chief city and castle being at Kanézawa. His income was 1,027,000 koku. The family name was Maëda. There were three cadet families ranking as Tozama, two with incomes of 100,000, the other of 10,000 koku. The Maëda crest consisted of five circles, around ten short rays representing sword-punctures. The Shimadzŭ family of Satsuma ruled over Satsuma, Ōzumi, Hiuga, and the Liu Kiu Islands—revenue, 710,000 koku; chief city, Kagoshima. There was one cadet of the house of Shimadzŭ, with a revenue of 27,000 koku. The crest was a white cross* within a circle.

The Datté family ruled over the old northern division of Hondo, called Mutsu; capital, Sendai; revenue, 325,000 koku. There were three cadet families, two having 30,000 koku; and one, Uwajima, in Iyo, 100,000. Their crest was two sparrows within a circle of bamboo and leaves.

The Hosokawa family ruled Higo; income 540,000: the chief city is Kumamoto, in which is one of the finest castles in Japan, built by Kato Kiyomasa. Of three cadets whose united incomes were 81,300 koku, two had cities in Higo, and one in Hitachi; crest, eight disks around a central smaller disk.

The Kuroda family ruled Chikuzen; revenue, 520,000; chief city Fukuöka; crest, a black disk. One cadet in Kadzusa had 30,000 koku; crest, a slice of cucumber. Another in Chikuzen; revenue, 50,000; crest, Wistaria flowers.

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* This cruciform figure of the Greek pattern puzzled Xavier, who suspected theology in it. It has been a perpetual mare's-nest to the many would-be antiquarians, who burn to immortalize themselves by unearthing Christian relics in Japan. It is a standard subject of dissertation by new-comers, who help to give a show of truth to the platitude of the ports, that "the longer one lives in Japan, the less he knows about it." It is simply a horse's bit-ring.

The Asano family ruled Aki; chief city, Hiroshima; revenue, 426,000; one cadet.

The Mōri family ruled Chōshiu; chief city, Hagi; revenue, 369,000. Of three cadet families, two were in Nagato, one was in Suwo. Their united incomes, 100,000 koku; crest, a kind of water-plant.

The above are a few specimens from the thirty-six families outside of the Tokugawa, and the subject (*fudai*) clans, who, though not of the shōgunal family, took the name of Matsudaira. There were, in 1862, two hundred and sixty-seven feudal families, and as many daimiōs of various rank, income, and landed possessions. Japan was thus divided into petty fragments, without real nationality, and utterly unprepared to bear the shock of contact with foreigners.

The Tozama [outside (of the shōgunal family) nobility] were cadet families of the Kokushiu, or the smaller landed lords, who held hereditary possessions, and who sided with Iyéyasŭ in his rise to power. There were, in 1862, ninety whose assessed revenue ranged from ten to one hundred thousand koku each.

The Fudai (literally, successive generations) were the generals, captains, and retainers, both civil and military, on whom Iyéyasŭ bestowed land as rewards. They were the direct vassals of the Tokugawa family. The shōgun could order any of them to exchange their fiefs, or could increase or curtail their revenues at will. They were to the shōgun as the old "Six Guards" of Kiōto, or household troops of the mediæval mikadoate. There were, in 1862, one hundred and fifteen of this class, with lands assessed at from ten to one hundred thousand koku. It was only the fudai, or lower-grade daimiōs, who could hold office under the Yedo bakufu, and one became regent, as we shall see.

When once firmly seated on the throne, Iyéyasŭ found himself master of almost all Japan. His greatest care was to make such a disposal of his lands as to strike a balance of power, and to insure harmony among the host of territorial nobility, who already held or were about to be given lands. It must not be forgotten that Iyéyasŭ and his successors were, both in theory and reality, vassals of the emperor, though they assumed the protection of the imperial person. Neither the shōgun nor the daimiōs were acknowledged at Kiōto as nobles of the empire. The lowest kugé was above the shōgun in rank. The shōgun could obtain his appointment only from the mikado. He was simply the most powerful among the daimiōs, who had won that pre-eminence by the sword, and who, by wealth and power, and a skillfully wrought plan of division of land among the other daimiōs, was able to rule for over two and a half centuries. Theoretically, he was *primus inter pares;* in actuality, he was supreme over inferiors. The mikado was left with merely nominal power, dependent upon the Yedo treasury for revenue and protection, but he was still the fountain of honor and preferment, and, with his court, formed what was the lawful, and, in the last analysis, the only true power. There was formed at Yedo the *de facto*, actual administrative government of the empire. With the imperial family, court, and nobles, Iyéyasŭ had nothing to do except as vassal and guardian. He simply undertook to settle the position and grade the power of the territorial nobles, and rule them by the strong hand of military force. Nevertheless, real titles were bestowed only by the emperor; and an honor granted, however empty of actual power, from the Son of Heaven in Kiōto was considered immeasurably superior to any gift which the awe-compelling chief daimiō in Yedo could bestow. The possession of rank and official title is the ruling passion of a Japanese. The richest daimiōs, not content with their power and revenue, spent vast sums of money, and used every influence at the Kiōto court, to win titles, once, indeed, the exponent of a reality that existed, but, since the creation of the duarchy and the decay of the mikado's actual power, as absurdly empty as those of the mediatized princes of Germany, and having no more connection with the duties implied than the title of Pontifex Maximus has with those of Chief Bridge-builder in Rome.

The head of the proud Shimadzŭ family, with his vast provinces of Satsuma, Hiuga, Ōzumi, and the Liu Kiu Islands, cared as much for the pompous vacuity of Shuri no daibu ("Chief of the Office of Ecclesiastical Carpenters") as to be styled Lord of Satsuma.

It is in the geographical distribution of his feudal vassals that the genius of Iyéyasŭ is seen. Wherever two powerful clans that still bore a grudge against the Tokugawa name were neighbors, he put between them one of his own relatives or direct vassals, which served to prevent the two daimiōs from combining or intriguing. Besides disposing of his enemies so as to make them harmless, his object was to guard the capital, Kiōto, so that aspiring leaders could never again seize the person of the mikado, as had been repeatedly done in times past. He thus removed a chronic element of disorder.

Echizen commands Kiōto from the north; it was given to his eldest son. Ōmi guards it from the east; it was divided among his direct vassals, while Owari and Kii were assigned to his sons. His fudai vassals, or "household troops," were also ranged on the west, while to the south-west was Ōzaka, a city in the government domain, ruled by his own officials. Thus the capital was completely walled in by friends of Tokugawa, and isolated from their enemies.

Mōri, once the lord of ten provinces, and the enemy of Tokugawa, was put away into the extreme south-west of Hondo, all his territories except Nagato and Suwo being taken from him, and given to Tokugawa's direct vassals. Opposite to Nagato were Kokura and Chikuzen, enemies of Nagato. We shall see the significance of this when we treat of events leading to the Restoration (1853–1868). Shikokŭ was properly divided, so as to secure a preponderance of Tokugawa's most loyal vassals. Kiushiu was the weakest part of the system; yet even here Satsuma was last and farthest away, and Higo, his feudal rival and enemy, was put next, and the most skillful disposition possible made of the vassals and friends of Tokugawa.

In the daimiōates succession to their lands was hereditary, but not always to the oldest son, since the custom of adoption was very prevalent, and all the rights of a son were conferred on the adopted one. Often the adopted child was no relation of the ruler. Sickly infants were often made to adopt a son, to succeed to the inheritance and keep up the succession. One of the most curious sights on occasions of important gatherings of samurai, was to see babies and little boys dressed in men's clothes, as "heads of families," sustaining the dignity of representing the family in the clan. I saw such a sight in 1871.

One great difference between the Japanese system and that of entails in Europe lay in this, that the estate granted to each daimiō could not be added to, or diminished, either by marriage, or by purchase, or by might, except by express permission and grant from the shōgun, the superior of all.

Next to the daimiōs ranked the *hatamoto*, or flag-supporters (*hata*, flag; *moto*, root, under), who were vassals of the shōgun—his special dependence in war time—having less than ten thousand koku revenue. Each had from three to thirty retainers in his train. They were, in most cases, of good family, descendants of noted warriors. They numbered eighty thousand in various parts of the empire, but the majority lived in Yedo. They formed the great body of military and civil officials. The *gokenin*, many of the descendants of Iyéyasŭ's private soldiers, were inferior in wealth and rank to the hatamoto, but with them formed the hereditary personal following of the shōgun, and constituted the Tokugawa clan proper, whose united revenues amounted to nearly nine million koku. The shōgun, or chief daimiō of the empire, has thus unapproachable military resources, following, and revenue, and could overawe court and emperor above, princes and vassals beneath.

All included within the above classes and their military retainers were samurai, receiving hereditary incomes of rice from the Government. They were privileged to wear two swords, to be exempt from taxes. They may be styled the military-literati of the country. To the great bulk of these samurai were given simply their daily portion of rice; to others, rations of rice for from two to five persons. Some of them received small offices or positions, to which land or other sources of income were attached. The samurai's ideas of honor forbade him to do any work or engage in any business. His only duty was to keep perfunctory watch at the castle or his lord's house, walk in his lord's retinue, or on stated occasions appear in ceremonial dress. His life was one of idleness and ease; and, as may be imagined, the long centuries of peace served only to develop the dangerous character of this large class of armed idlers. Some, indeed, were studious, or engaged with zeal in martial exercises, or became teachers; but the majority spent their life in eating, smoking, and lounging in brothels and tea-houses, or led a wild life of crime in one of the great cities. When too deeply in debt, or having committed a crime, they left their homes and the service of their masters, and roamed at large. Such men were called *rōnins*, or "wave-men." Usually they were villains, ready for any deed of blood, the reserve mercenaries from which every conspirator could recruit a squad. Occasionally, the rōnin was a virtuous citizen, who had left the service of his lord for an honorable purpose.

Ill fared it with the merchants. They were considered so low in the social scale that they had no right in any way to oppose or to remonstrate with the samurai. Among the latter were many noble examples of chivalry, men who were ever ready to assist the oppressed and redress their wrongs, often becoming knights-errant for the benefit of the wronged orphan and the widow, made so by a murderer's hand. But among the hatamoto and gokenin, especially among the victors of Sékigahara, cruelties and acts of violence were not only frequent and outrageous, but winked at by the Government officials. These blackmailers, in need of funds for a spree, would extort money under various pretexts, or none at all, from helpless tradesmen; or their servants would sally out to a tea-house, and, having eaten or drunk their fill, would leave without paying, swaggering, drunk, and singing between their tipsy hiccoughs. Remonstrances from the landlord would be met with threats of violence, and it was no rare thing for them, in their drunken fury, to slash off his head. Yet these same non-producers and genteel loafers were intensely sensitive on many points of honor, and would be ready at any moment to die for their master. The possession of swords, and the arrogance bred of their superiority as a privileged class, acted continually as a temptation to brawls and murder.

Edinburgh, in the old days of the clans, is perhaps the best illustration of Yedo during the Tokugawa times. Certain localities in Yedo at night would not suffer by a comparison with the mining regions of California during the first opening of the diggings, when to "eat" a man, or to kill an Indian before breakfast, was a feather in the cap of men who lived with revolvers constantly in their belts. As there were always men in the gulches of whom it was a standing prophecy that they would "die with their boots on," so there was many a man in every city of Japan of whom it would be a nine days' wonder should he die with his head on. Of such men it was said that their death would be *inujini* (in a dog's place).

Yet the merchant and farmer were not left utterly helpless. The Otokodaté were gallant and noble fellows, not of the samurai class, but their bitter enemies. The swash-bucklers often met their match in these men, who took upon themselves to redress the grievances of the unarmed classes. The Otokodaté were bound together into a sort of guild to help each other in sickness, to succor each other in peril, to scrupulously tell the truth and keep their promises, and never to be guilty of meanness or cowardice. They lived in various parts of Japan, though the most famous dwelt in Yedo. They were the champions of the people, who loved and applauded them. Many a bitter conflict took place between them and the overbearing samurai, especially the "white-hilts." The story of their gallant deeds forms the staple of many a popular story, read with delight by the common people.

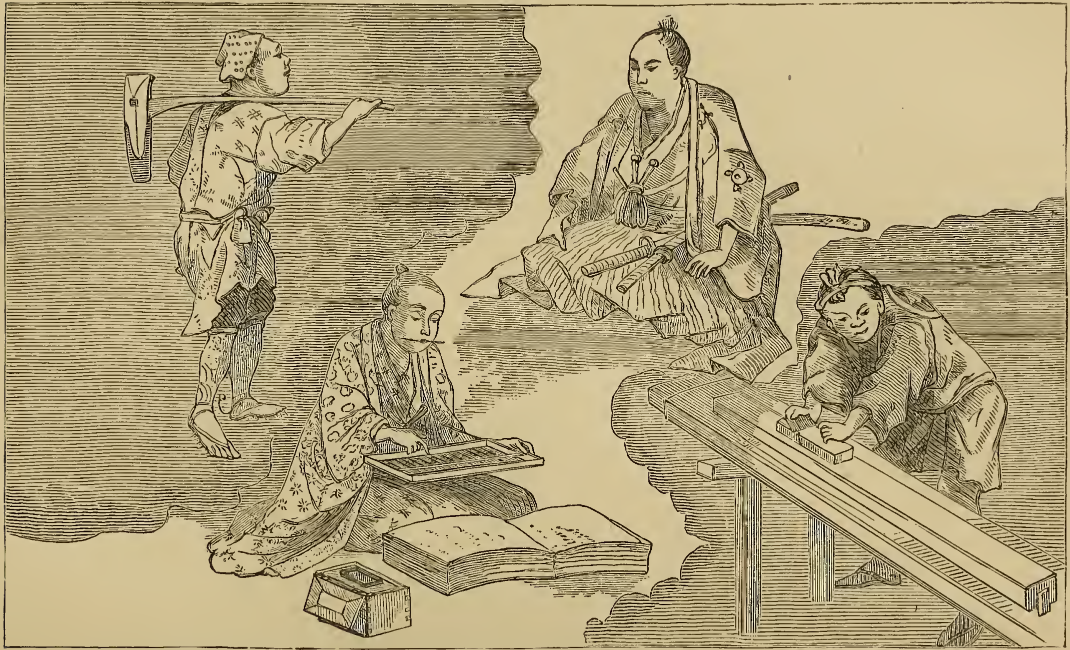
Below the samurai, or gentry, the three great classes were the farmers, artisans, and merchants. These were the common people. Beneath them were the *etas*, who were skinners, tanners, leather-dressers, grave-diggers, or those who in any way handled raw-hide or buried animals. They were the pariahs, or social outcasts, of Japan. They were not allowed to enter a house, or to eat or drink, sit or cook at the same fire with other persons. These people were said by some to be descendants of Corean prisoners; by others, to have been originally the people who killed animals for feeding the imperial falcons. As Buddhism prohibited the eating of animals as food, the eta were left out of the pale of society. The *hinin* (not human) were the lowest class of beggars, the squatters on waste lands, who built huts along the road, and existed by soliciting alms. They also attended to the execution of criminals and the disposal of their corpses. In general, they were filthy and disgusting, in their rags and dirt.

There were thus, according to one division, eight classes of society: 1st, the kugé, Kiōto or court nobility; 2d, the daimiōs, Yedo or territorial nobles; 3d, the buké, or hatamoto, or samurai of lower rank than that of daimiō and priest; 4th, landed proprietors without title, and farmers, called *hiyakŭshō;* 5th, artisans, carpenters, etc., called *shokonin;* 6th, merchants, shop-keepers, and traders, called *akindo;* 7th, actors, prostitutes, genteel beggars, etc.; 8th, tanners, skinners, hinin, and eta.

Another division is that into four classes: 1st, military and official — samurai; 2d, agricultural — farmer; 3d, laboring — artisan; 4th, trading — merchant. Below the level of humanity were the eta and hinin.

This was the constitution of society in Japan during the rule of the Tokugawa until 1868.

Iyéyasŭ, in 1600 and the years following, employed an army of 300,000 laborers in Yedo, in enlarging the castle, digging moats and canals, grading streets, filling marshes, and erecting buildings. His fleets of junks brought granite from Hiōgo for the citadel and gate buttresses, and the river-boats the dark stone for the walls of the enceinte. His faith in the future of the city was shown in his ordering an immense outer ditch to be dug, which far more than completely encircled both castle and city, and gates and towers to be built, when as yet there was no wall connecting, or dwelling-houses within them, and city people sauntered out into the country to see and laugh at them. According to tradition, the great founder declared that walls would be built, and the city extend far beyond them. The prediction was verified; for it is probable that within fifty years, as we know from old maps of Yedo, the land east of the river was built upon, and the city had spread to within two-thirds of its present proportions, and before the year 1700 had a population of over 500,000 souls. Yedo never did have, as the Hollanders guessed, and as our old text-



The four Classes of Society: Military, Agricultural, Laboring, and Mercantile. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

books, in stereotyped phrase, told us, 2,500,000 souls. It is probable that, in 1857, when Mr. Townsend Harris, the American envoy, first entered it, it had as many as 1,000,000. In 1872, by official census, the population of Tōkiō, including that of the villages around it and under the municipal jurisdiction, was 925,000; of the city proper, 790,000 permanent residents, to which should be added nearly 100,000 floating population.

Outside of Yedo, the strength of the great unifier was spent on the public roads and highways, especially the Tōkaidō, or road skirting the Eastern Sea, which begins at Kiōto and ends at Tōkiō. He arranged fifty-three stations (*shiku*, relays, or post-stations), at which were hotels, pack-horses, baggage-coolies, and palanquin-bearers. A regular code of regulations to govern the movements of the daimiōs and nobles when traveling—the etiquette to be observed, the scale of prices to be charged—was duly arranged, and continued in force until 1868. The roads, especially the mountain-passes, bridges, and ferries, were improved, and one *ri* (measure of two and two-fifth miles) hillocks to mark the distances set up. The regulations required that the main roads should be thirty-six feet wide, and be planted with pine-trees along their length. Cross-roads should have a width of eighteen feet; foot-paths, six; and of by-paths through the fields, three feet. At the ferry-landing on either bank of a river there was to be an open space of about three hundred and sixty feet. Various other regulations, pertaining to minute details of life, sumptuary laws, and feudal regulations, were promulgated, and gradually came into force throughout the empire.

To defend the Kuantō, and strengthen his position as military ruler of the empire, he built or improved the nine castles of Mito, Utsunomiya, Takasaki, Odawara, and five others in the Kuantō. At Sumpu, Ōzaka, and Nijo, in Kiōto, were also fine castles, and to their command officers were assigned. All these, and many other enterprises, required a vast outlay of money. The revenue of the empire amounted to nearly 30,000,000 koku (165,000,000 bushels) of rice. Of this, nearly 9,000,000 koku were retained as the revenue of the Tokugawas. The mines were government property; and at this time the gold of Sado was discovered, which furnished Iyéyasŭ with the sinews of war and peace. This island may be said to be a mass of auriferous quartz, and has ever since been the natural treasure-house of Japan.

Iyéyasŭ had now the opportunity to prove himself a legislator, as well as a warrior. He began by granting amnesty to all who would accept it. He wished the past forgotten. He regretted that so much blood had been spilled. He entered upon a policy of conciliation that rapidly won to his side all the neutral and nearly all the hostile clans. There were some who were still too proud or sullen to submit or accept pardon. These were left quietly alone, the great unifier waiting for the healing hand of time. He felt sure of his present power, and set himself diligently to work during the remainder of his life to consolidate and strengthen that power so that it would last for centuries.

Iyéyasŭ was created Sei-i Tai Shōgun in 1603. Only twice during his life-time was peace interrupted. The persecution of the Christians was one instance, and the brief campaign against Hidéyori, the son of the taikō, was the second. Around this young man had gathered most of the malcontents of the empire. Iyéyasŭ found or sought a ground of quarrel against him, and on the 3d of June, 1615, attacked the Castle of Ōzaka, which was set on fire. A bloody battle, the last fought on the soil for two hundred and fifty-three years, resulted in the triumph of Iyéyasŭ, and the disappearance of Hidéyori and his mother, who were probably consumed in the flames. His tomb, however, is said to be in Kagoshima. It is most probably a cenotaph.

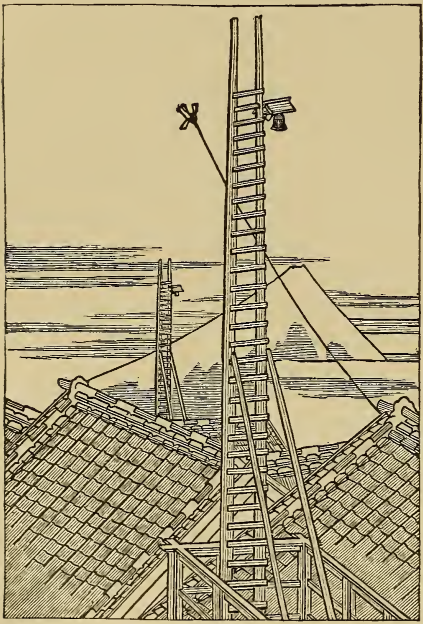
The greatest of the Tokugawas spent the last years of his life at Sumpu (Shidzŭōka), engaged in erasing the scars of war, securing the triumphs of peace, perfecting his plans for fixing in stability his system of government, and in collecting books and manuscripts. He bequeathed his "Legacy," or code of laws (see Appendix), to his chief retainers, and advised his sons to govern in the spirit of kindness. He died on the 8th of March, 1616. His remains were deposited temporarily at Kuno Zan, a few miles from Sumpu, on the side of a lovely mountain overlooking the sea, where the solemnity of the forest monarchs and the grandeur of sea and sky are blended together. Acting upon the dying wish of his father, Hidétada had caused to be erected at Nikkō Zan, one hundred miles north of Yedo, a gorgeous shrine and mausoleum. The spot chosen was on the slope of a hill, on which, eight centuries before, the saintly bonze Shōdō, following Kōbō Daishi's theology, had declared the ancient Shintō deity of the mountain to be a manifestation of Buddha to Japan, and named him the Gongen of Nikkō. Here Nature has glorified herself in snow-ranges of mighty mountains, of which glorious Nantaizan reigns king, his feet laved by the blue splendors of the Lake Chiuzenji, on which his mighty form is mirrored. Nikkō means *sunny splendor;* and through Japanese poetry and impassioned rhetoric ever sparkle the glories of the morning's mirror in Chiuzenji, and the golden floods of light that bathe Nantaizan. The water-fall of Kiri Furi (falling mist); and of Kégon, the lake's outlet, over seven hundred feet high; the foaming river, grassy green in its velocity; the colossal forests and inspiring scenery, made it the fit resting-place of the greatest character in Japanese history.

In 1617, his remains were removed from Kuno, and in solemn pageantry moved to Nikkō, where the imperial envoy, vicar of the mikado, court nobles from Kiōto, many of his old lords and captains, daimiōs, and the shōgun Hidétada, awaited the arrival of the august ashes. The corpse was laid in its gorgeous tomb, before which the vicar of majesty presented the gohei, significant of the apotheosis of the mighty warrior, deified by the mikado as the divine vice-regent of the gods of heaven and earth, under the title Sho ichi i Tō Shō Dai Gongen, or "Noble of the first Degree of the first Rank, Great Light of the East, Great Incarnation of Buddha." During three days, a choir of Buddhist priests, in their full canonical robes, intoned the *Hokké* sacred classic ten thousand times. It was ordained that ever afterward the chief priest of Nikkō should be a prince of the imperial blood, under the title of Rinnoji no miya.

Of Hidétada, the successor of Iyéyasŭ, there is little to record. The chief business of his life seems to have been to follow out the policy of his father, execute his plans, consolidate the central power, establish good government throughout the empire, and beautify, strengthen, and adorn Yedo.

Iyémitsŭ, the grandson of Iyéyasŭ, is acknowledged to have been the ablest ruler of all the Tokugawas after the founder, whose system he brought to perfection. In 1623, he went to Kiōto to do homage to the mikado, who invested him with the title of Sei-i Tai Shōgun. By this time many of the leaders and captains who had fought under Iyéyasŭ, or those who most respected him for his prowess, were dead or superannuated, and had been succeeded by their sons, who, as though fated to follow historical precedent, failed to possess the vigor of their fathers, their associations being those of peace, luxury, and the effeminacy which follows war.

Iyémitsŭ was a martinet as well as a statesman. He proposed that all the daimiōs should visit and reside in Yedo during half the year. Being at first treated as guests, the shōgun coming out to meet them in the suburbs, they swore allegiance to his rules, sealing their signatures, according to custom, with blood drawn from the third finger of the right hand. Gradually, however, these rules became more and more restrictive, until the honorable position degenerated into a condition tantamount to mere vassalage. Their wives and children were kept as hostages in Yedo, and the rendition of certain tokens of respect, almost equivalent to homage to the shōgun, became imperative. During his rule the Christian insurrection and massacre at Shimabara took place. The Dutch were confined to Déshima. Yedo was vastly improved. Aqueducts, still in excellent use, were laid, to supply the city with water. To guard against the ever-threatening enemy, fire, watch-towers, or lookouts, such as are to be seen in every city, were erected in great numbers. Bells are hung at the top and a code of signals, and a prescribed number of taps give the locality and progress of the conflagration. Mints were established, coins struck, weights and measures fixed; the system of official espionage, checks, and counter-checks established; a general survey of the empire executed; maps of the various provinces and plans of the daimiōs' castles were made, and their pedigrees made out and published; the councils called Hiōjō-shō (Discussion and Decision), and Wakadoshiyori (Assembly of Elders), established, and Corean envoys received.



Fire-lookouts in Yedo. (Height shown by a kite flown by a boy in the street.)

The height of pride and ambition which Iyémitsŭ had already reached is seen in the fact that, in a letter of reply from the bakufu to Corea, the shōgun is referred to as Tai Kun ("Tycoon"), a title never conferred by the mikado on any one, nor had Iyémitsŭ any legal right to it. It was assumed in a sense honorary or meaningless to any Japanese, unless highly jealous of the mikado's sovereignty, and was intended to overawe the "barbarian" Coreans. It is best explainable in the light of the Virgilian phrase, *magna pars fui*, or the less dignified "Big Indian I."

The building of the fine temples of Toyeizan, at Uyéno, in Yedo, and at Nikkō, were completed in Iyémitsŭ's time, he making five journeys thither. He died in 1649, after a prosperous rule of twenty-six years, and was buried with his grandfather at Nikkō.

The successors of Iyéyasŭ, the shōguns of the Tokugawa dynasty, fourteen in all, were, with one exception, buried alternately in the cemeteries of Zōzōji and Tōyeizan, in the city districts of Shiba and Uyéno. These twin necropolises of the illustrious departed were the chief glories of Yedo, which was emphatically the city of the Tokugawas. The remains of six of them lie in Uyéno, and six in Shiba, while two are at Nikkō.

During the summer of 1872, in company with an American friend and three of my brightest students, I made a journey to Nikkō, and for nearly a week reveled in its inspiring scenery and solemn associations. During my three years' residence in Tōkiō, I visited these twin sacred places many times, spending a half-day at a visit. No one has described these places better than Mr. Mitford, in his "Tales of Old Japan." He says: "It is very difficult to do justice to their beauty in words. I have the memory before me of a place green in winter, pleasant and cool in the hottest summer, of peaceful cloisters, of the fragrance of incense, of the subdued chant of richly robed priests, and the music of bells of exquisite designs, harmonious coloring, and rich gilding. The hum of the vast city outside is unheard here. Iyéyasŭ himself, in the mountains of Nikkō, has no quieter resting-place than his descendants in the heart of the city over which he ruled."

Passing through an immense red portal on the north side of Shiba, we enter the precincts of the sacred place through a long, wide avenue, lined by overarching firs, and rendered solemnly beautiful by their shade. A runner is usually on hand to conduct visitors to the gate, inside of which a priest is waiting. We enter a pebbled courtyard, in which are ranged over two hundred large stone lanterns. These are the gifts of the fudai daimiōs. Each lantern is inscribed with the name of the donor, the posthumous title of the deceased shōgun, the name of the temple at Shiba, and the province in which it is situated, the date of the offering, and a legend, which states that it is reverently offered. On the following page is the reading on one, and will serve as a specimen:

TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS TEMPLE OF LEARNING*
[Posthumous title of the sixth Shōgun Iyénobu]
THIS STONE LANTERN,
SET UP BEFORE THE TOMB AT THE TEMPLE OF ZŌZŌJI,
IN MUSASHI,
IS REVERENTLY OFFERED
BY THE
RULING DAIMIŌ,
NOBLE OF THE FIFTH RANK,
MASUYAMA FUJIWARA MASATO,
LORD OF TSUSHIMA,
IN THE SECOND YEAR OF THE PERIOD OF STRICT VIRTUE,
IN THE CYCLE OF THE WATER DRAGON
[1711].

Passing through a handsomely gilt and carved gate-way, we enter another court-yard, the sides of which are gorgeously adorned. Within the area are bronze lanterns, the gift of the Kokushiu daimiōs. The six very large gilded lanterns standing by themselves are from the Go San Ké, the three princely families, in which the succession to the office of shōgun was vested. To the left is a monolith lavatory; and to the right is a splendid building, used as a depository of sacred utensils, such as bells, gongs, lanterns, etc., used only on *matsuri*, or festival days. Passing through another handsome gate which eclipses the last in richness of design, we enter a roofed gallery somewhat like a series of cloisters. In front is the shrine, a magnificent specimen of native architecture.

Sitting down upon the lacquered steps, we remove our shoes, while the shaven bonze swings open the gilt doors, and reveals a transept and nave, laid with finest white matting, and ceiled in squares wrought with elaborate art. The walls of the transept are arabesqued, and the panels carved with birds and flowers—the fauna of Japan, both real and mythical—and the various objects in Japanese sacred and legendary art. In each panel the subjects are different, and richly repay study. The glory of motion, the passionate life of the corolla, and the perfection of nature's colors have been here reproduced in inanimate wood by the artist. At the extremity of the nave is a short flight of steps. Two massive gilt doors swing asunder at the touch of priestly hands, and across the threshold we behold an apocalypse of splendor. Behind the sacred offertories, on carved and lacquered tables, are three reliquaries rising to the ceiling, and by their outer covering simulating masses of solid gold. Inside are treasured the tablets and posthumous titles of the august deceased. Descending from this sanctum into the transept again, we examine the canonical rolls, bell, book, and candles, drums and musical instruments, with which the Buddhist rites are celebrated and the liturgies read. Donning our shoes, we pass up a stone court fragrant with blossoming flowers, and shaded with rare and costly trees of every variety, form, and height, but overshadowed by the towering firs. We ascend a flight of steps, and are in another pebbled and stone-laid court, in which stands a smaller building, called a *haiden*, formerly used by the living shōgun as a place of meditation and prayer when making his annual visit to the tombs of his forefathers. Beyond it is still another flight of stone steps, and in the inclosure is a plain monumental urn, "This is the simple ending to so much magnificence"—the solemn application of the gorgeous sermon.

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* The *hōmiō*, or posthumous titles of thirteen Tokugawa shōguns, are: 1, Great Light of the East; 2, Chief Virtue; 3, Illustrious Enterprise; 4, Strict Holding; 5, Constant System; 6, Literary Brightness; 7, Upholder of the Plan; 8, Upholder of Virtue; 9, Profound Faith; 10, Steady Brightness; 11, Learned Reverence; 12, Learned Carefulness; 13, Rigid Virtue.

The visitor, on entering the cemetery by the small gate to the right of the temple, and a few feet distant from the great belfry, will see three tombs side by side. The first to the left is that of Iyénobu, the sixth of the line, who ruled in 1709–1713. The urn and gates of the tomb are of bronze. The tomb in the centre is that of Iyéyoshi, the twelfth, who ruled 1838–1854. The third, to the right, is that of Iyémochi, the fourteenth shōgun, who ruled 1858–1866, and was the last of his line who died in power.

From the tomb of Iyémochi, facing the east and looking to the left, we may see the tombs of Iyétsugu (1713–1716), the seventh, and of Iyéshigé (1745–1762), the ninth, shōgun. Descending the steps and reaching the next stone platform, we may, by looking down to the left, see the tombs of a shōgun's wife and two of his children. The court-yards and shrines leading to the tombs of Iyétsugu and Iyéshigé are fully as handsome as the others. Hidétada (1606–1623), the second prince of the line, is buried a few hundred yards south of the other tombs. The place is easily found. Passing down the main avenue, and turning to the right, we have a walk of a furlong or two up a hill, on the top of which, surrounded by camellia-trees, and within a heavy stone palisade, is a handsome octagon edifice of the same material. A mausoleum of gold lacquer rests upright on a pedestal. The tomb, a very costly one, is in a state of perfect preservation. On one side of the path is a curiously carved stone, representing Buddha on his death-bed. The great temple of Zōzōji belonged to the Jōdō sect, within whose pale the Tokugawas lived and died.*

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* This splendid temple and belfry was reduced to ashes on the night of December 31st, 1874, by a fanatic incendiary. It had been sequestrated by the Imperial Government, and converted into a Shintō *miya.* On a perfectly calm midnight, during a heavy fall of snow, the sparks and the flakes mingled together with indescribable effect. The new year was ushered in by a perpendicular flood of dazzling green flame poured up to an immense height. The background of tall *cryptomeria* trees heightened the grandeur of the fiery picture. As the volatilized gases of the various metals in the impure copper sheathing of the roof and sides glowed and sparkled, and streaked the iridescent mass of flame, it afforded a spectacle only to be likened to a near observation of the sun, or a view through a colossal spectroscope. The great bell, whose casting had been superintended by Iyémitsŭ, and by him presented to the temple, had for two hundred years been the solemn monitor, inviting the people to their devotions. Its liquid notes could be heard, it is said, at Odawara. On the night of the fire the old bell-ringer leaped to his post, and, in place of the usual solemn monotone, gave the double stroke of alarm, until the heat had changed one side of the bell to white, the note deepening in tone, until, in red heat, the ponderous link softened and bent, dropping its burden to the earth. It is to be greatly regretted that the once sacred grounds of Shiba groves are now desecrated and common. "*Sic transit gloria Tokugawarum.*"

The family of Tokugawa, the city of Yedo, and the institutions of peaceful feudalism took their rise and had their fall together. When the last shōgun resigned in 1868, Yedo became the Tōkiō, or national capital, and with Old Yedo, feudalism and Old Japan passed away. The desperate efforts afterward made in 1874 at Saga, in Hizen (p. 575), in 1876 at Kumamoto, in Higo (p. 619), and in Satsuma in 1877 (p. 621), to overthrow the mikado's government, were but the expiring throes of feudalism. Old Japan has forever passed away, to live only in art, drama, and literature. The student will find the following monographs valuable and interesting: "The Streets and Street Names of Yedo," in "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan," 1873. "The Tōkiō Guide," and "Map of Tōkiō, with Notes Historical and Explanatory;" Yokohama, 1872. "The Castle of Yedo," by T. R. H. M'Clatchie, a valuable paper read before the Asiatic Society, Dec. 22d, 1877, and printed in the *Japan Mail* for Jan. 12th, 1878, and in the society's "Transactions" for 1878. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." "Chiushingura; or, The Loyal League," a Japanese Romance (of the 47 Ronins), enriched with native illustrations, notes, and appendix; New York, 1876. "Japanese Heraldry," by T. R. H. M'Clatchie, in Asiatic Society's "Transactions" for 1877. The best glimpse into every-day humble life is afforded in "Our Neighborhood; or, Sketches in the Suburbs of Yedo," by T. A. P. (T. A. Purcell, M.D.); Yokohama, 1874. In Alcock's "Three Years in Japan" (New York, Harper & Brothers) and Hildredth's "Japan" are also some good pictures as seen by foreign eyes.

XXVIII.

THE RECENT REVOLUTIONS IN JAPAN.*

It is the popular impression in the United States and in Europe that the immediate cause of the fall of the shōgun's Government, the restoration of the mikado to supreme power, and the abolition of the dual and feudal systems was the presence of foreigners on the soil of Japan. No one who has lived in Dai Nippon, and made himself familiar with the currents of thought among the natives, or who has studied the history of the country, can share this opinion. The foreigners and their ideas were the occasion, not the cause, of the destruction of the dual system of government, which would certainly have resulted from the operation of causes already at work before the foreigners arrived. Their presence served merely to hasten what was already inevitable.

I purpose in this chapter to expose the true causes of the recent marvelous changes in Japan. These comprise a three-fold political revolution within, a profound alteration in the national policy toward foreigners, and the inauguration of social reforms which lead us to hope that Japan has rejected the Asiatic, and adopted the European, ideal of civilization. I shall attempt to prove that these causes operated mainly *from within*, not from without; from impulse, not from impact; and that they were largely intellectual.

The history of Japan, as manifested in the current of events since the advent of Commodore Perry, has its sources in a number of distinct movements, some logically connected, others totally distinct from the rest. These were intended to effect: 1. The overthrow of the shōgun, and his reduction to his proper level as a vassal; 2. The restoration of the true emperor to supreme power; 3. The abolition of the feudal system and a return to the ancient imperial régime; 4. The abolition of Buddhism, and the establishment of pure Shintō as the national faith and the engine of government. These four movements were historically and logically connected. The fifth was the expulsion of the foreign "barbarians," and the dictatorial isolation of Japan from the rest of the world; the sixth, the abandonment of this design, the adoption of Western civilization, and the entrance of Japan into the comity of nations. The origin of the first and second movements must be referred to a time distant from the present by a century and a half; the third and fourth, to a period within the past century; the fifth and sixth, to an impulse developed mainly within the memory of young men now living.

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* Reprinted and enlarged from the *North American Review* of April, 1875.

There existed, long before the advent of Perry, definite conceptions of the objects to be accomplished. These lay in the minds of earnest thinkers, to whom life under the dual system was a perpetual winter of discontent, like snow upon the hills. In due season the spring would have come that was to make the flood. The presence of Perry in the Bay of Yedo was like an untimely thaw, or a hot south-wind in February. The snow melted, the streams gathered. Like houses built upon the sand, the shōgunate and the feudal system were swept away. They were already too rotten and worm-eaten to have the great fall which the simile might suggest. The mikado and the ancient ark of state floated into power. Buddhism stood as upon a rock, damaged, but firm. The foreigner, moored to the pile-driven foundations of his treaties, held his own more firmly than before. The flood in full momentum was swollen by a new stream and deflected into a new channel. Abandoning the attempt to defy the gravitation of events, to run up the hill of a past forever sloping backward into the impossible, the flood found surcease with the rivers of nations that make the ocean of human solidarity.

The chief motors of these movements were intellectual. Neither the impact of foreign cannon-balls at Kagoshima or Shimonoséki (see Appendix), nor the heavy and unjust indemnities demanded from the Japanese, wrought of themselves the events of the last ten years, as foreigners so complacently believe. An English writer resident in Japan concludes his translation of the "Legacy of Iyéyasŭ" by referring to it as the "constitution under which this country [Japan] was governed until the time within the recollection of all, when it gave way to the irresistible momentum of a higher civilization." The translator evidently means that the fall of the dual form of government and the feudal system was the direct result of contact with the higher civilization of Europe and America. English writers on Japan seem to imply that the bombardment of Kagoshima was the paramount cause that impelled Japan to adopt the foreign civilization.

Much, also, has been said and written in praise of Japan for her abolition of the feudal system by a "stroke of the pen," and thus "achieving in one day what it required Europe centuries to accomplish." An outsider, whose knowledge of Dai Nippon is derived from our old text-books and cyclopedias, or from non-resident book-makers, may be so far dazed as to imagine the Japanese demi-gods in statecraft, even as the American newspapers make them all princes. To the writer, who has lived in a daimiō's capital before, during, and after the abolition of feudalism, the comparison suggests the reason why the Irish recruit cut off the leg instead of the head of his enemy. Long before its abolition, Japanese feudalism was ready for its grave. The overthrow of the shōgun left it a headless trunk. To cut off its legs and bury it was easy, and in reality this was what the mikado's Government did, as I shall show.

As it would be vain to attempt to comprehend our own late civil war by beginning at Sumter, or even with the Compromise measures of 1851; so one will be misled who, in attempting to understand the Japan of to-day, looks only at events since Perry's time. The roots of the momentous growth of 1868 are to be found within the past centuries.

Yoritomo's acts were in reality the culmination of a long series of usurpations, begun by the Taira. Under the plea of military necessity, he had become an arch-usurper. In the period 1184–1199 A.D. began that dual system of government which has been the political puzzle of the world; which neither Kaempfer, nor the Déshima Hollanders, nor the Portuguese Jesuits seem ever to have fully understood; which has filled our cyclopedias and school-books with the misleading nonsense about "two emperors," one "spiritual" and the other "secular;" which led the astute Perry and his successors to make treaties with an underling; which gave rise to a vast mass of what is now very amusing reading, embracing much prophecy, fiction, and lamentations, in the Diplomatic Correspondence from Japan; and which keeps alive that venerable solecism heard among a few Rip Van Winkles in Japan, who talk, both in Japanese and English, about the "return of the tycoon to power." There never was but one emperor in Japan; the shōgun was a military usurper, and the bombastic title "tycoon" a diplomatic fraud.

We have seen how the policy of Yoritomo was continued by the

Hōjō, the Ashikaga, and the Tokugawas, who consummated the permanent separation of the throne and the camp. The custom of the shōguns going to Kiōto to do the mikado homage fell into desuetude after the visit of Iyémitsŭ. The iron-handed rule of the great commander at Yedo was felt all over the empire, and after centuries of war it had perfect peace. Learning flourished, the arts prospered. So perfect was the political machinery of the bakufu that the power of the mikado seemed but a shadow, though in reality it was vastly greater than foreigners ever imagined.

The dwellings of the two rulers at Yedo and Kiōto, of the domineering general and the overawed emperor, were typical of their positions. The mikado dwelt, unguarded, in a mansion surrounded by gardens inclosed within a plaster wall, in a city which was the chosen centre of nobles of simple life, highest rank, and purest blood, men of letters, students, and priests, and noted for its classic history and sacred associations, monasteries, gardens, and people of courtly manners and gentle life. The shōgun lived in a fortified and garrisoned castle, overlooking an upstart city full of arsenals, vassal princes, and military retainers. The feelings of the people found truest expression in the maxim, "The shōgun all men fear; the mikado all men love."

The successors of Iyéyasŭ, carrying out his policy, having exterminated the "corrupt sect" (Christianity), swept all foreigners out of the empire, and bolting its sea-barred gates, proceeded to devise and execute measures to eliminate all disturbing causes, and fix in eternal stability the peaceful conditions which were the fruit of the toils of his arduous life. They deliberately attempted to prevent Chronos from devouring his children.

According to their scheme, the intellect of the nation was to be bounded by the Great Wall of the Chinese classics, while to the hierarchy of Buddhism—one of the most potent engines ever devised for crushing and keeping crushed the intellect of the Asiatic masses—was given the ample encouragement of government example and patronage. An embargo was laid upon all foreign ideas. Edicts commanded the destruction of all boats built upon a foreign model, and forbade the building of vessels of any size or shape superior to that of a junk. Death was the penalty of believing in Christianity, of traveling abroad, of studying foreign languages, of introducing foreign customs. Before the august train of the shōgun men must seal their upper windows, and bow their faces to the earth. Even to his tea-jars and cooking-pots the populace must do obeisance with face in the dust. To study ancient history, which might expose the origin of the shōgunate, was forbidden to the vulgar, and discouraged among the higher. A rigid censorship dried the life-blood of many a master spirit, while the manufacture and concoction of false and garbled histories which extolled the reigning dynasty, or glorified the dual system of government as the best and only one for Japan, were encouraged. There were not wanting poets, fawning flatterers, and even historians, who in their effusions styled the august usurper the Ō-gimi (Chinese, *tai-kun*, or "tycoon"), a term meaning great prince, or exalted ruler, and properly applied only to the mikado. The blunders, cruelties, and oppressions of the Tokugawa rulers were, in popular fiction and drama, removed from the present, and depicted in plots laid in the time of the Ashikagas, and the true names changed. One of the most perfect systems of espionage and repression ever devised was elaborated to fetter all men in helpless subjection to the great usurper. An incredibly large army of spies was kept in the pay of the Government. Within such a hedge, the Government itself being a colossal fraud, rapidly grew and flourished public and private habits of lying, and deceit in all its forms, until the love of a lie apparently for its own sake became a national habit. When foreigners arrived in the Land of the Gods during the decade following Perry's arrival, they concluded that the lying which was everywhere persistently carried on in the Government and by private persons with such marvelous facility and unique originality was a primal characteristic of Japanese human nature. The necessity of hoodwinking the prying eyes of the foreigners, lest they should discover the fountain of authority, and the true relation of the shōgun, gave rise to the use of official deception that seemed as variegated as a kaleidoscope and as regular as the laws of nature. The majority of the daimiōs who had received lands and titles from the shōgun believed their allegiance to be forever due to him, instead of to the mikado, a belief stigmatized as rank treason by the students of history. As for the common people, the great mass of them forgot, or never knew, that the emperor had ever held power or governed his people; and being officially taught to believe him to be a divine personage, supposed he had lived thus from time immemorial. Knowing only of the troubled war times before the "great and good" Tokugawas, they believed devoutly in the infallibility, paternal benevolence, and divine right of the Yedo rulers.

The line of shōguns, founded by Iyéyasŭ, was the last that held, or ever will hold, the military power in Japan. To them the Japanese people owe the blessing of nearly two hundred and seventy years of peace. Under their firm rule the dual form of government seemed fixed on a basis unchangeable, and the feudal system in eternal stability. There did not exist, nor was it possible there should arise, causes such as undermined the feudalism of Europe. The Church, the Empire, free cities, industrialism—these were all absent. The eight classes of the people were kept contented and happy. A fertile soil and genial clime gave food in unstinted profusion, and thus was removed a cause which is a chronic source of insurrection in portions of China. As there was no commerce, there was no vast wealth to be accumulated, nor could the mind of the merchant expand to a limit dangerous to despotism by fertilizing contact with foreigners. All learning and education, properly so called, were confined to the samurai, to whom also belonged the sword and privilege. The perfection of the governmental machinery at Yedo kept, as was the design, the daimiōs poor and at jealous variance with each other, and rendered it impossible for them to combine their power. No two of them ever were allowed to meet in private or to visit each other without spies. The vast army of eighty thousand retainers of the Tokugawas, backed by the following of some of the richest clans, such as Owari, Kii, Mito, and Echizen (see Appendix), who were near relatives of the shōgunal family, together with the vast resources in income and accumulation, made it appear, as many believed, that the overthrow of the Tokugawas, or the bakufu, or the feudal system, was a moral impossibility.

Yet all these fell to ruin in the space of a few months! The bakufu is now a shadow of the past. The Tokugawas, once princes and the gentry of the land, whose hands never touched other tools than pen and sword, now live in obscurity or poverty, and by thousands keep soul and body together by picking tea, making paper, or digging the mud of rice-fields they once owned, like the laborers they once despised. Their ancestral tombs at Kuno, Shiba, Uyéno, and Nikkō, once the most sacred and magnificently adorned of Japanese places of honor, are now dilapidating in unarrested neglect, dishonor, and decay. The feudal system, at the touch of a few daring parvenus, crumbled to dust like the long undisturbed tenants of catacombs when suddenly moved or exposed to the light of day. Two hundred and fifty princes, resigning lands, retainers, and incomes, retired to private life in Tōkiō at the bidding of their former servants, acting in the name of the mikado. They are now quietly waiting to die. They are the "dead facts stranded on the shores of the oblivious years."

What were the causes of these three distinct results? When began the first gathering of the waters which burst into flood in 1868, sweeping away the landmarks of centuries, floating the old ship of state into power, impelling it, manned with new men and new machinery, into the stream of modern thought, as though Noah's ark had been equipped with engines, steam, and propellers? To understand the movement, we must know the currents of thought, and the men who produced the ideas.

There were formerly many classes of people in Japan, but only three of these were students and thinkers. The first comprised the court nobles, the literati of Kiōto; the second, the priests, who brought into existence that mass of Japanese Buddhistic literature, and originated and developed those phases of the India cultus which have made Japanese Buddhism a distinct product of thought and life among the manifold developments of the once most widely professed religion in the world. This intellectual activity and ecclesiastical growth culminated in the sixteenth century. Since that time Japanese thought has been led by the samurai, among whom we may include the priests of Shintō. The modern secular intellectual activity of Japan attained its highest point during the latter part of the last and the first quarter of the present century. Even as far back as the seventeenth century, the students of ancient history began to understand clearly the true nature of the duarchy, and to see that the shōgunate could exist only while the people were kept in ignorance. From that time Buddhism began to lose its hold on the intellect of the samurai and lay educated classes. The revival of Chinese learning, especially the Confucian and Mencian politico-ethics, followed. Buddhism was almost completely supplanted as a moral force. The invasion of Corea was one of the causes tributary to this result, which was greatly stimulated by the presence of a number of refugee scholars, who had fled from China on the overthrow of the Ming dynasty. The secondary influence of the fall of Peking and the accession of the Tartars became a parallel to the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the Greek scholars through Europe in the thirteenth century. The relation between the sovereign (mikado) and vassal (shōgun) had become so nearly mythical, that most Japanese fathers could not satisfy the innocent and eager questions of their children as to who was sovereign of Japan. The study of the Confucian moral scheme of "The Five Relations" (*i. e.*, sovereign and minister, parent and child, husband and wife, elder and younger brother, and between friends), in which the first and great requirement is the obedience of the vassal to his lord, aroused an incoercible desire among the samurai to restore and define that relation so long obscured. This spirit increased with every blunder of the bakufu; and when the revolution opened, "the war-cry that led the imperial party to victory was *Daigi meibun*, or the 'King and the subject;' whereby it was understood that the distinction between them must be restored, and the shōgun should be reduced to the proper relation of subject or servant to his sovereign."*

The province of Mito was especially noted for the number, ability, and activity of its scholars. In it dwelt the learned Chinese refugees as guests of the daimiō. The classic, which has had so powerful an influence in forming the public opinion which now upholds the mikado's throne, is the product of the native scholars, who submitted their text for correction to the Chinese scholars. The second Prince of Mito, who was born 1622, and died 1700, is to be considered, as was first pointed out by Mr. Ernest Satow, as "the real author of the movement which culminated in the revolution of 1868." Assembling around him a host of scholars from all parts of Japan, he began the composition of the *Dai Nihon Shi*, or "History of Japan." It is written in the purest Chinese, which is to Japan what Latin is to learning in Europe, and fills two hundred and forty-three volumes, or matter about equal to Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States." It was finished in 1715, and immediately became a classic. Though diligently studied, it remained in manuscript, copied from hand to hand by eager students, until 1851, when the wide demand for it induced its publication in print. The tendency of this book, as of most of the many publications of Mito,† was to direct the minds of the people to the mikado as the true and only source of authority, and to point out the historical fact that the shōgun was a military usurper. Mito, being a near relative of the house of Tokugawa, was allowed greater liberty in stating his views than could have been granted to any other person. The work begun by Mito was followed up by the famous scholar, Rai Sanyo, who in 1827, after twenty years of continuous labor, completed his *Nihon Guai Shi* ("External History of Japan"), in which he gives the history of each of the military families, Taira, Minamoto, Hōjō, Ashikaga, etc., who held the governing power from the period of the decadence of the mikados. This work had to pass the ordeal of the censorate at Yedo, and some of the volumes were repeatedly purged by the censors before they were allowed to be published. The unmistakable animus of this great book is to show that the mikado is the only true ruler, in whom is the fountain of power, and to whom the allegiance of every Japanese is due, and that even the Tokugawas were not free from the guilt of usurpation.

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* Arinori Mori: Introduction to "Education in Japan," p. 26.

† See article *Japan, Literature of*, in the "American Cyclopædia."

The long peace of two centuries gave earnest patriots time to think. Though the great body of the people, both the governing and the governed classes, enervated by prolonged prosperity and absence of danger, cared for none of these things, the serious students burned to see the mikado again restored to his ancient authority. *This motive alone would have caused revolution in due time.* They felt that Japan had retrograded, that the military arts had sunk into neglect, that the war spirit slumbered. Yet on all sides the "greedy foreigners" were eying the Holy Country. Already the ocean, once a wall, was a highway for wheeled vessels. The settlement of California and the Pacific coast made the restless Americans their neighbors on the east, with only a wide steam ferry between. American whalers cruised in Japanese waters, and hunted whales in sight of the native coasters. American ships repeatedly visited their harbors to restore a very few of the human waifs which for centuries in unintermitted stream had drifted up the Kuro Shiwo and across the Pacific, giving to America wrecks and spoils, her tribes men, her tongues words, and perhaps the civilization which in Peru and Mexico awoke the wonder and tempted the cupidity of the Spanish marauders (see Appendix). Defying all precedent, and trampling on Japanese pride and isolation, the American captains refused to do as the Hollanders, and go to Nagasaki, and appeared even in the Bay of Yedo. The long scarfs of coal-smoke were becoming daily matters of familiar ugliness and prognostics of doom. The steam-whistle heard by the junk sailors—as potent as the rams' horns of old — had already thrown down their walls of exclusion. The "black ships" of the "barbarians" passing Matsumaë in one year numbered eighty-six. Russia, on the north, was descending upon Saghalin; the English, French, Dutch, and Americans were pressing their claims for trade and commerce. The bakufu was idle, making few or no preparations to resist the fierce barbarians. Far-sighted men saw that, in presence of foreigners, a collision between the two centres of government, Yedo and Kiōto, would be immediate as it was inevitable. When it should come, in the nature of the case, the shōgunate must fall. The samurai would adhere to the mikado's side, and the destruction of the feudal system would follow as a logical necessity. It was the time of luxury, carousal, and the stupor of licentious carnival with most of the daimiōs, but with others of gloomy forebodings.

Another current of thought was flowing in the direction of a restored mikadoate. It may be called the revival of the study of pure Shintō, and, in examining the causes of the recent revolution, can not be overlooked. The introduction of Buddhism and Chinese philosophy greatly modified or "corrupted" the ancient faith. A school of modern writers has attempted to purge modern Shintō, and present it in its original form.

According to this religion, Japan is pre-eminently the Land of the Gods, and the mikado is their divine representative and vicegerent. Hence the duty of all Japanese implicitly to obey him. During the long reign of the shōguns, and of Buddhism, which they favored and professed, few, indeed, knew what pure Shintō was. Its Bible is the *Kojiki*, compiled A.D. 712. Several other works, such as the *Nihongi*, *Manyoshiu*, are nearly as old and as valuable in the eyes of Shintō scholars as the *Kojiki*. They are written in ancient Japanese, and can be read only by special students of the archaic form of the language. The developments of a taste for the study of ancient native literature and for that of history were nearly synchronous. The neglect of pure Japanese learning for that of Chinese had been almost universal, until Keichiu, Kada, and other scholars revived its critical study. The bakufu discouraged all such investigation, while the mikado and court at Kiōto lent it all their aid, both moral and, as it is said, pecuniary. Mabuchi (1697–1769), Motoöri (1730–1801), and Hirata (1776–1843), each successively the pupil of the other, are the greatest lights of pure Shintō; and their writings, which are devoted to cosmogony, ancient history, and language, the true position of the mikado and the Shintō cultus, exerted a lively influence at Kiōto, in Mito, in Echizen, Satsuma, and in many other provinces, where a political party was already forming, with the intention of accomplishing the abolition of the bakufu and a return to the Ōsei era. The necessary result of the study of Shintō was an increase of reverence for the mikado. Buddhism, Chinese influence, Confucianism, despotism, usurpation, and the bakufu were, in the eyes of a Shintōist, all one and the same. Shintō, the ancient true religion, all which a patriot could desire, good government, national purity, the Golden Age, and a life best explained by the conception of the "millennium" among Christians, were synonymous with the mikado and his return to power. The arguments of the Shintōists helped to swell the tide that came to its flood at Fushimi. Throughout and after the war of 1868–1870, there were no more bitter partisans who urged to the last extremes of logic and severity the issues of the war and the "reformation." It was the study of the literature produced by the Shintō scholars and the historical writers that formed the public opinion that finally overthrew the shōgunate, the bakufu, and feudalism.

Long before foreigners arrived, the seeds of revolution were above the soil. The old Prince of Mito, a worthy descendant of his illustrious ancestor, tired of preaching Shintō and of persuading the shōgun to hand over his authority to the mikado, resolved, in 1840, to take up arms and to try the wager of battle. To provide the sinews of war, he seized the Buddhist monasteries, and melted down their enormous bronze bells and cast them into cannon. By prompt measures the bakufu suppressed his preparations for war, and imprisoned him for twelve years, releasing him only in the excitement consequent upon the arrival of Perry.

Meanwhile Satsuma, Chōshiu, and other Southern clans were making extensive military preparations, not merely to be in readiness to drive out the possible foreign invaders, but, as we now know, and as events proved, to reduce the shōgun to his proper level as one of many of the mikado's vassals. The ancestors of these most powerful clans had of old held equal rank and power with Iyéyasŭ, until the fortunes of war turned against them. They had been overcome by force, or had sullenly surrendered in face of overwhelming odds. Their adhesion to the Tokugawas was but nominal, and only the strong pressure of superior power was able to wring from them a haughty semblance of obedience. They chafed perpetually under the rule of one who was in reality a vassal like themselves. On more than one occasion they openly defied and ignored the bakufu's orders; and the purpose, scarcely kept secret, of the Satsuma and Chōshiu clans was to destroy the shōgunate, and acknowledge no authority but that of the mikado.

From the Southern clans rose, finally, the voice in council, the secret plot, the *coup d'état*, and the arms in the field that wrought the purpose for which Mito labored. Yet they would never have been successful, had not a public sentiment existed to support them, which the historical writers had already created by their writings. The scholars could never have gratified their heart's wish, had not the sword and pen, brain and hand—both equally mighty—helped each other.

Notably pre-eminent among the Southern daimiōs, in personal characteristics, abilities, energy, and far-sightedness, was the Prince of Satsuma. Next to Kaga, he was the wealthiest of all the daimiōs (see Appendix). Had he lived, he would doubtless have led the revolutionary movement of 1868. Besides giving encouragement to all students of the ancient literature and history, he was most active in developing the material resources of his province, and in perfecting the military organization, so that, when the time should be ripe for the onslaught on the bakufu, he might have ready for the mikado the military provision to make his government a complete success. To carry out his plans, he encouraged the study of the Dutch and English languages, and thus learned the modern art of war and scientific improvement. He established cannon-foundries and mills on foreign principles. He saw that something more was needed. Young men must visit foreign countries, and there acquire the theory and practice of the arts of war and peace. The laws of the country forbade any subject to leave it, and the bakufu was ever on the alert to catch runaways. Later on, however, by a clever artifice, a number of the brightest young men, about twenty-seven in number, got away in one vessel to Europe, and, despite the surveillance of the Yedo officials, others followed to England and the United States. Among these young men were some who are now high officials of the Japanese Government.

The renown of this prince extended all over the empire, and numbers of young men from all parts of the country flocked to be his pupils or students. Kagoshima, his capital, became a centre of busy manual industry and intellectual activity. Keeping pace with the intense energy of mind and hand was the growing sentiment that the days of the bakufu were numbered, that its fall was certain, and that the only fountain of authority was the mikado. The Satsuma samurai and students all looked to the prince as the man for the coming crisis, when, to the inexpressible grief of all, he sickened and died, in 1858. He was succeeded in actual power by Shimadzŭ Saburo, his younger brother. No master ever left more worthy pupils; and those most trusted and trusting, among many others, were Saigō, Ōkubo, and Katsŭ. The mention of these names calls up to a native the most stirring memories of the war. Saigō became the leader of the imperial army. Ōkubo, the implacable enemy of the bakufu, was the master-spirit in council, and the power behind the throne which urged the movement to its logical consequences. At this moment, the annihilator of the Saga rebellion, crowned with diplomatic laurels, and the conqueror of a peace at Peking, he stands leader of the Cabinet, and the foremost man in Japan. Katsŭ advised the bakufu not to fight Chōshiu, and his master to resign his position, thus saving Yedo from destruction. The lesser men of note, pupils of Satsuma, who now hold positions of trust, or who have become disinterested Cincinnati, to show their patriotism, are too many to mention.

Familiarity with the facts above exposed will enable one to understand the rush of events that followed the arrival of the American envoy. The bakufu was apparently at the acme of power. The shōgun Iyéyoshi at Yedo was *fainéant.* The mikado at Kiōto, Koméi Tennō, father of the present emperor, was a man who understood well his true position, hated the bakufu as a nest of robbers, and all foreigners as unclean beasts. Within the empire, all was ripe for revolution. Beneath the portentous calm, those who would listen could hear the rumble of the political earthquake. From without came puffs of news, like atmospheric pulses portending a cyclone. On that 8th day of July, 1853, the natural sea and sky wearing perfect calm, the magnificent fleet of the "barbarian" ships sailed up the Bay of Yedo. It was the outer edge of the typhoon. The *Susquehanna* was leading the squadrons of seventeen nations.

There was one spectator upon the bluffs at Yokohama who was persuaded in his own mind that the men who could build such ships as those; who were so gentle, kind, patient, firm; having force, yet using it not; demanding to be treated as equals, and in return dealing with Japanese as with equals, could not be barbarians. If they were, it were better for the Japanese to become barbarous. That man was Katsŭ, now the Secretary of the Japanese Navy.

The barbarian envoy was a strange creature. He was told to leave the Bay of Yedo and go to Nagasaki. He impolitely refused, and staid and surveyed, and was dignified. This was anomalous. Other barbarians had not acted so; they had quietly obeyed orders. Furthermore, he brought letters and presents, all directed "To the Emperor of Japan." The shōgun was not emperor, but he must make believe to be so. It would not do to call himself the mikado's general only. This title awed sufficiently at home; but would the strangers respect it? A pedantic professor ("not the Prince of Dai Gaku") in the Chinese college (Dai Gaku Kō) at Yedo was sent to treat with the barbarian Perry. A chopper of Chinese logic, and a stickler for exact terms, the pedant must, as in duty bound, exalt his master. He inserted, or at least allowed to be used in the treaties the title *tai-kun*, a purely Chinese word, which in those official documents signified that he was the supreme ruler of all Japan. This title had never been bestowed upon the shōgun by the mikado, nor had it ever been used in the imperial official documents. The bakufu and the pedantic professor, Hayashi, did not mean to lie to the true sovereign in Kiōto. The bakufu, like a frog, whose front is white, whose back is black, could look both ways, and present two fronts. Seen from Kiōto, the lie was white; that is, "meant nothing." Looked at by those unsuspecting dupes, the barbarians, it was black; that is, "The august Sovereign of Japan," as the preamble of the Perry treaty says. Yet to the jealous emperor and court this white lie was, as ever white lies are, the blackest of lies. It created the greatest uneasiness and alarm. The shōgun had no shadow of right to this bombastic figment of authority.

It was a new illustration in diplomacy of Æsop's Fable No. 26. The great Yedo frog puffed itself to its utmost to equal the Kiōto ox, and it burst in the attempt. The last carcass of these batrachians in diplomacy was buried in Shidzŭōka, a city ninety-five miles southwest of Tōkiō, in 1868. The writer visited this ancient home of the Tokugawas in 1872, and in a building within a mile of the actual presence of the last and still living "tycoon," and within shouting distance of thousands of his ex-retainers, saw scores of the presents brought by Commodore Perry lying, many of them, in mildew, rust, or neglect. They were all labeled "Presented by the —— —— of the United States to the Emperor of Japan." Yet the mikado never saw them. The Japanese excel at a jibe, but when did they perpetrate sarcasm so huge? The mikado's government, with Pilate's irony, had allowed the tycoon to keep the presents, with the labels on them!

We may fairly infer that so consummate a diplomatist as Perry, had he understood the true state of affairs, would have gone with his fleet to Ōzaka, and opened negotiations with the mikado at Kiōto, instead of with his lieutenant at Yedo. Perhaps he never knew that he had treated with an underling.

The immediate results of the opening of the ports to foreign commerce in 1859 were the disarrangement of the prices of the necessaries of life, and almost universal distress consequent thereon, much sickness and mortality from the importation of foreign diseases, to which was added an exceptional succession of destructive earthquakes, typhoons, floods, fires, and storms. In the midst of these calamities the shōgun, Iyésada, died.

An heir must be chosen. His selection devolved upon the tairō, or regent, Ii, a man of great ability, daring, and, as his enemies say, of unscrupulous villainy. Ii,* though socially of low rank, possessed almost supreme power. Ignoring the popular choice of Keiki (the seventh son of the Daimiō of Mito), who had been adopted by the house of Hitotsŭbashi, he chose the Prince of Kii, a boy twelve years of age. In answer to the indignant protests of the princes of Mito,† Echizen, and Owari, he shut them up in prison, and thus alienated from his support the near relatives of the house of Tokugawa. It was his deliberate intention, say his enemies, to depose the mikado, as the Hōjō did, and set up a boy emperor again. At the same time, all who opposed him or the bakufu, or who, in either Kiōto, Yedo, or elsewhere, agitated the restoration of the mikado, he impoverished, imprisoned, exiled, or beheaded. Among his victims were many noble scholars and patriots, whose fate excited universal pity.‡

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* The premier, Ii, was the Daimiō of Hikoné, a castled town and fief on Lake Biwa, in Mino; revenue, three hundred and fifty thousand koku. He was at the head of the *fudai*. His personal name was Nawosŭké; his title at the emperor's court was *kamon no kami*—head of the bureau of the Ku Nai Shō (imperial household)—having in charge the hangings, curtains, carpets, mats, and the sweeping of the palace on state occasions. His rank at Kiōto was Chiujō, or "general of the second class." In the bakufu, he was prime minister, or "tairō." He had a son, who was afterward educated in Brooklyn, New York.

† It would be impossible in brief space to narrate the plots and counterplots at Yedo and Kiōto during the period 1860–1868. As a friendly critic (in *The Hiōgo News*, June 9th, 1875) has pointed out, I allow that the Prince of Mito, while wishing to overthrow the shōgunate, evidently wished to see the restoration accomplished with his son, Keiki, in a post of high honor and glory. While in banishment, secret instructions were sent from Kiōto, which ran thus: "The bakufu has shown great disregard of public opinion in concluding treaties without waiting for the opinion of the court, and in disgracing princes so closely allied by blood to the shōgun. The mikado's rest is disturbed by the spectacle of such misgovernment, when the fierce barbarian is at our very door. Do you, therefore, assist the bakufu with your advice; expel the barbarians; content the mind of the people; and restore tranquillity to his majesty's bosom."—*Kinsé Shiriaku*, p. 11, Satow's translation. This letter was afterward delivered up to the bakufu, shortly after which (September, 1861) the old prince died. The Mito clan was for many years afterward divided into two factions, the "Righteous" and the "Wicked." There is no proof that the Prince of Mito poisoned Iyésada, except the baseless guess of Sir Rutherford Alcock, which has a value at par with most of that writer's statements concerning Japanese history.

‡ Among others was Yoshida Shoin, a samurai of Chōshiu, and a student of

The mikado being by right the supreme ruler, and the shōgun merely a vassal, no treaty with foreigners could be binding unless signed by the mikado.

The shōgun or his ministers had no right whatever to sign the treaties. Here was a dilemma. The foreigners were pressing the ratification of the treaties on the bakufu, while the mikado and court as vigorously refused their consent. Ii was not a man to hesitate. As the native chronicler writes: "He began to think that if, in the presence of these constant arrivals of foreigners of different nations, he were to wait for the Kiōto people to make up their minds, some unlucky accident might bring the same disasters upon Japan as China had already experienced. He, therefore, concluded a treaty at Kanagawa, and affixed his seal to it, after which he reported the transaction to Kiōto."

This signature to the treaties without the mikado's consent stirred up intense indignation at Kiōto and throughout the country, which from one end to the other now resounded with the cry, "Honor the mikado, and expel the barbarian." In the eyes of patriots, the regent was a traitor. His act gave the enemies of the bakufu a legal pretext of enmity, and was the signal of the regent's doom. All over the country thousands of patriots left their homes, declaring their inten-

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European learning. He was the man who tried to get on board Commodore Perry's ship at Shimoda (Perry's "Narrative," p. 485–488). He had been kept in prison in his clan since 1854. He wrote a pamphlet against the project of taking up arms against the bakufu, for which he was rewarded by the Yedo rulers with his liberty. After Ii's arbitrary actions, Yoshida declared that the shōgunate could not be saved, and must fall. When the shōgun's ministers were arresting patriots in Kiōto, Yoshida resolved to take his life. For this plot, after detection, he was sent to Yedo in a cage, and beheaded. This ardent patriot, whose memory is revered by all parties, was one of the first far-sighted men to see that Japan must adopt foreign civilization, or fall before foreign progress, like India. The national enterprises now in operation were urged by him in an able pamphlet written before his death.

Another victim, a student of European literature, and a fine scholar in Dutch and Chinese, named Hashimoto Sanai, of Fukui, brother of my friend Dr. Hashimoto, surgeon in the Japanese army, fell a martyr to his loyalty and patriotism. This gentleman was the instrument of arousing an enthusiasm for foreign science in Fukui, which ultimately resulted in the writer's appointment to Fukui. Hashimoto saw the need of opening peaceful relations with foreigners, but believed that it could safely be done only under the restored and unified government. Under a system of divided authority, he held that the ruin of Japan would result. Had Perry treated with the mikado, foreign war might possibly have resulted, though very probably not. By treating with the counterfeit emperor in Yedo, civil war, foreign hostilities, impoverishment of the country, and national misery, prolonged for years, were inevitable.

tion not to return to them until the mikado, restored to power, should sweep away the barbarians. Boiling over with patriotism, bands of assassins, mostly rōnins, roamed the country, ready to slay foreigners, or the regent, and to die for the mikado. On the 23d of March, Ii was assassinated in Yedo, outside the Sakurada gate of the castle, near the spot where now stand the offices of the departments of War and Foreign Affairs, and the Gothic brick buildings of the Imperial College of Engineering. Then followed the slaughter of insolent foreigners, and in some cases of innocent ones, and the burning of their legations, the chief object in nearly every case being to embroil the bakufu with foreign powers, and thus hasten its fall. Some of these amateurs, who in foreign eyes were incendiaries and assassins, and in the native view noble patriots, are now high officials in the mikado's Government.

The prestige of the bakufu declined daily, and the tide of influence and power set in steadily toward the true capital. The custom of the shōgun's visiting Kiōto, and doing homage to the mikado, after an interval of two hundred and thirty years, was revived, which caused his true relation to be clearly understood even by the common people, who then learned for the first time the fact that the rule existed, and had been so long insolently ignored. The Prince of Echizen, by a special and unprecedented act of the bakufu, and in obedience to orders from the Kiōto court, was made premier. By his own act, as many believe, though he was most probably only the willing cat's-paw of the Southern daimiōs, he abolished the custom of the daimiōs' forced residence in Yedo. Like wild birds from an opened cage, they, with all their retainers, fled from the city in less than a week. Yedo's glory faded like a dream, and the power and greatness of the Tokugawas came to naught. Few of the clans obeyed any longer the command of the bakufu, and gradually the hearts of the people fell away. "And so," says the native chronicler, "the prestige of the Tokugawa family, which had endured for three hundred years; which had been really more brilliant than Kamakura in the age of Yoritomo on a moonlight night when the stars are shining; which for more than two hundred and seventy years had forced the daimiōs to come breathlessly to take their turn of duty in Yedo; and which had, day and night, eighty thousand vassals at its beck and call, fell to ruin in the space of one morning."

The clans now gathered at the true *miako*, Kiōto, which became a scene of gayety and bustle unknown since the days of the Taira.

Ending their allegiance to the bakufu, they began to act either according to their own will, or only at the bidding of the court. They filled the imperial treasury with gold, and strengthened the hands of the Son of Heaven with their loyal devotion. Hatred of the foreigner, and a desire to fill their empty coffers with the proceeds of commerce, swayed the minds of many of them like the wind among reeds. Others wished to open the ports in their fiefs, so as to pocket the profits of foreign commerce, which the bakufu enjoyed as its monopoly. A war of pamphlets ensued, some writers attempting to show that the clans owed allegiance to the bakufu; others condemning the idea as treasonable, and, having the historic facts on their side, proved the mikado to be the sole sovereign. The bakufu, acting upon the pressure of public opinion in Kiōto, and in hopes of restoring its prestige, bent all its efforts to close the ports and persuade the foreigners to leave Japan. For this purpose they sent an embassy to Europe. To has-

Matsudaira Yoshinaga, ex-Daimiō of Echizen, Chief Minister of State in 1862. (From a carte-de-visite presented by him.)

ten their steps, the rōnins now began the systematic assassination of all who opposed their plans, pillorying their heads in the dry bed of the river in front of the city. As a hint to the Tokugawa "usurpers," they cut off the heads of wooden images of the first three Ashikaga shōguns, and stuck them on poles in public. The rōnins were arrested; Chōshiu espoused their side, while Aidzu, who was governor of the city, threw them into prison. The mikado, urged by the clamorous braves, and by kugé who had never seen one of the "hairy foreigners," nor dreamed of their power, issued an order for their expulsion from Japan. The Chōshiu men, the first to act, erected batteries at Shimonoséki. The bakufu, which was responsible to foreigners, commanded the clan to disarm. They refused, and in July, 1863, fired on foreign vessels. They obeyed the mikado, and disobeyed the shōgun. During the next month, Kagoshima was bombarded by a British squadron.

On the 4th of September, the Chōshiu cannoneers fired on a bakufu steamer, containing some men of the Kokura clan who were enemies of Chōshiu, and who had given certain aid and comfort to foreign vessels, and refused to fire on the latter. The Chōshiu men in Kiōto besought the mikado to make a progress to Yamato, to show to the empire his intention of taking the field in person against the barbarians. The proposal was accepted, and the preliminaries arranged, when suddenly all preparations were stopped, Chōshiu became an object of blackest suspicion, the palace gates were doubly guarded, the city was thrown into violent commotion; while the deliberations of the palace ended in the expulsion of Sanjō Sanéyoshi (now Dai Jō Dai Jin), Sawa (Minister of Foreign Affairs, 1870–'71), and five other court nobles, who were deprived of their rank and titles, while eighteen others were punished, and all retainers or members of the family of Mōri (Chōshiu) were peremptorily "forbidden to enter the capital"—a phrase that made them outlaws. An army was levied, and the city put in a state of defense.

The reason of this was, that the Chōshiu men were accused of plotting to get possession of the mikado's person, in order to dictate the policy of the empire. The eighteen kugé and the six ringleaders were suspected of abetting the plot. This, and the firing on the steamer containing their envoys, roused the indignation of the bakufu, and the clans loyal to it, especially Aidzu, to the highest pitch. The men of Chōshiu, accompanied by the seven kugé, fled, September 30th, 1863, to their province.

Chōshiu now became the rendezvous of deserters and rōnins from all parts of Japan. In July of the following year, 1864, a body of many hundred of irresponsible men of various clans, calling themselves "Irregulars," arrived in Kiōto from the South, to petition the mikado to restore Mōri and the seven nobles to honor, and to drive out the barbarians. Aidzu and the shōgun's vassals were for attacking these men with arms at once. The mikado, not adopting the views of the petitioners, returned them no answer. On July 30th, the "Irregulars" were increased by many hitherto calm, but now exasperated, Chōshiu men, and encamped in battle array in the suburbs, where they were joined, August 15th, by two karōs, and two hundred men from Chōshiu, sent by Prince Mōri to restrain his followers from violence. While thus patiently waiting, a notification that they were to be punished was issued, August 19th, to them by the court, then under the influence of Aidzu, and Keiki was put in command of the army of chastisement.

With tears and letters of sorrowful regret to their friends at court, the Chōshiu men and the rōnins, in a written manifesto vindicated the justness of their cause, swore vengeance against Aidzu, whose troops were encamped in the imperial flower-garden, and then asking pardon of the Son of Heaven "for making a disturbance so near the base of the chariot" (the throne), they accepted the wager of battle, and rushed to the attack. "The crisis had arrived," says the native chronicler, "and the spirit of murder filled and overflowed heaven and earth. The term *chōtéki*, which for centuries had been obsolete, now again came into being. Many myriads of habitations were destroyed, and millions of people were plunged into a fiery pit." On the 20th of August, 1864, at day-dawn, the battle began, the Chōshiu men advancing in three divisions, numbering in all thirteen hundred men, their design being to attack the nine gates of the imperial palace and surround the flower-garden. The Tokugawa and Aidzu troops were backed by those of Echizen, Hikoné, Kuwana, and others. The battle raged furiously for two days, involving the city in a conflagration, which, fanned by a gale, reduced large quarters of it to a level of ashes. The fighting was by men in armor, equipped mostly with sword, arrow, cannon, and musket: 811 streets, 27,400 houses, 18 palaces, 44 large and 630 small yashikis, 60 Shintō shrines, 115 Buddhist temples, 40 bridges, 400 beggar's huts, and one eta village were destroyed by the flames; 1216 fire-proof store-houses were knocked to pieces by the cannonading kept up after the battle to prevent the Chōshiu men from hiding in them. "The capital, surrounded by a nine-fold circle of flowers, entirely disappeared in one morning in the smoke of the flames of a war fire." The homeless city populace fled to the suburbs, dwelling on roofless earth, pestered by the heat and clouds of mosquitoes, while men in soldiers' dress played the robber without fear or shame. "The Blossom Capital became a scorched desert." The Chōshiu were utterly defeated, and driven out of the city. Thirty-seven of them were decapitated in prison.

The next month the bakufu begged the imperial court to deprive the Mōri family and all its branches of their titles. Elated with success, an order was issued to all the clans to march to the chastisement of the two provinces of Nagato and Suwo. The Tokugawa intended thus to set an example to the wavering clans, and give proof of the power it still possessed. During the same month, September 5th and 6th, 1864, Shimonoséki was bombarded by an allied fleet bearing the flags of four foreign nations. After great destruction of life and property, the generous victors demanded an "indemnity" of three million Mexican dollars (see Appendix). The brave clan, having defied the bakufu at Kiōto, dared the prowess of the "civilized world," and stood to their guns at Shimonoséki till driven away by overwhelming numbers of balls and men, now prepared to face the combined armies of the shōgunate.

Then was revealed the result of the long previous preparation in the South for war. The Chōshiu clansmen, united and alert, were lightly dressed, armed with English and American rifles, drilled in European tactics, and abundantly provided with artillery, which they fired rapidly and with precision. They had cast away armor, sword, and spear. Chōshiu had long been the seat of Dutch learning, and translations of Dutch military works were numerously made and used there. Their disciplined battalions were recruited from the common people, not from the samurai alone, were well paid, and full of enthusiasm. The bakufu had but a motley, half-hearted army, many of whom, when the order was given to march, straightway fell ill, having no stomach for the fight. Some of the most influential clans declined or refused outright to join the expedition, whose purpose was condemned by almost all the wisest leaders, notably by Katsŭ, the shōgun's adviser.

A campaign of three months, in the summer of 1866, ended in the utter and disgraceful defeat of the bakufu, and the triumph of Chōshiu. The clans not yet in the field refused to go to the front. The prestige of the shōgunate was now irretrievably ruined.

The young shōgun, worn out with ceaseless anxiety, died at Ōzaka, September 19th, 1866. He had secured the mikado's consent to the treaties, on the condition that they should be revised, and that Hiōgo should never be opened as a port of foreign commerce. He was succeeded by Keiki, his former rival, who was appointed head of the Tokugawa family by the court October, 1866. On the 6th of January, 1867, he was made shōgun. He had repeatedly declined the position. He brought to it numerous private virtues, but only the firmness of a feather for the crisis at hand. The average Japanese lacks the stolidity and obstinacy of the Chinaman, and fickleness is supposed to be his chief characteristic. Keiki, as some of his once best friends say, was fickleness personified. If, with the help of counselors, he could make up his mind to one course of action, the keenest observers could never forecast the change liable to ensue when new advisers appeared. It is evident that the appointment of such a man at this crisis served only to precipitate the issue. His popularity at the court most probably arose from the fact that he was opposed to the opening of Hiōgo and Ōzaka to the foreigners.

In October, 1867, the Prince of Tosa openly urged the new shōgun to resign; while many able samurai, Saigō, Ōkubo, Gotō, Kido, Hirozawa, Komatsŭ, backed by such men of rank as Shimadzu Saburo, and the ex-princes of Echizen, Uwajima, Hizen, and Tosa, urged the formation of the Government on the basis of the ante-shōgun era prior to 1200 A.D. They formed so powerful a combination that on the 9th of November, 1867, the vacillating Keiki, yielding to the force of public opinion, tendered his resignation as Sei-i Tai Shōgun.

This was a long step toward the ancient régime. Yet, as in Japan, whichever party or leader has possession of the mikado is master of the situation; and as the Aidzu clan, the most stanchly loyal to the Tokugawa family, kept guard at the gates of the imperial palace, it was still uncertain where the actual power would reside—whether in the Tokugawa clan, in the council of daimiōs, or, where it rightfully belonged, with the imperial court. The influential samurai of Satsuma, and Chōshiu, and the princes of Tosa, Echizen, and Uwajima were determined not to let the question hang in suspense. Gradually, small parties of the soldiers of the combination assembled in the capital. Saigō and Ōkubo, Kido, Gotō, and Iwakura, were too much in earnest to let the supreme opportunity slip. They began to stir up the court to take advantage of the critical moment, the mikado Komei being dead, and, by a bold *coup d'état*, abolish the office of shōgun and the bakufu, and re-establish the Government on the ancient basis, with the young emperor at the head.

On the 3d of January, 1868, the troops of the combination (Satsuma, Tosa, Echizen, Aki, and Owari) suddenly took possession of the palace gates. The court nobles hitherto surrounding the boy emperor were dismissed, and only those favoring the views of the combination were admitted to the palace. The court, thus purged, issued an edict in the name of the mikado, which stated that the government of the country was now solely in the hands of the imperial court. The bakufu and office of shōgun were abolished. A provisional government, with three grades of office, was formed, and the positions were at once filled by men loyal to the new rulers. The family of Mōri was rehabilitated, and the seven banished nobles were recalled. Sanjō and Iwakura were made assistants to the supreme administrator, Arisugawa Miya, a prince of the blood.

The indignation of the retainers of Tokugawa knew no bounds. The vacillating shōgun now regretted his resignation, and wished himself back in power. He left Kiōto with the clans still loyal to him, with the professed intention of calming the passions of his followers, but in reality of seizing Ōzaka, and blocking up the communications of the Southerners. Shortly after, in Yedo, on the 19th of January, the yashikis of the Satsuma clan were stormed and burned by the bakufu troops. The Princes of Owari and Echizen were sent by the court to invite Keiki to join the new Government, and receive an appointment to office even higher than he had held before. He promised to do so, but no sooner were they gone than he yielded to Aidzu's warlike counsel to re-enter Kiōto in force, drive out the "bad counselors of the young emperor," and "try the issue with the sword." He was forbidden by the court to approach the city with a military following. Barriers were erected across the two roads leading to the capital, and the Southern clansmen, numbering about two thousand, posted themselves behind them, with artillery. Keiki set out from Ōzaka on the evening of the 27th of January, with the Aidzu and Kuwana clans in the front of his following, amounting to over ten, or, as some say, thirty thousand men. At Fushimi his messengers were refused passage through the barriers. The *kuan-gun* (loyal army, Kiōto forces) fired their cannon, and the war was opened. The shōgun's followers, by their last move on the political chess-board, had made themselves chōtéki. Their prestige had flown.

The battle lasted three days. In the presence of overwhelming forces, the Southern samurai showed not only undaunted valor, but the result of previous years of military training. The battle was not to the strong. It was to the side of intelligence, energy, coolness, and valor. The shōgun's army was beaten, and in wild disorder fled to Ōzaka, the historic castle of which was burned by the loyal army. The chief, unrecognized, found refuge upon an American vessel, and, reaching Yedo on one of his own ships, sought the seclusion of his castle. His own family retainers and most of the subject clans (fudai), and the daimiōs of Aidzu, Sendai, and others of the North and East, urged him to renew the fight and restore his prestige. One of his ministers earnestly begged him to commit *hara-kiri*, urging its necessity to preserve the honor of the Tokugawa clan. His exhortation being unsuccessful, the proposer solemnly opened his own bowels. With a large army, arsenals, munitions of war, and fleet of ships vastly exceeding those of the mikado, his chances of success were very fair. But

Keiki, the last Shōgun of Japan. (From a photograph.)

this time the vassal was loyal, the waverer wavered no more. Refusing to listen to those who advised war, abhorring the very idea of being a chōtéki, he hearkened to the counsel of his two highest ministers, Katsŭ and Ōkubo Ichiō, and declaring that he would never take up arms against his lord, the mikado, he retired to private life. The comparison of this man with Washington because he refused to head an army, and thus save the country from a long civil war, does not seem to be very happy, though I have heard it made. Personally, Keiki is a highly accomplished gentleman, though ambitious and weak. Politically, he simply did his duty, and made discretion the better part of valor. It is difficult to see in him any exalted traits of character or evidences of genius; to Katsŭ and Ōkubo is due the last and best decision of his life. Katsŭ, the old pupil of Satsuma and comrade of Saigō, had long foreseen that the governing power must and ought of right to revert to the mikado, and, braving odium and assassination, he advised his master to resign. The victorious Southerners, led by Saigō, were in the southern suburb of Yedo, waiting to attack the city. To reduce a Japanese city needs but a torch, and the impatient victors would have left of Yedo little but ashes had there been resistance. Katsŭ, meeting Saigō, assured him of the submissive temper of the shōgun, and begged him to spare the city. It was done. The fanatical retainers of Keiki made the temple grounds of Uyéno their stronghold. On the 4th of July they were attacked and routed, and the magnificent temple, the pride of the city, laid in ashes. The theatre of war was then transferred to the highlands of Aidzu at Wakamatsŭ, and thence to Matsumaë and Hakodaté in Yezo. Victory everywhere perched upon the mikado's brocade banner. By July 1st, 1869, all vestiges of the rebellion had ceased, and "the empire was grateful for universal peace."

The mikado's party was composed of the heterogeneous elements which a revolution usually brings forth. Side by side with high-souled patriots were disreputable vagrants and scalawags of every description, rōnins, or low, two-sworded men, *jo-i*, or "foreigner-haters," "port-closers," and Shintō priests and students. There were a few earnest men whose darling hope was to see a representative government established, while fewer yet eagerly wished Japan to adopt the civilization of the West, and join the brotherhood of nations. These men had utilized every current and eddy of opinion to forward their own views and achieve their own purpose. The object common to all was the exaltation of the mikado. The bond of union which held the majority together was a determination to expel the foreigners or to revise the treaties so as to expunge the odious extra-territoriality clause—the thorn that still rankles in the side of every Japanese patriot. For eighteen months the energies of the *jo-i*, or "foreigner-haters," were utilized in the camp in fighting the rebellious Tokugawa retainers. The war over, the trials of the new Government began. The low, two-sworded men clamored for the fulfillment of the promise that the foreigners should be expelled from Japan and the ports closed. The Shintō officials induced the Government to persecute the native "Christians," demanded the abolition of Buddhism, the establishment of Shintō by edict, and the restoration of the Government on a purely theocratic basis, and echoed the cry of "Expel the barbarian." Even with the majority of the high officials there was no abandonment of the purpose to expel foreigners. They intended to do it, but the wisest of them knew that in their present condition they were not able. Hence they simply wished to bide their time, and gain strength. It was a matter of difficulty to keep patient thousands of swaggering braves whose only tools for earning bread were their swords. The first attention was given to reorganizing a national army, and to developing the military resources of the empire. All this was done with the cherished end in view of driving out the aliens, closing the ports of commerce, and bringing back the days of dictatorial isolation. The desire for foreign civilization existed rather among the adherents of Tokugawa, among whom were many enlightened gentlemen, besides students and travelers, who had been to Europe and America, and who wished their country to take advantage of the inventions of the foreigners. Yet many of the very men who once wished the foreigners expelled, the ports closed, the treaties repudiated, who were *jo-i*, or "foreigner-haters," and who considered all aliens as only a few degrees above the level of beasts, are now members of the mikado's Government, the exponents of advanced ideas, the defenders and executors of philo-Europeanism, or Western civilization.

What caused the change that came over the spirit of their dreams? Why do they now preach the faith they once destroyed? "It was the lessons taught them at Kagoshima and Shimonoséki," say some. "It was the benefits they saw would arise from commerce," say others. "The child of the revolution was changed at nurse, and the Government now in power was put into its cradle by mistake or design," say others.

Cannon-balls, commerce, and actual contact with foreigners doubt less helped the scales to fall from their eyes, but these were helps only. All such means had failed in China, though tried for half a century. They would have failed in Japan also. It was *an impulse from within* that urged the Japanese to join the comity of nations. The noblest trait in the character of a Japanese is his willingness to change for the better when he discovers his wrong or inferiority. This led the leaders to preach the faith they once destroyed, to destroy the faith they once preached.

The great work of enlightening the mikado's followers was begun by the Japanese leaders, Ōkubo, Kido, Gotō, all of them students, both of the ancient native literature and of foreign ideas. It was finished by Japanese writers. The kugé, or court nobles, wished to ignore the existence of foreigners, drive them out of the country, or worry them by appointing officers of low rank in the Foreign Office, then an inferior sub-bureau. Ōkubo, Gotō, and Kido promptly opposed this plan, and sent a noble of the imperial court, Higashi Kuzé, to Hiōgo with Datté, Prince of Uwajima (see Appendix), to give the mikado's consent to the treaties, and to invite the foreign ministers to an audience with the emperor in Kiōto. The British and Dutch ministers accepted the invitation; the others declined. The train of the British envoy was assaulted by fanatic assassins, one resisting bullet, lance, and sabre of the English dragoons, only to lose his head by the sweep of the sword of Gotō, who rode by the side of the foreigners, determined to secure their audience of the mikado. At first sight of the strangers, the conversion of the kugé was thorough and instantaneous. They made friends with the men they once thought were beasts.

In a memorial to the mikado, Ōkubo further gave expression to his ideas in a memorial that astounded the court and the wavering daimiōs, as follows: "Since the Middle Ages, our emperor has lived behind a screen, and has never trodden the earth. Nothing of what went on outside his screen ever penetrated his sacred ear; the imperial residence was profoundly secluded, and, naturally, unlike the outer world. Not more than a few court nobles were allowed to approach the throne, a practice most opposed to the principles of heaven. Although it is the first duty of man to respect his superior, if he reveres that superior too highly he neglects his duty, while a breach is created between the sovereign and his subjects, who are unable to convey their wants to him. This vicious practice has been common in all ages. But now let pompous etiquette be done away with, and simplicity become our first object. Kiōto is in an out-of-the-way position, and is unfit to be the seat of government. Let his majesty take up his abode temporarily at Ōzaka, removing his capital hither, and thus cure one of the hundred abuses which we inherit from past ages."

The memorial produced an immediate and lively effect upon the court. The young mikado, Mutsuhito, came in person to the meetings of the council of state, and before the court nobles and daimiōs took an oath, as an actual ruler, promising that "a deliberative assembly should be formed; all measures be decided by public opinion; the uncivilized customs of former times should be broken through; and the impartiality and justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as a basis of action; and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire." This oath is the basis of the new Government.

These promises are either the pompous bombast of a puppet or the pregnant utterances of a sovereign, who in magnanimity and wisdom aspires to lead a nation into a higher life. That such words should in that sublime moment fall from the lips of the chief of an Oriental despotism excites our sympathetic admiration. They seem a sublime echo of affirmation to the prophetic question of the Hebrew seer, "Can a nation be born at once?" They sound like a glad harbinger of a new and higher national development, such as only those with the strongest faith in humanity believe possible to an Asiatic nation. As matter of fact, the words were uttered by a boy of sixteen years, who scarcely dreamed of the tremendous significance of the language put into his mouth by the high-souled parvenus who had made him emperor *de facto*, and who were resolved to have their ideas made the foundations of the new Government. The result of the memorial, and the ceaseless activity of Ōkubo and his colleagues, was the ultimate removal of the Government to Yedo. It is not easy for a foreigner to comprehend the profound sensation produced throughout the empire when the mikado left Kiōto to make his abode in another city. During a millennium, Kiōto had been the capital of Dai Nippon, and for twenty-five centuries, according to popular belief, the mikados had ruled from some spot near the site of the sacred city. A band of fanatics, fired with the Yamato damashi, religiously opposed, but in vain, his journey eastward. To familiarize his people with the fact that Yedo was now the capital, its name was changed to Tōkiō, or Eastern Capital.

Then was further developed the impulse to enter the path of modern civilization. While Ōkubo, Kido, Gotō, Iwakura, Sanjō, Itagaki, Ōki, and the rising officials sought to purge and strengthen the political system, the work of enlightening the people and the upstarts raised suddenly to power was done by Japanese writers, who for the first time dared, without suffering death, to tell their thoughts. A large measure of freedom of the press was guaranteed; newspapers sprung up in the capital. Kido, one of the prime movers and leaders, himself established one of the most vigorous, still in existence—the *Shimbun Zasshi.* The new Government acted with clemency equal to the standard in Christian nations, and most generously to the literary and scientific men among the retainers of the Tokugawas, and invited them to fill posts of honor under the Government. They sent none of the political leaders to the blood-pit, but by the gracious favor of the mikado these were pardoned, and the conciliation of all sections of the empire wisely attempted. Many of those who fought the loyal forces at Fushimi, Wakamatsŭ, and Hakodaté are now the earnest advocates of the restoration and its logical issues. Even Enomoto is envoy of the court of Tōkiō to that of St. Petersburg. All of the defeated daimiōs were restored to rank and income. A complete and happy reunion of the empire was the result. Some of the scholars declined office until the time when even greater freedom of speech and pen was permitted.

There were men who in the old days, braving odium, and even death, at the hands of the bakufu, had begun the study of the English and Dutch languages, and to feed their minds at the Occidental fountains. They were obliged to copy their books in manuscript, so rare were printed copies. Later on, the bakufu, forced by necessity to have interpreters and men skilled in foreign arts and sciences, chose these students, and sent them abroad to study. When the civil war broke out, they were recalled, reaching Japan shortly after the fighting began. They returned, says one of their number, "with their faces flushed with enthusiastic sympathy with the modern civilization of Christendom." Then they began the preparation of those original works and translations, which were eagerly read by the new men in power. Edition after edition was issued, bought, read, lent, and circulated. In these books the history of the Western nations was faithfully told; their manners and customs and beliefs were explained and defended; their resources, methods of thought and education, morals, laws, systems of governments, etc., were described and elucidated. Notably pre-eminent among these writers was the school-master, Fukuzawa. Western ideas were texts: he clothed them in Japanese words. He further pointed out the weaknesses, defects, and errors of his countrymen, and showed how Japan, by isolation and the false pride that scorned all knowledge derived from foreigners, had failed to advance like Europe or America, and that nothing could save his country from conquest or decay but the assimilation of the ideas which have made the foreigners what they are. There is scarcely a prominent or rising man in Japan but has read Fukuzawa's works, and gratefully acknowledges the stimulus and lasting benefit derived from them. Many of the leaders of the movement toward restoration, who joined it with the cry, "Expel the foreigners," found themselves, after perusal of these works, "unconsciously involved in the advance, without wish or invitation," and utterly unable to explain why they were in the movement. Fukuzawa has declined every one of the many flattering offers of office and power under the Government, and still devotes himself to his school and the work of teaching and translation, consuming his life in noble drudgery. He has been the interpreter of Western ideas and life, caring little about the merely external garnish and glitter of civilization. His books on "Western Manners and Customs," and his volumes of tracts and essays, have had an enormous circulation.

Nakamura, also a school-master, has, besides writing original tracts, translated a considerable body of English literature, John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Liberty," Smiles's "Self-help," and a few smaller works on morals and religion, which have been widely read. His memorial on the subject of Christianity and religious liberty made a very profound impression upon the emperor and court, and gave a powerful check to the ultra Shintōists. Mōri, Mitsukuri, Kato, Nishi, Uchida, Uriu, have also done noble service as authors and translators. It is the writer's firm belief, after nearly four years of life in Japan, mingling among the progressive men of the empire, that the reading and study of books printed in the Japanese language have done more to transform the Japanese mind, and to develop an impulse in the direction of modern civilization, than any other cause or series of causes.

During the past decade the production of purely Japanese literature has almost entirely ceased. A few histories of recent events, a few war-poems and pamphlets urging the expulsion of the barbarians, were issued previous to the civil war; but since then almost the entire literary activity has been exhibited in translations, political documents, memoirs of "mikado-reverencers" who had been martyrs to their faith, and largely in the expression of Western ideas adapted to the understanding of the Japanese.

The war was ended by July, 1870. Rewards were distributed; and the Government was still further consolidated by creating definite offices, and making all titles, which had been for nearly six centuries empty names, to have reality and power. There was still, however, much dead wood in the ship of state, a condition of chronic strain, a dangerous amount of friction in the machinery, wrangling among the crew, and a vast freight of bad cargo that the purest patriots saw the good ship must "unload," if she was to be saved. This unloading was accomplished in the usual way, by dismissing hundreds of officials one day, and re-appointing on the next only those favorable to the desired policy of the mikado.

Furthermore, it became daily more certain that national development and peace could never be secured while the feudal system existed. The clan spirit which it fostered was fatal to national unity. So long as a Japanese meant by "my country" merely his own clan, loyalty might exist, but patriotism could not. The time seemed ripe for action. The press was busy in issuing pamphlets advocating the abolition of feudalism. Several of the great daimiōs, long before ready for it, now openly advocated the change. The lesser ones knew better than to oppose it. The four great clans, Satsuma, Chōshiu, Tosa, and Hizen (see Appendix), were the pioneers of the movement. They addressed a memorial to the throne, in which it was argued that the daimiōs' fiefs ought not to be looked on as private property, but as the mikado's own. They offered to restore the registers of their clans to the sovereign. These were the external signs of the times. Back of these, there were at least three men who were determined to sweep feudalism away utterly. They were Kido, Ōkubo, Iwakura. The first step was to abolish the appellation of court noble (kugé) and territorial prince (daimiō), and to designate both as kuazokŭ, or noble families. The former heads of clans were temporarily appointed chiji (governors of their clans). This smoothed the way. In September, 1871, the edict went forth calling the daimiōs to Tōkiō to retire to private life. With scarcely an exception, the order was quietly obeyed. The men behind the throne in Tōkiō were ready and even willing to shed blood, should their (the mikado's) commands be resisted, and they expected to do it. The daimiōs who were hostile to the measure knew too well the character of the men who framed the edict to resist it. The writer counts among the most impressive of all his life's experiences that scene in the immense castle hall of Fukui, when the Daimiō of Echizen bid farewell to his three thousand two-sworded retainers, and, amidst the tears and smiles and loving farewells of the city's populace, left behind him lands, revenue, and obedient followers, and retired to live as a private gentleman in Tōkiō.

Japan's feudalism began nearly eight centuries ago, and existed until within the year 1871. It was not a tower of strength in its last days. Long before its fall, it was an empty shell and a colossal sham. Feudalism is only alive and vigorous when the leaders are men of brain and action. Of all the daimiōs, there were not ten of any personal importance. They were amiable nobodies, great only in stomach or silk robes. Many were sensualists, drunkards, or titled fools. The real power in each clan lay in the hands of able men of inferior rank, who ruled their masters. *These are now the men who compose the present Government of Japan.* They rose against the shōgun, overthrew him, sent him to private life, and then compelled their masters, the daimiōs, to do likewise. They hold the emperor, and carry on the government in his name. The mikado, however, is much more of a ruler than his *fainéant* ancestors. Still, the source of government is the same. In 1872, by actual count, four-fifths of the men in the higher offices were of the four great clans of Chōshiu, Satsuma, Hizen, and Tosa. A like census in 1876 would show a larger proportion of officials from the northern and central provinces. Nevertheless, this is not sectionalism. The ablest men rise to office and power in spite of the locality of their birth. Natural ability asserts its power, and in the Cabinet and departments are now many of the old bakufu adherents, even Katsŭ, Ōkubo Ichiō, Enomoto, and several scions of the house of Tokugawa. The power has been shifted, not changed, and is displayed by moving new machinery and doing new work.

Who are now, and who have been, the actual leaders in Japan since 1868? They are Ōkubo, Kido, Iwakura, Sanjō, Gotō, Katsŭ, Soyéjima, Ōkuma, Ōki, Ito, and many others, of whom but two or three are kugé, while none is a daimiō. Almost all were simple samurai, or retainers of the territorial nobles.

The objects of the revolution of 1868 have been accomplished. The shōgunate and the feudal system are forever no more. The mikado is now the restored and beloved emperor. The present personage, a young man of twenty-four years of age, has already shown great independence and firmness of character, and may in future become as much the real ruler of his people as the Czar is of his. The enterprise of establishing Shintō as the national faith has failed vastly and ignominiously, though the old Shintō temples have been purged and many new ones erected, while official patronage and influence give the ancient cult a fair outward show. Buddhism is still the religion of the Japanese people, though doubtless on the wane.

To summarize this chapter: the shōgun was simply one of the many vassals of the mikado of comparatively inferior grade, and historically a usurper; the term "tycoon" was a diplomatic fraud, a title to which the shōgun had, officially, not the shadow of right; the foreign diplomatists made treaties with one who had no right whatever to make them; the bakufu was an organized usurpation; the stereotyped statements concerning a "spiritual" and a "secular" emperor are literary fictions of foreign book-makers; feudalism arose upon the decadence of the mikado's power; it was the chief hinderance to national unity, and was ready for its fall before the shock came; in all Japanese history the reverence for the mikado's person and the throne has been the strongest national trait and the mightiest political force; the bakufu exaggerated the mikado's sacredness for its own purposes; the Japanese are impressible and ever ready to avail themselves of whatever foreign aids or appliances will tend to their own aggrandizement: nevertheless, there exists a strong tendency to conserve the national type, pride, feelings, religion, and equality with, if not superiority to, all the nations of the world; the true explanation of the events of the last eight years in Japan is to be sought in these tendencies and the internal history of the nation; the shōgun, bakufu, and perhaps even feudalism would have fallen, had foreigners never landed in Japan; the movement toward modern civilization originated from within, and was not simply the result of foreign impact or pressure; the work of enlightenment and education, which alone could assure success to the movement, was begun and carried on by native students, statesmen, and simple patriots.

A mighty task awaited the new Government after the revolution of 1868. It was to heal the disease of ages; to uproot feudalism and sectionalism, with all their abuses; to give Japan a new nationality; to change her social system; to infuse new blood into her veins; to make a hermit nation, half blinded by a sudden influx of light, competitor with the wealthy, powerful, and aggressive nations of Christendom. It was a problem of national regeneration or ruin. It seemed like entering into history a second time, to be born again.

What transcendent abilities needed for such a task! What national union, harmony in council, unselfish patriotism required! What chief, towering above his fellows, would arise, who by mighty intellect and matchless tact could achieve what Yoritomo, or the Taikō, or Iyéyasŭ himself, or all, would be helpless to perform? At home were the stolidly conservative peasantry, backed by ignorance, superstition, priestcraft, and political hostility. On their own soil they were fronted by aggressive foreigners, who studied all Japanese questions through the spectacles of dollars and cents and trade, and whose diplomatists too often made the principles of Shylock their system. Outside, the Asiatic nations beheld with contempt, jealousy, and alarm the departure of one of their number from Turanian ideas, principles, and civilization. China, with ill-concealed anger, Corea with open defiance, taunted Japan with servile submission to the "foreign devils."

For the first time, the nation was represented to the world by an embassy at once august and plenipotentiary. It was not a squad of petty officials or local nobles going forth to kiss a toe, to play the part of figure-heads or stool-pigeons, to beg the aliens to get out of Japan, to keep the scales on foreign eyes, to buy gun-boats, or to hire employés. A noble of highest rank and blood of immemorial antiquity, vicar of majesty and national government, with four cabinet ministers, set out to visit the courts of the fifteen nations having treaties with Dai Nippon. These were Iwakura Tomomi, Ōkubo Toshimiti, Kido Takayoshi, Ito Hirobumi, and Yamaguchi Masaka. They were accompanied by commissioners representing every Government department, sent to study and report upon the methods and resources of foreign civilizations. They arrived in Washington, February 29th, 1872, and, for the first time in history, a letter signed by the mikado was seen outside of Asia. It was presented by the embassadors, robed in their ancient Yamato costume, to the President of the United States, on the 4th of March, Mr. Arinori Mori acting as interpreter. "The first president of the free republic" and the men who had elevated the eta to citizenship stood face to face in fraternal accord. The one hundred and twenty-third sovereign of an empire in its twenty-sixth centennial saluted the citizen-ruler of a nation whose century aloe had not yet bloomed. On the 6th of March they were welcomed on the floor of Congress. This day marked the formal entrance of Japan upon the theatre of universal history.

BOOK II.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS, AND STUDIES IN JAPAN. 1870–1875.

I.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

The longest unbroken stretch of water statedly traversed by the keel of steamer or sailing vessel lies between California and Japan. The floating city, which leaves its dock in San Francisco at noon on the first day of each month, pulses across four thousand miles of ocean, from which rises no island, harbor, or reef. Nothing amidst all the crowding triumphs of the genius and power of man so impresses the reflecting mind as the thought of that mighty ark, which, by the magnet and the stars, is guided in safety to the desired haven. Without a Noah, without dove or olive leaf, freighted with bird, beast, and fish, and often with thirteen hundred human souls, over a flood of waters that cover a world beneath, alone for weeks, that ark floats on, at the bidding of the master.

Twenty-seven days in the solitudes of the sea seem long to the man of this decade, who crosses the Atlantic's thousand leagues in nine days, and the New World in a week. Even the old traveler—whose digestion is sea-worthy; whose appetite is like a whetted saw; who meets a host of genial fellow-birds of passage, and finds officers who will answer questions; who discovers new and readable books in the ship's library; and who delights in the study of steerage ethnology—yearns in his secret soul for the sight of land again. Even the ocean scenery, though, like God's mercies, new every morning and fresh every evening, palls on the eye, and loses its glory before the thoughts of the crowded city in which comforts cluster and pleasures bloom. The waves that daily cradle the infant sun and pillow his dying splendor, the effulgence of the cavernous sunsets, the wonders of spouting whales, flying-fish, phosphorescence at night, "multitudinous smiles" of waves by day, the circling gulls evermore, or even the fun of burying a day (Saturday, December 16th) under the 180th meridian, would be gladly exchanged for a patch of farm or the sober glory of a wide-spreading oak. Often, indeed, the monotony of the voyage is relieved by meeting one of the company's steamers. If the weather be fair, the pillar of cloud, or the long thin scarf of black smoke, descried afar off, is the harbinger of the coming ship. The exchange of newspapers and the sending homeward of letters are accomplished, to the intense delight of passengers jaded with *ennui*.

Thus met in placid mid-ocean, on Sunday, December 11th, 1870, the P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamers *Great Republic*, Captain J. H. Freeman, from San Francisco, and the *Japan*, bound to San Francisco, from the land whither we were bound. All day long we had watched the smoke. At 5.30 P.M. a rocket was sent up from the *Japan*. In a few moments our dinner-table was deserted. Within a stone's throw, the passengers on either ship shouted to each other. The stately ships, with scores of lighted windows gleaming on the waters, parted at seven o'clock, one moving to the home-land, one to the Mikado's Empire.

The meeting of steamers in mid-ocean is, strange to say, a matter of dislike to a certain class of persons, who, in spite of all preventive precautions, keep up their existence. One or two "stowaways" are found on nearly every steamer that leaves the shores of either continent. They sneak on board the big ship while in port, and are driven from their lair, when at sea, by hunger. When first discovered, the inquisitor of the ship—the purser—uses all his skill to extort the full passage money. If not forthcoming, the "stowaway" is consigned to purgatory—*i. e.*, the fire-room, and compelled to pass coal and feed the fires. This process refines his feelings so far that the "dross" is produced, if on the victim's person. If he refuses to do duty, his fare being still unpaid, he is put in irons, but, by passing through purgatory of the furnace-room, he is "saved" from further punishment, and reaches the paradise of firm land, "yet so as by fire."

All these incidents and accidents of sea-life cease to have any importance after the oracle at the head of the table, Captain J. H. Freeman, has announced that "we shall sight Cape King at day-break to-morrow." We try to sleep well during our last night on the water; but sleep, so often won and long embraced thus far, becomes fickle and flies our eyelids. With joyful wakefulness, our thoughts are busy with the morrow, until at last, in the wee morning hours, our eyelids are sealed.

I wake early on the 29th of December, 1870, and from out my state-room window behold the eye-gladdening land within rifle-shot. Hills, crested with timber, line the bay, and the beaches are dotted with thatched huts and white store-houses. Fishermen's boats, manned and moving over the bay, are near enough for us to distinguish their occupants. Tall, muscular men, with skin of a dirty copper color, in long, loose dress, their mid-scalps shaven, and the projecting cue or top-knot, of the percussion gun-hammer style, are the first natives of Japan whom we see at home. Though different in dress, condition, and as the barber left them, from their gay fellow-countrymen who spend plenty of money and study hard in the United States, they, nevertheless, exactly resemble their brethren in physiognomy and general appearance.

The dayspring in the east sifts enough of suggestive light over the land to entice us into the belief that the Land of the Rising Sun is one of the fairest on earth—a belief which a residence of years has ripened into an article of faith. To the right lie the two mountainous provinces of Awa and Kadzusa, with their numerous serrated peaks and valleys, which may be beautiful, though now they sleep. To the left is the village of Uraga, opposite which Commodore Perry anchored, with his whole squadron of steamers, on the 7th of July, 1853. Remaining eight days at this place, he was accorded what he first demanded—an interview with, and the reception of President Fillmore's letter by, an officer of high rank. After the ceremony, he gave the place the name of Reception Bay, which it still retains. Now we pass Perry Island, Webster Isle, and, on the opposite side, Cape Saratoga. We must not forget, mournful though the thought be, that hereabouts beneath us, perhaps under our keel, lies the United States war steamer *Oneida*, which was run into and sunk by the British mail steamer *Bombay*, January 23d, 1870. This is sad; but the sequel is disgraceful. Down under the fathoms the *Oneida* has lain, thus far undisturbed, a rich and grateful Government having failed to trouble itself to raise the ship or do honor to the dead. The hulk was put up at auction and sold (in 1874), with certain conditions, to a Japanese, for fifteen hundred dollars. This is the one sad thought that casts its shadow over the otherwise profound memories of which the Gulf of Yedo is so suggestive to Americans. The prominent geographical points in the bay echo familiar American names, which later geographers and a cosmopolitan community have ratified, and which commemorate American genius, skill, and bloodless victory.

The ship moves on, and the panoramic landscape unfolds before us. In the background of undulating plains, under high and close cultivation, and spotted with villages, rise the crumpled backs of many ranges of mountains; while afar off, yet brought delusively near by the clear air, sits the queenly mountain in her robes of snow, already wearing the morning's crown of light, and her forehead gilded by the first ray of the yet unrisen sun. Beyond her, in the purple air, still glitter the jewel stars, while her own bosom trembles through many changes of color. Far out at sea, long before land is descried, and from a land area of thirteen provinces, the peerless cone is seen and loved. Perhaps no view is so perfect, so impressive for a life-time, so well fitted to inspire that intense appreciation of nature's masterpieces, whose glory and freshness we can feel intensely but once, as is the view of Fuji from an incoming steamer. From vast outspread base, through mighty curves, sweeping past snow, and up to her summit, the mountain is visible in queenly solitude and fullness of beauty. Gradually the vast form is bathed in light, and the Land of the Rising Sun stands revealed in golden glory. It is a joy to have seen it thus at first vision.

From serene and ancient Fuji, we turn to behold the bustling upstart metropolis of the foreigners in Japan, as it appears in full daylight. Passing Mississippi Bay and Treaty Point, we arrive in front of what was once a little fishing village, but which is now the stately city of Yokohama. We count the craft that lie anchored in the harbor. From thirty to fifty are usually in port. Steamers from Hakodaté, Shanghae, and Hong-Kong, and the regular mail steamers from Marseilles and Southampton, lie at their buoys. Here are wooden warships and iron-clads, from which fly the British, French, Japanese, German, or American flags. A tremendous amount of useless and costly saluting is done by these men-of-war, whom the country folks call "*boom-boom funé.*" Coal-hulks, store-ships, and all the usual evidences of an old harbor, are discovered all around us. The town itself seems compactly built of low houses, with tiled roofs. They are usually two-storied, though many are, in the language of the East, "bungalows," or one-storied dwellings. The foreign settlement seems to be arranged on a plain about a mile square. The Japanese town spreads out another mile or more to the right. Beyond the plains is a sort of semicircle of hills, called "The Bluff." It is covered with scores of handsome villas and dwelling-houses, of all sizes and varieties of architecture. To the left the Bluff runs abruptly into the sea. To the right it sweeps away to the south-west. In local parlance, the various parts of Yokohama are distinguished as "The Bluff," "The Settlement," and the "Native" or "Japanese" town. Along the water-front of the settlement runs a fine, wide, well-paved street, called "The Bund," with a stout wall of stone masonry on the water-side. Private dwellings, gardens, and hotels adorn it, facing the water. There are as yet no docks for the shipping, but there is the English and the French "hatoba." The former consists of a stone breakwater, or piers, rising twelve feet or so out of the water, inclosing a large irregular quadrangle, with a narrow entrance at one corner. The land-side of the English hatoba is furnished with steps, and a score or more of boats can discharge their passengers at once. The French hatoba consists of two parallel piers of stone projecting out into the bay. The building of most imposing ugliness from the sea-view is the British Consulate, and near by it is the American. The Japanese Sai Ban Shō, or Courthouse, is larger than either of the consulate buildings, and much handsomer. At the other extremity of the settlement, toward the Bluff, was the French camp, and near by it the English. Three hundred French soldiers guarded as many French civilians resident in Japan, and three hundred English marines, who relieved the Tenth British foot—the same that served their king on Bunker Hill—were in camp in Yokohama in 1870, and remained until 1875.

The engines stop, and the great ship lies motionless at her buoy. Instantly the crowd of boats which have waited, like hounds in the leash, shoot toward the stern ports and gangway, and the steamer becomes walled in. First of all, the United States mail-boat, propelled by six native scullers, is flying swiftly shoreward, to satisfy the eager souls of the elect with its precious freight. Friends throng on board to meet friends. Englishmen ask the news—whether there is to be war with Russia? French and Germans eagerly inquire for the latest news from the seat of war. From one, I learn that the Japanese Government has already issued a proclamation of neutrality, for French marines and German sailors have already come to blows in Yokohama. Fancy creatures in velvet and diamonds, with gold on their fingers and brass in their faces, hasten to see whether any of their guild have arrived from San Francisco.

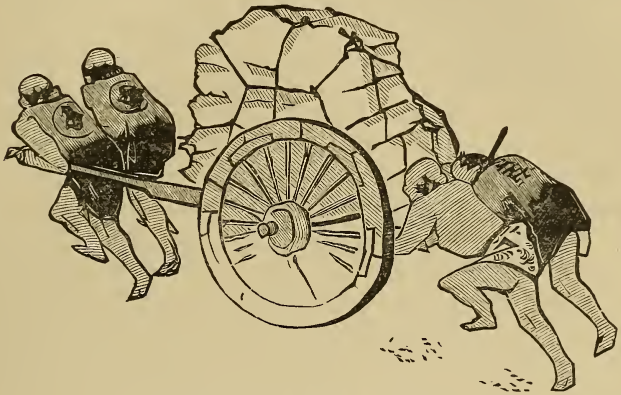
Leaving deck and cabin, we visit the steerage. The coal-lighters are crowded with dirty coolies. They impress us as being the lowest of their class. Their clothing is exceedingly scanty. An American lady with good eyesight supposed them to be clad in very tight leather-colored garments. On second sight, wondering at the perfect fit of the dress, she found it to be the only clothing which mother Nature provides for her children. The proprietors of the native boats have entered the ports, and are driving a brisk trade in oranges and various articles of diet, precious only to Asiatics. Huge dried persimmons, which, though shrunken, are four or five inches long, and saké, are very salable. A squad of the Chinese, so numerous in Yokohama, are busy in furnishing small change to those who wish to go ashore. Japanese tempōs, and iron and copper cash, are exchanged for American dimes, greenbacks, and Mexicans.

With the kindly aid of a friend, we prepare to go ashore. Safely seated in one of the clean unpainted boats, in which we detect no iron, but only here and there a cleet of copper, we enjoy the glorious beauty of the situation. In the stern stand the two sendōs, who make their keel glide over the waves as swiftly as a Venetian gondola shoots under and out from the Rialto. Already the Japanese boatmen have beaten in a race with the American tars. Yonder whizzes a butcher's boat, freshly laden from the abattoir below the city. Six naked athletes of magnificent physique, chanting in wild chorus, urge on their craft.

Sculling is the method invariably in use among the Japanese. The long scull consists of two pieces tied together. On the handle is a pin, on which a rope is slipped, so that the scull is held down to a uniform height while being worked. The blade rests near where it joins the stock, on an outrigger pivot. The sweep of the stock, at the hand end, is nearly two feet. The sendō, planting his left foot on an inclined board, sways his arms and body at right angles to the boat, singing meanwhile one of his own songs, in his own way. We soon skim over a half-mile of the blue water, pass the United States steamer *Idaho* and the Prussian war-ship *Hermann*, and, darting within the stone piers, land on the hatoba, and are in the mikado's empire.

The custom-house and the native officials detain us but a few moments. Passing out the gate, we receive our first invitation to part with some small change from three fat little urchins in curious dress, with lion's head and feathers for a cap, and with red streamers hanging down their backs. They run before us and perform all kinds of astonishing tricks, such as carrying their heads beneath their feet, making a ball of themselves, and trundling along, etc. By our financial dealings with these little street-tumblers, we learn that "shinjō" means "gift," and "arigatō" means "thank you," which is the beginning of our vocabulary in Japanese.

The fine wide streets of Yokohama are well paved and curbed. The hard white-stone and concrete pavements are able to resist for years the rutting action of the sharp-edged wheels of the native carts. These wheels are ingeniously constructed, and their felloes are mortised in segments. They need no tires, and have none. They are propelled by four powerful fellows, who work in pairs, and have scarcely more clothing than there is harness on a horse. The foremost pair push with hands and thighs the front cross-bar, behind which they stand. The other pair supply the *vis à tergo*, applying their shoulders to a beam which juts out obliquely from beneath and behind the cart. The street cries in every country attract first the new-comer's ears; and the cry of these cart coolies in Yokohama is one of the most peculiar sounds in or out of Japan. I never afterward heard these cries, except in Yokohama and Tōkiō. While the two men in the rear save their wind and vocal force, the two foremost coolies utter alternately and incessantly a coarse, deep, guttural cry, which, if spelling were possible, would be written, "Hai! huida! ho! ho! hai! huida! wa! ho! ho! huidah!" etc. I was, at first hearing, under the impression that the poor wretches were suffering a grievous colic, and a benevolent inclination seized me to buy a few bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and distribute them on the spot. On being told, however, that nothing was the matter with the men, it being their custom to yell in this manner, I abandoned my intention.



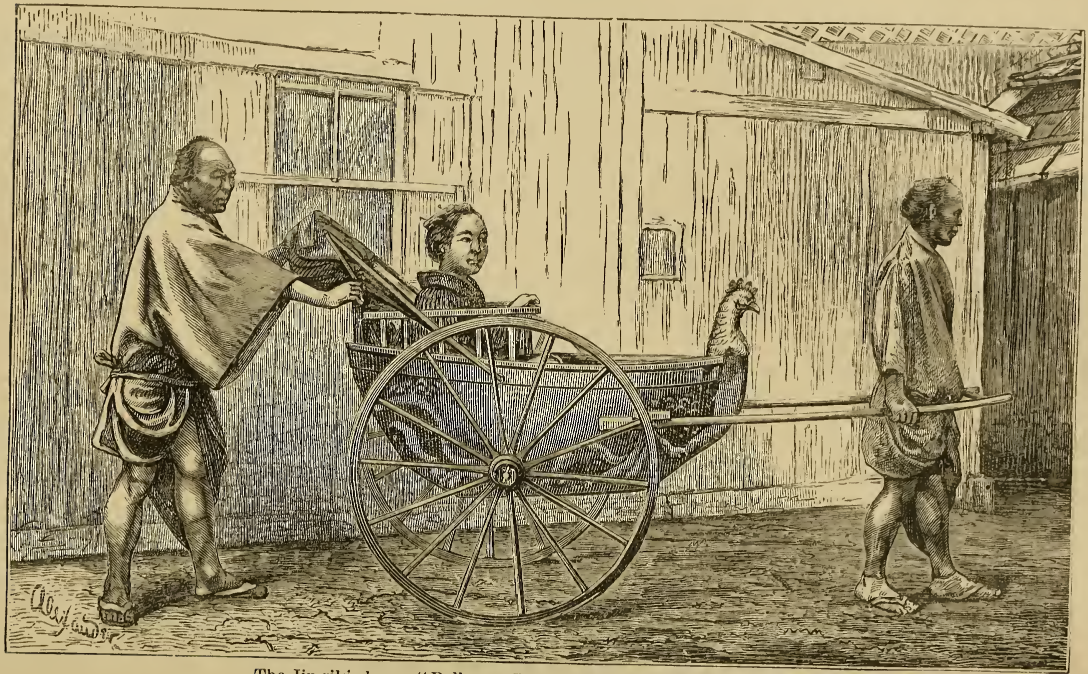
Push-cart in Yokohama. Hokusai.

Rows of iron lamp-posts, with lanterns and burners trimmed and in cleanly readiness, tell of streets well lighted with gas at night. Along the avenue, on which stand the British and American consulates on one side, and the Japanese court-house, bonded warehouses, and police station on the other, are sidewalks, which, along several blocks, are thickly planted, in a breadth of ten feet or more, with evergreens and flowers. Among these we see the camellias in full bloom. The main street crosses this avenue at right angles, extending from the Japanese town to the canal at the foot of The Bluff. The sidewalks on it are narrow; but the street pavements are so hard, and are kept so clean, that it is not unpleasant to walk in the street, even in wet weather. The streets in the foreign settlement are paved, curbed, and drained. Since 1874 they have been lighted with gas, from the gas-works of the rich merchant, Takashimaya.

Here, for the first time, I behold that native Japanese invention, the product of a Tōkiō genius, the *jin-riki-sha* (man-power carriage). It has often been described. It is a baby carriage on adult wheels. It holds one or two persons. A man in the shafts pulls it; sometimes he is assisted by another from behind. When you wish to go fast, you employ two men, or you may drive tandem with three. Many of these *sha* are highly ornamented; for art is appreciated even by the lowest classes in Japan, as a residence of five minutes, and afterward four years, concur in assuring me. Some are made into the form of a boat, with a chanticleer for a figure-head. Foreigners and natives use them, and a wag from Yankee-land has dubbed them "Pull-man cars."

Main Street is the showiest of all—the Broadway of the "New York of Japan." Here we pass fine stone-fronted stores, banks, hotels, and restaurants. The magnificent show-windows and abundance of plate-glass suggest handsome variety and solid wealth within. These outside displays are, in most cases, but true indices of the varied articles of merchandise within, which are obtainable at very fair prices. Nothing eatable, drinkable, or wearable seems to be lacking to suit the tastes or wishes of an ordinary man, beast, or angel; though we have heard that the entire bevy of Miss Flora M'Flimsey's cousins in Yokohama assert most strenuously that there is "nothing to wear" at any time. Nevertheless, to man or beast, the abundance and variety of feminine paraphernalia visible in one of the shops in which angelic robes are sold is simply wonderful; and one notices that the visits of the angels to this place are neither few nor far between. Craftsmen in the finer arts also get their wealth in Yokohama. Several jewelers display tempting wares, and ply a brisk trade. Young Japan wears a watch nowadays, and thousands are sold yearly in Yokohama. Barber's poles salute us on several streets, and one may be shaved in French, English, or Japanese fashion.

Photographic establishments tempt our eyes and purse with tasteful albums of Japanese costume and scenery. First-class eating-saloons await their crowds at the hungry hour. The several auction-rooms seem to be well filled with native and foreign purchasers. Confection-



The Jin-riki-sha, or "Pull-man Car" of Japan. (From a photograph.)

ers display their bait for the palate. Newspaper offices greet us; lawyers' and doctors' and dentists' signs seem to be sufficiently plentiful. Carriages and "traps" add to the bustle, and several knots of Japanese farmers, pilgrims, and new-comers from the provinces, staring surprisingly at the sights they have long heard of, but which they now for the first time behold, are met as we pass up the street. French Catholic or Russian Greek priests in their cassocks, nuns in their black robes, well-dressed Chinese, Jews from every nation under heaven, French soldiers in blue, British soldiers in red coats, and the talkers in a score of different languages, are met with, and help to give the town its cosmopolitan character. Main Street, however, is only the street of shops, shop-keepers, and the usual vulgar herd.

Let us turn into the street of "hongs" and "merchants." Be it known that in Yokohama, and the Eastern ports generally, the distinction between a merchant and a shop-keeper is dire and radical. With us lay folk outside of the trading world the difference is small, and not always perceptible—a mole-hill, at the least; but in these Eastern ports a great gulf is fixed, socially and commercially, between the two castes, and the difference is mountainous. With us, a shop-keeper is a man and a brother; in Yokohama, in the eye of the clubs, and with the elect of wealth, fashion, and the professions, he is but a heathen and a publican. Advertising, the use of a sign-board, and such-like improprieties, are evidences of low caste, and consign the offender to the outer darkness, far away from happy club men and select visitors. This relic of English caste traditions, rank, and class worship is not so strong now as formerly, but is sufficiently potent to cause many a bitter pang and many heart-burnings to those who first experience it in their new residence in the East.

The street in which the "hongs," or large business establishments, are situated is rather gloomy, when compared with the lively Main Street. Most of the buildings are of stone, and many of them are fire-proof "godowns," or store-houses. From the windows of the "tea-firing godowns" issues the fragrant aroma of the new crop of tea, which is being "fired" or dried in deep tin basins, over charcoal fires, by native girls and women, preparatory to packing and export. Most of the largest and wealthiest business houses are owned and managed by those who were among the first-comers to Japan. Many of the "hongs" are branches of houses in China, or they themselves have agencies at Nagasaki, Hiogo, and ports in China. From five to twenty young men form their clerical staff, backed by a small army of native porters, coolies, packers, boatmen, etc. These large firms control nearly all the export trade of Yokohama, and, indeed, of Japan. The tea, silk, copper, rice, etc., is brought from all parts of the country, though chiefly from the West and North, and is disposed of by the native merchants through brokers and "compradores." In most cases the native producer, or even the broker, never sees the foreigner with whom he deals. The most important man in many foreign firms, the power behind and before the throne, is the "compradore." This superior being is a Chinaman, who understands enough Japanese, especially with the help of the written Chinese character, to deal with the Japanese merchant, producer, or broker. He is the provider and paymaster of the firm in its dealings with the natives. He arranges, by and with the advice of the merchant, the purchase, sale, and delivery of merchandise. He hires and pays the Japanese *employés*, and, being the trusted man, is a creature of imposing pretensions, and a quasi-partner of the firm. His facilities, opportunities, and never-cloyed desire for "squeezes" from his Japanese clients are equally abundant, and he lives up to his privileges. Various shifts have been made use of by the Japanese merchants to depose this obnoxious middle-man from his position, and even to eliminate him entirely from mercantile transactions. A bold attempt of this kind was lately made by the plucky Governor of Yokohama, Ōyé Takŭ; but, as the manner of the attempt was technically illegal, it failed, and matters still remain as they were before.

This aristocratic and highly antiquated form of doing business, in which the merchant practically holds himself aloof from his customers, is an inheritance from the foreign merchants in the ports of China. Ignorant of the language of that country, trusting their affairs to a "compradore" who spoke pigeon-English, they lived and grew rich, without troubling themselves to learn the language of the pig-tails around them. Few of the merchants in Japan, to their discredit let it be said, have seriously endeavored to master the speech of their producers, and, being ignorant of it, the "compradore" is, in such a state of things, a necessary evil. This old-fogy method of doing business must in time give way before the enterprise and energy of the younger firms, who refuse to employ "compradores," and the members of which are beginning to acquire the language of the people with whom they deal. There might have been excuses to the first-comers for not learning a language for the acquisition of which no teachers or apparatus at that time existed; but at the present, thanks to American missionaries and the gentlemen of the English civil service, an excellent apparatus of grammars, dictionaries, and phrase-books exists.

The four great steamship agencies at present in Yokohama are the American Pacific Mail; the Oriental and Occidental; the English Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; and the French Messagéries Maritime Paquet Postes Français. The Ocean Steamship Company has also an agency here. The native lines of mail steamers *Mitsui Bishi* (Three Diamonds) also make Yokohama their terminus. The coming orthodox bridal tour and round-the-world trip will soon be made *viâ* Japan first, then Asia, Europe, and America. Already the circum-mundane tourists have become so frequent and temporarily numerous in Yokohama as to be recognized as a distinct class. In the easy language of the port, they are called "globe-trotters."

The most interesting portion of Yokohama, alike to the new-comer and the old resident, is the Bluff. Coming to a port opened primarily for trading purposes only, one expects to find shops and store-houses, but few anticipate seeing such dwellings and homes as are to be found on the Bluff. In the afternoon, when the business of the day is over, and the high, grand, and mighty event of the day, the dinner, has not yet been consummated, the visitor on the Bluff sees very fine specimens of horseflesh, good turn-outs, and plenty of pedestrian and equestrian humanity out for fresh air. The trim door-yards, lawns, gardens, fences, and hedges help to make a picture of unexpected beauty. The villas and dwellings are not high, being bungalows of one story, or houses of two stories. Though not remarkable as architectural triumphs, they are picturesque without, and full of comfort within. Added to home attractions, is the ever-present lovely scenery of the bay, the distant mountains, the peerless Fuji, and the smiling valleys. Nearly all the professional and many of the business men live on the Bluff, and, whether from the natural altitude, the inspiring freshness of the scenery, or otherwise, the Bluff dwellers are apt to consider themselves of a slightly higher social order than the inhabitants of the plain. The Bluff spreads over an irregular triangle, and its surface is rather undulating. Many of the dwellings are snugly embosomed amidst groves, or on the slopes and in the hollows, but most of them crown its spurs and ridges in commanding positions. The legations of the treaty powers were, until 1874, situated in especially choice spots. Strange to say, the foreign diplomatic representatives, instead of residing in Tōkiō, lived at Yokohama, preferring society to the doubtful charms of the Japanese capital.

My opportune arrival so near New Year's, and the custom of visiting being enthusiastically observed, enabled me to see into the homes of many old residents, and to meet most of the social magnates and men prominent in the diplomatic, literary, commercial, and missionary world. Among others, I saw our hospitable American minister, Hon. Charles E. De Long, the Dutch, French, and Danish ministers, and several consuls and attachés. Mr. Portman, formerly secretary and interpreter to the American Legation, one of the valuable and unrewarded servants of our Government, was then hale and gray, living alone, not knowing that his grave was to be in the *Ville du Havre.*

Beside the legations are the fine American hospital, the General and British hospitals, and the public gardens. On summer evenings one of the bands from the flag-ships stationed in the harbor plays in these gardens; while flower, beast, and bird shows, and various sports and amusements, fire-works, etc., are furnished by the most indefatigable proprietor that ever catered to public taste. Beyond the "foreign concession" of land—that is, outside the limits of foreign dwellings—is the race-course, an ample space of ground, leveled, fenced, and furnished with buildings and spectators' stands. The races are held during three days in spring and autumn, followed invariably by a "Black Monday," when bets are paid. An incredible amount of excitement, truly British, is got up over Oriental horseflesh. The term for an untried horse is "griffin."

A fine new road has been built by the Japanese Government, which passes by the race-course, and winds over the hills and down along the shores of Mississippi Bay, which is described as "the most beautiful for varied scenery in the world." Of course, I am quoting from those who speak in the same sense in which a mother speaks when she asserts, and really believes, that her babe is the last crowning wonder of the universe. Nevertheless, Yokohama numbers among its residents many tourists and sometime residents in the Old and New Worlds in many habitable latitudes. Their almost unanimous verdict is, that Mississippi Bay, especially at the sunset and twilight hours, is matchlessly lovely. The New Road, after passing along the beach and through several Japanese villages, past rice and wheat fields, and through a beautiful valley, rejoins Yokohama at "Legation Bluff."

Returning from walk or drive, the event of the day, the grand culminating act of diurnal existence, to which every thing else is but a prelude, the *dinner*, claims the solemn thought and most vigorous faculties of mind and body. Whatever else fails, the dinner *must* be a success. "Life without letters is death," was said by the Romans; but that life without dinners is no life at all, is the solemn conviction of most residents in the East. It is further said that a Frenchman can cook a dinner as a dinner deserves to be cooked, but only an Englishman can eat it as it ought to be eaten. In Yokohama, dinner is the test of success in life. If that momentous feed is successfully achieved, sorrow and care are forgotten, the future is hopeful, eternity radiant, and the chief end of man is attained. No bolting, no haste, no slovenliness in dress, no wishing it over. A dinner to be given must be studied and exquisitely planned, as a general plans a battle, or a diplomat a treaty. A dinner to be attended must be dressed for, anticipated, and rehearsed as a joyful hour on a higher plane of existence, or—as an ordeal for which one must be steeled and clad in resignation. To appreciate the esoteric æsthetics of dinner, and to comprehend the higher law that governs these august events, apart from the mere vulgar idea of satisfying hunger, one must be educated by a long course of observation and experience. Real enjoyment is doubtless to be obtained at these dinner parties; but such an idea is not necessarily included within the objects sought by an orthodox giver of a dinner. There are a great many "brilliant flashes of silence" at these dinners, and meditations on crockery are common. Nevertheless, it is really believed that a good dinner is the correct method of securing the highest earthly happiness, and is the most common means of social enjoyment in Yokohama.

Being such a cosmopolitan place, the dweller in Yokohama must be always vigilant to offend none, and in all the windings of conversation must pick his steps, lest he tread on the national, religious, or æsthetic corns of his neighbors. What is complimentary to one man may be insult to some one else present, and so one becomes schooled to make only the correct remark. Though this state of armed neutrality may sometimes tend to make conversation excessively stupid, and a mere round of dessicated commonplaces, it trains one to be, outwardly at least, charitable to all, malicious to none. It keeps one circumspect and cosmopolitan, whether in opinions or moral practice; and to be cosmopolitan is to be, in Anglo-Oriental eyes, virtuous beyond vulgar conception.

The predominating culture, thought, manners, dress, and household economy in Yokohama, as in all the Eastern ports, is English. Outnumbering all the other nationalities, with the Press, the Church, the Bar, and the Banks in their own hands; with their ever-present soidiers and navy; with their unrivaled civil service, which furnishes so many gentlemanly officials; and with most of the business under their control, the prevalence of English thought and methods is very easily accounted for. Because of the very merits and excellences of the genuine Englishman, the American in the East can easily forgive the intense narrowness, the arrogant conceit, and, as relates to American affairs, the ludicrous ignorance and fondly believed perfection of knowledge of so many who arrogate to themselves all the insular perfections. Perhaps most of the Englishmen at the East are fair representatives of England's best fruits; but a grievously large number, removed from the higher social pressure which was above them, and which kept them at their true level in England, find themselves without that social pressure in the East; and obeying the "law of pressures," they are apt to become offensively vaporous in their pretensions. These persons are surprised to find even American enterprise in the East. They are the most radical and finical concerning every idea, custom, ceremony, or social despotism of any kind supposed to be English. These men help to form the army of hard-heads and civilized boors in Japan, to which our own country furnishes recruits, who do so much toward helping the Japanese to carry out in Japan their favorite amusement in American hotels, *i. e.*, to descend on an elevator; that is, to lay aside their own dignified politeness, and to adopt the rough manners of those who fondly imagine themselves the embodiment of the elevating influences of civilization. They are the foreigners who believe it their solemn duty, and who make it their regular practice, to train up their native servant "boys" in the way they should go by systematic whippings, beatings, and applications of the boot. Fearful of spoiling cook, boy, or "bettō" (hostler), they spare neither fist, boot, nor cane. In this species of brutality we believe the vulgar John Bulls to be sinners above all the foreigners in the East. I saw enough in one day to explain why so many of their nationality have felt the vengeful swords of Japanese samurai. Although Americans sometimes are swift-footed to follow the example of Englishmen, yet it is usually acknowledged by the Japanese themselves that the Americans, as a class of that heterogeneous collection of men, who are all alike to them in being foreigners, are more inclined to give them their rights, and to treat them as equals.

Be it remembered that in these remarks we do not refer to that large body of educated, refined, and true-hearted Englishmen who have been such a potent influence in the civilization of Japan. It must be confessed, and we cheerfully bear witness to what is a fact, that the predominating good influence in Japan is English. Some of the most prominent and most highly trusted foreign officials of the Japanese Government are English. The navy, the railways, the telegraphs, public works, and light-houses are managed by them almost exclusively, and a large part, if not most, of the business of the country is in their hands. Some of the very best, and perhaps the majority, of lay students of, and scholars in, the Japanese language are Englishmen. For all that goes to refine, elevate, and purify society among foreigners we are largely indebted to the English. In my strictures, I refer to that numerous class in Japan who, with pecuniary power and social influence far above that they could gain at home, ape the manners and succeed in copying the worst faults of the better class of their countrymen. Living among a people capable of teaching them good manners, and yet ignorant alike of their history, language, institutions, and codes of honor and morals, they regard them as so many chattering silk-worms, tea-plants, and tokens of copper. They are densely ignorant of every thing outside of England, and with unruffled stupidity they fail to conceive how *any* good thing can come out of a place not included within the little island from which they came. I should feel very glad if none of my countrymen answered to this description.

It is to be regretted that the British and American should be so often pitted together; but so long as fair play, chivalric honor, cosmopolitan breadth of mind, and Christian courtesy are left us, we think the rivalry must be productive of immense good. Like flint and steel, before the dead cold mass of Asiatic despotism, superstition, and narrowness, it must result in kindling many a good spark into flames of progress and knowledge. Whatever be their petty differences, the English and American ever strike hands for good purposes more quickly than any other two nationalities in Japan; and before the men of every other nation the American finds more to love, to honor, and to admire in the Englishman. It is the two nations cemented inseparably together by the blood, religion, language, history, inheritance, and the love of liberty and law, that are to impress their character and civilization on the millions of Asia, and to do most toward its regeneration. Let every pen and tongue forbear to needlessly irritate, or do aught to sunder the ties that bind together the two great civilizing powers of the world; but as for the social bigot, the Philistine, the bully, let not his disgraced nationality shield him from the social exile and public contempt which he deserves.

Yokohama is fervently believed by many new-comers, especially those who are soon discovered to be either verdant or genuine fools, to be the very worst place in the world for iniquity, gossip, and all manner of rascality. In this they most clearly mistake. Since the same reputation attaches to at least a thousand places, I think the error lies in a defect in the mental vision of the new-comer. Some temporary attack of moral color-blindness, strabismus, or disarrangement of the moral lenses, must be the cause of such an erroneous opinion. Long residents and traveled men agree in the belief that the moral status of Yokohama is fully equal to most other ports in the East, if not in the world. Some optimists even hold the opinion that it is better than many other places that boast loudly of their morals. Certain it is that gambling hells have been purged away. Rum "mills" and lewd houses, though numerous enough, are not more common than in other ports. The white woman in scarlet drives her carriage on the Bluff and in the town, but her sisters are not abnormally numerous. Where heathen women are cheap, and wives from home are costly, chastity is not a characteristic trait of the single men; but the same evil and the same resultant curse rests on all such places where "Christians" live side by side with "pagans." Given a superior race with superior resources, and poor natives who love money more than virtue, and the same state of things results.

Missionaries abound in Yokohama, engaged in the work of teaching, and converting the natives to the various forms of the Christian religion. It is a little curious to note the difference in the sentiment concerning missionaries on different sides of the ocean. Coming from the atmosphere and influences of the Sunday-school, the church, and the various religious activities, the missionary seems to most of us an exalted being, who deserves all honor, respect, and sympathy. Arrived among the people in Asiatic ports, one learns, to his surprise, that the missionaries, as a class, are "wife-beaters," "swearers," "liars," "cheats," "hypocrites," "defrauders," "speculators," etc., etc. He is told that they occupy an abnormally low social plane, that they are held in contempt and open scorn by the "merchants," and by society generally. Certain newspapers even yet love nothing better than to catch any stray slander or gossip concerning a man from whom there is no danger of gunpowder or cowhide. Old files of some of the newspapers remind one of an entomological collection, in which the specimens are impaled on pins, or the store-house of that celebrated New Zealand merchant who sold "canned missionaries." Some of the most lovely and lofty curves ever achieved by the nasal ornaments of pretty women are seen when the threadbare topic of missionary scandal is introduced. The only act approaching to cannibalism is when the missionary is served up whole at the dinner-table, and his reputation devoured. The new-comer, thus suddenly brought in contact with such new and startling opinions, usually either falls in with the fashion, and adopts the opinions, the foundation for which he has never examined, or else sets to work to find out how much truth there is in the scandals. A fair and impartial investigation of facts usually results in the conviction that some people are very credulous and excessively gullible in believing falsehoods.

Scarcely one person in a hundred of those who so freely indulge in, and so keenly enjoy, the gossip and scandal about missionaries, realizes their need of human sympathy, or shows that fair play which teaches us that they are but human beings like ourselves. The men of business and leisure for every thing except their tongues are utterly unable to understand the missionary's life, work, or purpose. Apart from the fact that a man who strives to obey the final and perhaps most positive command of the Great Founder of Christianity, to preach the Gospel to every creature, should win respect so far as he obeys that command, it is also most happily true that some of the very best, most conscientious, though quiet, work in the civilization of Japan has been done by missionaries. They were the first teachers; and the first counselors whose advice was sought and acted upon by the Japanese were missionaries, and the first and ripest fruits of scholarship—the aids to the mastery of the Japanese language—were and are the work of missionaries. The lustre shed upon American scholarship by missionaries in China and Japan casts no shadow, even in the light of the splendid literary achievements of the English civil service. Besides this, a community in which the lives of the majority are secretly or openly at variance with the plainest precepts of the Great Master can not, even on general principles, be expected to sympathize very deeply with, or even comprehend, the efforts of men who are social heretics. It is hard to find an average "man of the world" in Japan who has any clear idea of what the missionaries are doing or have done. Their dense ignorance borders on the ridiculous.

On the other hand, a few, very few, who call themselves missionaries are incompetent, indiscreet, fanatical, and the terror even of their good and earnest brethren.

At present, in Yokohama, there are the edifices of the Established

English Episcopal, the French Catholic, the Union Protestant, and native Christian churches. There is also a Jewish congregation. Besides the Governmental, the private Japanese, and the General Hospital of the foreigners, there is a Ladies' Benevolent Society. A well-kept and neatly laid out and ornamented cemetery, beautifully situated on the slope of the Bluff, in which sleep the men of many creeds and nations, tells many a sad tale of assassination, of murder, and of battle, which took place before the present peaceful residence of the Western strangers in Japan was won. The Russians, the Dutch, the English, and the French compelled the Japanese Government to build the tombs of the slain. Many a mother's darling, many a gallant soldier and sailor, who met his death from disease, accident, drowning, or excess, and many a broken-hearted exile lies here; and more than one visit to this sad city of the dead has impressed me with the truth that most of the epitaphs are plain historical facts, free from sham and fulsome falsehood; as though being free from the meretricious ornament that so often miserably accords with the blunt fact of death, the tombs had won the rare adornment of simple truth.

From the Yokohama of to-day, with its bustling energies, and old enough in its new life to have its cemetery, we shall glance at Yokohama as it was from its forgotten beginning, centuries ago, until A.D. 1854, when a fleet of American steamers began the first epoch in the new life of Japan.

On a small arm of the Gulf of Yedo, midway between its mouth and the capital of the empire, stood an insignificant little fishing village. Evidently it never possessed sufficient importance to be mentioned, except casually, by Japanese historians or travelers. In its best days prior to 1854, it might have numbered a thousand inhabitants. Nearly all the men were fishers, or worked with the women in the rice swamps surrounding the village on all sides, and stretching toward the base of the Bluff. The great highway to Yedo passed through the town of Kanagawa, which lies on the opposite shore of the bay. Most probably from this fact, the village which supplied the travelers on the great road with fish was called Yokohama (*Yoko*, across; *hama*, strand). For centuries the simple inhabitants swept the sea with their nets, dug their mud swamps, planted their rice, eat their rude fare, lived their monotonous life, and died in the faith of Buddha and the hope of Nirvana. No seer ever prophesied greatness of Yokohama, but some places, like men, have greatness thrust upon them. When, on the evening of the 7th of July, 1853, the fleet of huge American steamers lay at anchor abreast of Uraga, a few miles distant, and the people of Yokohama saw the blazing beacon-fires and heard the breathless messengers tell the tale of the wondrous apparition of mighty ships moving swiftly without wind, tide, or oars, the first pulses of a new life stirred within them as they talked that night before their huts in the sultry evening. Their idea of a steamer, as I have heard it from their own lips, was, that these Western foreigners, who were not men, but half beasts, half sorcerers, had power to tame a volcano, condense its power in their ships, and control it at will. That night, as the spark-spangled clouds of smoke pulsed out of the fire-breathing smoke-stacks of the steamers, which were kept under steam in readiness for attack, many an eager prayer, prompted by terror at the awful apparition, went up from the hearts of the simple people, who anxiously awaited the issue of the strange visit.

During all the eight days during which Commodore Perry's fleet lay at anchor, or steamed at will over their sacred waters, the surveying boats were busy extorting the secrets of the water, its danger and its depth. No drunken sailor roamed on the land, none of the quiet natives were beaten, robbed, or molested. The mighty mind of the gentle commodore extended to the humblest minutiæ of discipline, and his all-comprehending genius won victory without blood. The natives had opportunity of gaining clearer ideas as to what sort of beings the strange visitors were. In those eight days even the proudest samurai were convinced of the power of the Western nations. Familiarity bred no contempt of American prowess, while for the first time they saw their own utterly defenseless condition. After delivering the letter with the proper pomp and ceremony to the high Japanese commissioner at Uraga, and having for the first time in history gained several important points of etiquette in a country where etiquette is more than law or morals, the consummate diplomat and warrior, Perry, sailed away with his fleet July 17th, 1853.

Commodore M. C. Perry inaugurated a policy in his dealings with the Japanese which all thoroughly successful foreigners in Japan have found the safest, quickest, and most certain means of success, in dealing with them, in order to win new concessions, or to lead them to higher reforms. Instead of demanding an immediate answer, he allowed them seven months to consider the matter, promising them at the end of that time to come again. During that period the authorities had time to consult, reflect, and to smoke an unlimited number of pipes, and all of these they did.

When Perry, with an augmented fleet of nine steamers, returned again in February, the Japanese found him as punctilious, polite, persevering, considerate, and as inflexibly firm as ever. Instead of making the treaty at Uraga, he must make it nearer Yedo. Yokohama was the chosen spot, and there, on the 8th of March, 1854, were exchanged the formal articles of convention between the United States and Japan. Then followed the interchange of presents. The miniature telegraph was set up on shore over a space of one mile, and was worked for several days to the delight and wonder of admiring Japanese officials. The Lilliputian locomotive and train of cars caused unbounded interest. American implements and mechanism of all descriptions were presented as evidences of American peace and good-will. Matthew Calbraith Perry achieved a triumph grander in results than his brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, on Lake Erie. He had met the enemy, and they were his friends. The Japanese returned the gifts with their best native productions, and amused their guests with wrestling matches.

By the treaty of Yokohama, Hakodaté in Yezo, and Shimoda in Idzu, were opened as ports of supply to the Americans. Shimoda, before it fairly began to be of much service, was visited by a terrific earthquake and tidal wave, that hurled a Russian frigate to destruction, overwhelmed the town, sweeping back by its recession into the boiling ocean scores of houses, and about one hundred human beings. The effluent wave plowed the harbor with such force that all the mud was scoured from the rocky bed. The anchors of ships could obtain no grip on the bare, slippery rock bottom, and Shimoda, being useless as a harbor, was abandoned. The ruin of Shimoda was the rise of Yokohama. By a new treaty, and concessions gained from the Japanese by Hon. Townsend Harris, Kanagawa (three miles across the bay from Yokohama) and Nagasaki were made open ports, not only of entry, but of trade and commerce. By the terms of the treaty, Kanagawa was opened July 1st, 1859.

Kanagawa is situated on the western side of the Bay of Yedo, about sixteen miles from the capital. Through it passes the great highway of the empire, along which the proud daimiōs and their trains of retainers were continually passing on their way to and from the capital. These belligerent young bloods were spoiling for war, and a trial of their blades on the hated hairy foreigners! Had Kanagawa been made a foreign settlement, its history would doubtless have had many more bloody pages of incendiaries and assassination than did Yokohama. Foreseeing this, even though considered by the foreign ministers a violation of treaty agreements, the Japanese Government chose Yokohama as the future port, and immediately set to work to render it as convenient as possible for trade, residence, and espionage. They built a causeway, nearly two miles long, across the lagoon and marshes from Kanagawa, so as to make it of easy access. They built the solid granite piers or "hatobas," which we have described, erected a custom-house and officers' quarters, and prepared small dwellings and store-houses for the foreign merchants.

Before the opening of the harbor, several ships, with the pioneers of trade on board, lay in the harbor from Nagasaki and China, "eager to try the new port, and, of course, clamorous for instant accommodation and facilities." The merchants insisted on Yokohama, the ministers and consuls were determined on Kanagawa. The strife between the two parties lasted long, and left many roots of bitterness that are not yet entirely grubbed up; but the merchants carried their point—as is believed by all to-day—to the advantage of foreign influence in Japan. The red tape which helps to weave a net of misleading and inaccurate statements in regard to Japan is not yet cut, as regards Kanagawa. We frequently read of the United States Consul and Consulate at Kanagawa. There has been neither there since 1861. Both are in Yokohama. Baron Hübner's statement that Sir R. Alcock was "the official founder of Yokohama" is a ramble round the truth. Yokohama was settled in a squatter-like and irregular manner, and the ill effects of it are seen to this day. When compared with Shanghae, the foreign metropolis of China, it is vastly inferior to that "model settlement." To abridge a tedious story, the straggling colony of diplomats, missionaries, and merchants at Kanagawa finally pulled up their stakes and joined the settlement at Yokohama. The town grew slowly at first. Murders and assassinations of foreigners by the ruffian patriots who bravely attacked unarmed foreigners, usually from behind, were frequent during the first few years. The intermeddling of Japanese officials threatened to paralyze trade. The lion of civilization was threatened with death in a gigantic net-work of red-tape, in the length, redness, strength, and quantity of which the bakufu excelled the world. The first foreigners were not specially noted for good morals, sensitive consciences, sweetness of temper, nor for a hatred of filthy lucre, and the underhand cunning and disregard for truth which seems a part of official human nature in Japan (only?) were matched by the cold-blooded villainy and trickery of the unprincipled foreigners of all creeds and nationalities. A favorite threat of atrabilious Frenchmen, blustering Russians, and petty epaulet-wearers of all sorts, when their demands were refused, was to strike their flag, go on board a man-of-war, and blow up the native town. Yokohama still stands, having survived bombardments in five languages. The Japanese officials became so accustomed to this polyglot snobbery, that they ceased to regard its monotonous recurrence with feelings different from those evoked on beholding snuff-boxes drawn, or on hearing the terrific crash that followed.

A less congenial and more expensive employment, at which native officials were kept busy, was the payment of outrageously unjust "indemnities"—a euphemism for civilized theft. A conflagration caused by a kitchen fire, a drunken squabble, an insult resulting in the death of a white-faced villain, terminated in the inevitable and exorbitant mulct. A sailor found dead drunk in the streets was the signal for sending up the price of revolvers one hundred per cent. Every foreign suicide was heralded as an "assassination."

A fire (November 22d, 1866), which laid nearly the whole foreign town in ashes, seemed to purify the place municipally, commercially, and morally. The settlement was rebuilt in a more substantial and regular manner. Banks, newspaper offices, hospitals, post-offices, and consulate buildings re-appeared as with new life. The streets were graded, paved, and curbed. The swamp was filled up. The Japanese village of Homura was removed across the creek. Fire companies were organized. A native police force was formed. The European steamships began to come to Yokohama, and the establishment of the Pacific Mail line of steamers, running monthly between San Francisco and Yokohama, was the final master-stroke that removed the future prosperity of Yokohama from the region of surmise to that of certainty. Other steamers plied to Japanese and Chinese ports. Trade became firmly established. Missionaries unlocked the language, and made it acquirable. The settlement was purged of roughs and gamblers. The amenities of social life began to appear, as ladies and children came in scores. Houses became homes. The solitary were set in families. Churches appeared with their beneficent influence. Theatres, concerts, and operettas gave recreation to the mind; while rowing, racing, athletic, cricket, and racket clubs, and clubs gastronomic and sociable, made the life of the bachelors less monotonous. Rifle companies kept the eye and hand in practice for the occasional hunts when game was plenty. The telegraph to Tōkiō and thence around the globe was opened and used. The railway to the capital, with its ten trains daily, became a familiar fact. Schools for children were established. The Eurasian children were gathered up by American ladies and French nuns, to be reared in purity. Christian hymns were translated into Japanese, and sung to the tunes of Lowell and Bradbury by native children. Teachers of music and languages sent out their circulars. The Sunday-school opened its doors. The family physician took the place of the navy surgeon. Yokohama now boasts of the season, like London. The last slow growth of such a colony—the Asiatic Society, established for the encouragement of original research, and for the collection of information concerning the history, language, geography, and antiquity of Japan and parts adjacent—has been established. It has already done much excellent work, and, though in a trading community, hopes to live.

I have neither time nor space to speak of the wonders wrought in the Japanese town; nor can I tell the story of how a fishing village of a thousand souls has become a city of fifty thousand people, with its streets lighted with gas; rich stores, piled with silk, tea, bronzes, and curios of all kinds—whither tourists flock, and naval officers mortgage their pay for months to come: Japanese curios are as powerful as mercury to attract gold. The railway and station, the many promising industries of all kinds, the native hospital, printing-offices, etc., etc., deserve description, but I must close this already tedious chapter by a summary of a few items of interest not referred to before.

At present (1876) the foreign population of Yokohama is reckoned to be about twelve hundred residents, of both sexes and all ages. The men of the merchant marine, sailors, officers, on shore and ship duty, and temporary dwellers, make up a fluctuating population, which is seldom less than three and sometimes as many as six thousand. The Chinese population may number one thousand in Yokohama, and twenty-five hundred in Japan. In their hands are the deep things of finance. All the money-changers and brokers are Chinese, and any unexpected fluctuations in the money market are laid to their charge. Those who are not brokers are "compradores," clerks, or useful artisans. As a class, they form the most industrious nationality in Japan. They have their temple, cemetery, guilds, and benevolent association, but no consul or mandarin to protect or to grind them. The sight of the fat, well-dressed, cleanly Chinese, so well-oiled in his disposition and *physique*, so defiantly comfortable in his dress, forces a contrast between him and the Japanese. Some people consider the Chinaman as the man of superior race. In Yokohama's heterogeneous collection of humanity are several score of children in whose veins flows the blood of two continents. The Eurasian children, when illegitimate, are still citizens of Japan, in the eye of Japanese law; but when born in wedlock, are citizens of the same country with their father. By the laws of Japan, marriage between Japanese and foreigners is perfectly legal, and several such marriages have been regularly contracted and solemnized.

The Fourth Estate in Yokohama is a vast one. The English papers are, *The Japan Herald; The Japan Mail*, daily and weekly; *The Japan Gazette*, daily. All these papers issue also a fortnightly or monthly mail summary. The French paper, *L'Echo du Japon*, is a daily. *The Far East* is a semi-monthly large pamphlet, of twelve pages, photographically illustrated, with letter-press descriptive of scenes and incidents in Japan. *The Japan Punch*, which hits the folly and furnishes the fun for the Yokohama public, is printed by lithography, and is a clever monthly production.

Toward the future Yokohama may look cheerfully and with hope. So near the great capital, practically on the high-road of the empire, with a magnificent harbor, capable of unlimited improvements, with railroad and telegraphic facilities already in use, Yokohama's future must be one of steady prosperity. When Kobé was opened, bold prophets predicted the waning of Yokohama; but their prophecies have long since been forgotten. New land is being reclaimed from the lagoons toward Kanagawa, and in time Kanagawa and Yokohama will be one city. The foreign population may not increase according to the New World ratio, but from all parts of the Sea Empire shall come the wealth and the sinew, the brain and the heart of New Japan, to learn the sources of the power and superiority of the Westerns; and, returning, the fathers shall teach their children to be wiser than they. Whatever be the changes of the future, Yokohama must continue to be the master-teacher and exemplar for good and evil of the civilization of Christendom in New Japan.

[The tourist in port who desires to enjoy the scenery and people, and visit some of the places and monuments of historic interest around Yokohama and Tōkiō, will be greatly aided by three little manuals published by the author, and to be found in Yokohama. They are "The Yokohama Guide," p. 39, with map; "The Tōkiō Guide," p. 35; and "Map of Tōkiō, with Notes Historical and Explanatory." These little pamphlets contain skeleton trips, hints to travelers, notes of information, and a short vocabulary, with pronunciation of the Japanese words most needed by a tourist. On Japanese "Pigeon-English," see a pamphlet entitled "Exercises in the Yokohama Dialect."]

II.

A RIDE ON THE TŌKAIDŌ.

January 2d, 1871.—A frosty morning. Air keen, bracing, razor-like. Sky stainlessly clear. The Bay of Yedo glinting with unnumbered sunbeams. Blue sky, blue water, blue mountains, white Fuji.

The Yankee has invaded the Land of the Gods. He jostles the processions of the lords of the land. He runs a coach on the great highway, so sacred to daimiōs and two-sworded samurai. Here on the Bund stands the stage that will carry a man to the capital for two Mexican dollars. Of the regulation Yankee pattern, it is yet small, and, though seating three persons besides the driver, can crowd in five when comfort is not the object in view. A pair of native ponies on which oats are never wasted make the team. A *bettō* (running footman and hostler), whose business is to harness the animals, yell at the people on the road, and be sworn at, perches, like a meditative chicken, by one foot on the iron step. As for the driver, an Australian, who is recommended as "a very devil of a whip," he impresses me at once as being thoroughly qualified to find the bottom of a tumblerful of brandy without breathing.

He is not only an expert at driving and drinking, but such an adept in the theology of the bar-room is he, and so well versed in orthodox profanity, that the heathen bettō regards his master as a safe guide, and imitates him with conscientious accuracy. The driver converts the pagan better than he knows. Indeed, it is astonishing what progress his pupil has made in both theology and the English language. He has already at his tongue's end the names and attributes of the entire Trinity.

Crack goes the whip, and we rattle along the Bund, past the Club-house, around the English consulate, past the Perry treaty grounds, and down Benten dōri, through the native town. The shops are just opening, and the shop-boys are looping up the short curtains that hang before each front. The bath-houses begin business early. The door of one is shunted aside, spite of the lowness of the thermometer and decency. Out steps a man into the street as naked as when he stepped out into the world. His native copper hue, like a lobster's, is intensified by the boiling he has just undergone. He walks in a self-exhaling cloud of auroral vapors, like a god in ambrosia. He deigns not to make his toilet while in sight, but proceeds homeward, clothes in hand. My pocket Fahrenheit marks four degrees below the freezing-point.

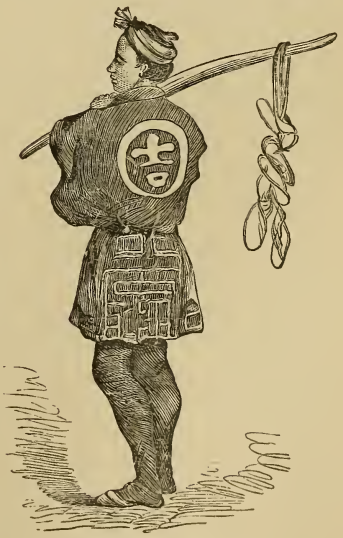
Our driver whips up the horses for sheer warmth, and we dash over the "iron bridge." A trifling bit of iron to our foreign eyes, but a triumph of engineering to the natives, who build of wood. We pass it, and then we are on the causeway that connects Yokohama with the great main road of the empire, the Tōkaidō. The causeway passed, and with foreign sights behind, real Japan appears. I am in a new world, not the Old. Every thing is novel. I should like to be Argus: not less than a hundred eyes can take in all the sight. I should like to be a poet to express, and an artist to paint all I see. I wish I knew the language, to ask questions.

What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages are strung along the road, like a great illuminated scroll full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures.

Young Girl carrying her Baby Brother.

What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed. The cold only made their feet pink, and their cheeks red. How curiously dressed, with coats like long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice cracknels, hot from the toasting coals, and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist. The children's heads are shaved in all curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front, and sees the world over his mother's shoulder. Japanese babies are lugged pickapack. Baby Gohachi is laid on mamma's back and strapped on, or else he is inclosed in her garment, and only his little shaven noddle protrudes behind his mother's neck. His own neck never gets wrenched off, and often neither head nor tiny toes are covered, though water is freezing. In the picture on the preceding page, the fat-cheeked baby is carried by a young, unmarried girl, as I can tell by the way her hair is dressed. It is probably an elder sister or hired servant. Her bare feet are on wooden clogs.

Here are adults and children running around barefoot. Nobody wears any hats. As for bonnets, a Japanese woman might study a life-time, and go crazy in trying to find out its use. Every one wears cotten clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses. None of the front doors are shut. All the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast—beefsteaks, hot coffee, and hot rolls for warmth? No: cold rice, pickled radishes, and vegetable messes of all unknown sorts. These we see. They make their rice hot by pouring tea almost boiling over it. A few can afford only hot water. Some eat millet instead of rice. Do they not understand dietetics or hygiene better? Or is it poverty? Strange people, these Japanese! Here are large round ovens full of sweet-potatoes being steamed or roasted. A group of urchins are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty cash, one-fifth of a cent, in iron or copper coin, is the price of a good one. Many of the children, just more than able to walk themselves, are saddled with babies. They look like two-headed children. The fathers of these youngsters are coolies or burden-bearers, who wear a cotten coat of a special pattern, and knot their kerchiefs over their foreheads. These heads of families receive wages of ten cents a day when work is steady. Here stands one with his shoulder-stick (*tembimbō*) with pendant baskets of plaited rope, like a scale-beam and pans. His shoulder is to be the fulcrum. On his daily string of copper cash he supports a family. The poor man's blessings and the rich man's grief



Coolie waiting for a Job.

are the same in every clime. In Japan the quiver of poverty is full, while the man of wealth mourns for an heir. The mother bears the bairns, but the children carry them. Each preceding child, as it grows older, must lug the succeeding baby on its back till able to stand. The rearing of a Japanese poor family is a perpetual game of leap-frog.

The houses are small, mostly one story, all of them of wood, except the fire-proof mud-walled store-houses of the merchant. Most are clean inside. The floors are raised a foot above the ground, covered with mats. The wood-work is clean, as if often scrubbed. Yet the Japanese have no word for soap, and have never until these late days used it. Nevertheless, they lead all Asiatics in cleanliness of persons and dwellings. Does not an ancient stanza of theirs declare that "when the houses of a people are kept clean, be certain that the government is respected and will endure?" Hot water is the detergent, and the normal Japanese gets under it at least once a day. For scrubbing the floor or clothes, alkali, obtained by leeching ashes, is put in the water.

The shop-keeper sits on his hams and heels, and hugs his *hibachi* (fire-bowl). What shivering memories I have of it! Every Japanese house has one or more. It is a box of brass, wood, or delf. In a bed of ashes are a handful of coals. Ordinarily it holds the ghost of a fire, and radiates heat for a distance of six inches. A thermo-multiplier might detect its influence further on a cold day. With this the Japanese warm their houses, toast their fingers for incredibly long spaces of time, and even have the hardihood to ask you to sit down by it and *warm* yourself! Nevertheless, when the coals are piled up regardless of expense, a genial warmth may be obtained. The shop-keepers seem to pay much more attention to their braziers than to their customers. What strikes one with the greatest surprise is the baby-house style and dimensions of every thing. The rice-bowls are tea-cups, the tea-cups are thimbles, the tea-pot is a joke. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter or house-maid presides at the rice-bucket, and paddles out cupfuls of rice.

We pass through Kanagawa, a flourishing town, and the real treaty port, from which Yokohama has usurped foreign fame and future history. We pass many shops, and learn in a half-hour the staple articles of sale, which we afterward find repeated with little variation in the shops all over the country. They are not groceries, or boots, or jewelry, nor lacquer, bronze, or silk. They are straw-sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo-work of all kinds, matting for coats, flint, steel and tinder, sulphur splints for matches, oiled paper coats, and grass cloaks, paper for all purposes, wooden clogs for shoes: fish and radish knives, grass-hooks, hoes, scissors with two blades but only one handle, and axes, all of a strange pattern, compose the stock of cutlery. Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful, but there is neither butcher nor baker. Copper and brass articles are numerous in the braziers' shops.

In the cooper shops, the dazzling array of wood-work, so neat, fresh, clean, and fragrant, carries temptation into housekeepers' pockets. I know an American lady who never can pass one without buying some useful utensil. There are two coopers pounding lustily away at a great rain-tank, or saké-vat, or soy-tub. They are more intent on their bamboo hoops, beetles, and wedges than on their clothing, which they have half thrown off. One has his kerchief over his shoulder.

Coopers hooping a Vat. (By a pupil of Hokusai.)

In Japan the carpenter is the shoe-maker, for the foot-gear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress. Hats and boots are not. The head-covering is called a "roof" or "shed." I remember how in America I read of gaudily advertised "Japanese boot-blacking," and "Japanese corn-files." I now see that the Japanese wear no boots or shoes, hence blacking is not in demand; and as such plagues as corns are next to unknown, there is no need of files for such a purpose. The total value of the stock in many of the shops appears to be about five dollars. Many look as if one "clean Mexican" would buy their stock, good-will, and fixtures. I thought, in my innocence, that I should find more splendid stores elsewhere. I kept on for a year or more thinking so, but was finally satisfied of the truth that, if the Japanese are wealthy, they do not show it in their shops. The prosaic truth is that the people are very poor. Of course, being fresh from the splendor of the fine young fellows, the "princes" of the newspapers, in America, who were noted for their impressive wardrobe, dazzling jewelry, hotel-bills, and carriages, I could not believe the truth about Japan then. My glamoured eyes refused to see it. "I shall see the wealth, but not now," was my thought.

Tugging up the steep hill and past Kanagawa, we dash over the splendid road beneath an arch of pines, some grandly venerable, some augustly tall, some like a tottering empire, glorious in decay, but many more scraggy and crooked. We pass all kinds of dress and characters on the road. Now, our bettō yells out to a merchant, who ambles along with a pack on his back tied over his neck. Our driver prays his God to damn some poor old priest who was not as nimble as he might have been forty years ago. Anon, the exponent of Christian civilization informs a farm laborer, trudging along, hoe on shoulder, that he will "cut the d—d face off him" if he isn't spry. A gawky heathen, leading a pack-horse loaded with an unmentionable article, is made to know, by a cut of the whip over his neck, that he must move faster next time. The priest in his robes, brocade collar, and shaven head; the merchant, in his tight breeches; the laborer, with his bare legs; the samurai, with his two swords and loose trousers; the pilgrim, in his white dress, are all easily recognized.

As for the beggars, we can not understand their "*Chabu chabu komarimasŭ tempō danna san, dōzo* (Please, master, a penny; we are in great trouble for our *grub*); but we comprehend the object of their importunity. They are loathsome, dirty, ragged, sore. Now I wish I were a physician, to heal such vileness and suffering. Who would care to do an artist's or a poet's work when the noblest art of healing needs to be practiced? The children run after us. The old beggars live in straw kennels by the roadside. Some are naked, except dirty mats bound round them. The law of Japan does not recognize them as human: they are beasts. The man who kills them will be neither prosecuted nor punished. There lies one dead in the road. No! Can it be? Yes, there is a dead beggar, and he will lie unburied, perhaps for days, if the dogs don't save the work from the coroner. "And the beggar died!" Will he be carried by angels to Abraham's bosom?

The driver reins up, and the horses come to a halt. We have stopped before a tea-house of whose fame we have heard, and man and beast are refreshed. The driver takes brandy, the bettō tea, and the horses water. The first drinks from a tumbler, the second from a cup; the four-footed drinkers must wait. Pretty girls come out to wish us good-morning. One, with a pair of eyes not to be forgotten, brings a tray of tiny cups full of green tea, and a plate of red sweetmeats, begging us to partake. I want neither, though a bit of paper-money is placed on the tray for beauty's sake. The maid is about seventeen, graceful in figure, and her neat dress is bound round with a wide girdle tied into a huge bow behind. Her neck is powdered. Her laugh displays a row of superb white teeth, and her jet-black hair is rolled in a maidenly style. The fairest sights in Japan are Japan's fair daughters.

This tea-house has a history. Its proprietress is familiarly known among all foreigners who ride on the Tōkaidō, and sit on her mats inside, or her benches in front beneath the trees, as "Black-eyed Susan." Her eyes deserve their renown, and her face its fame. Her beauty is known throughout the land. Many a story is told about princes and noblemen who have tried to lure her to gem their harem. She refuses all offers, and remains the keeper of herself and her fortune. Near by Black-eyed Susan's stands a clump of trees. It was near this place that, in 1863, poor Richardson lost his life (see Appendix). He sleeps now in Yokohama cemetery. It saddens us to think of it.

Our solemn thoughts are dissipated in a moment, for the bettō is watering the horses. He gives them drink out of a dipper! A cupful of water at a time to a thirsty horse! The animal himself would surely laugh, if he were not a Japanese horse, and used to it.

"Sayonara!" (farewell) cry the pretty girls, as they bow profoundly and gracefully, and the stage rolls on. We pass through villages of thatched houses, on which, along the ridge, grow beds of the iris. Between them appear landscapes new to eyes accustomed to grass meadows and corn-fields and winter wheat of Pennsylvania. Far and wide are the fallow fields covered with shallow water, and studded with rice-stubble. All the flat land is one universal rice-ditch. The low hills are timbered with evergreen. The brighter tints of the feathery bamboo temper the intensity of the sombre glory. Bamboo thickets, pine groves, and rice-fields—these are the ever-present sights in Japan. A half-hour through such scenery, and the stage stops at Kawasaki (river-point) to change horses. We are to cross the Rokugo River in boats. The road bends at a right angle toward the water, and at each corner is a large tea-house, full of noisy, fat girls, anxious to display a vulgar familiarity with the stranger. Too close contact with hostlers, drivers, and the common sort of residents in Japan has made these, doubtless once modest and polite females, a pack of impudent wantons.

I am not charmed by the too-willing charmers, and, declining the ever-proffered cup of tea, make my way down to the river, passing four toll-men, who squat on their knees at the receipt of custom, piling on upright skewers the square-holed oval and round coins which the travelers deposit. At the river's edge, a flat-bottomed boat, crowded with people of every class, with a horse or two on board, is coming hitherward, and one is just ready to push off. A few strokes of the pole, and we are over. The Japanese have used this river for centuries, and have never yet built a bridge.* The company in the boat is sometimes rather mixed. It has not escaped Hokusai's pencil, who made an album of Tōkaidō sketches. He has jotted down at the side of his sketch the two characters signifying Kawasaki (river-point), which all travelers to Tōkiō know full well. Strange to say, the same river in Japan often has many local names. A Japanese geography rarely thinks it necessary to describe a river from source to mouth. The people hereabouts call this river the Rokugô, and the foreigners, who are quite sure to get Japanese names upside down, have corrupted it into Logo, or, with apparent impiety, Logos.

Crossing the Rokugo River at Kawasaki. (Hokusai.)

The stage not being over yet, I go into a straw hut, in which a fire warms twenty-four feet shod with rice-straw sandals, and the smoke of which inflames twenty-four eyes belonging to half that number of such specimens of humanity as constitute the bulk of Japan's population, and whom foreigners called "coolies." Two arms, two legs, a head, and trunk, when added together in an Asiatic country, do not produce the same sum that such factors would yield in America. With us a man is a man. In Asiatic countries he is a wheelbarrow, a beast of burden, a political cipher, a being who exists for the sake of his masters or the government. The men before me wear old, unlined cotton coats and straw sandals as their winter dress. In summer their wardrobe consists of straw sandals and a rag around their loins, in all about thirty-six linear inches of decency. Yet the tax-gatherer visits them, and even the priests glean in this stubble of humanity. Schools, law, thought, freedom, votes! These are unheard of, unimagined. Yet they were polite and kind. They offer the foreigner room by the fire, until the smoke drives him outside, where the loathsome beggars swarm and importune in the language of the houseless. The stage is ready, and, taking one good look at the bright new railway bridge by which hired English energy and loaned capital have spanned the river, I fold myself beneath the buffalo-robe, and the driver proceeds to tell me of the treat soon in store.

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* An iron bridge now (1877) spans the stream.

The ghastly entertainment was at hand. Just before Shinagawa, the suburb of great Tōkiō, by the side of the road, is a small patch of grassy soil only slightly raised above the rice-ditches. Here, on a pillory about six feet high, two human heads were exposed, propped, and made hideously upright by lumps of clay under each ear. The oozing blood had stained the timber, and hung in coagulated drops and icicles of gore beneath. A dissevered head absent from its body is horrible enough, but a head shaven in mid-scalp with a top-knot on it has a hitherto unimagined horror, especially Japanese.

How pleasant it would be to mention in this book nothing but the beautiful! How easy to let our glamoured eyes see naught but beauty and novelty! Why not paint Japan as a land of peerless natural beauty, of polite people, of good and brave men, of pretty maidens, and gentle women? Why bring in beggars, bloody heads, loathsome sores, scenes of murder, assassins' bravery, and humanity with all nobility stamped out by centuries of despotism? Why not? Simply because homely truth is better than gilded falsehood. Only because it is sin to conceal the truth when my countrymen, generous to believe too well, and led astray by rhetorical deceivers and truth-smotherers, have the falsest ideas of Japan, that only a pen like a probe can set right. No pen sooner than mine shall record reforms when made. I give the true picture of Japan in 1871.

So we pass these bloody symbols of Japan's bloody code of edicts, misnamed laws, by which she terrifies her people into obedience, and drive on through the narrow road past fine, large houses, clean, shining, and pretty. What business is carried on in those edifices, splendid in Japanese eyes, charming to a foreigner, and appearing, beside the ordinary citizen's dwelling, as palaces beside cottages? Scores of them are ranged along the road. Shinagawa is the home of harlots, and here is the resort, not only of the ruffian, the rake, and the robber, but of the young men of the land. The finest houses in Japan belong to the woman in scarlet. The licensed government brothel, covering acres of land, is the most beautiful part of the capital. Oriental splendor—a myth in the streets—becomes reality when the portals of the Yoshiwara are crossed.

Out in the blue bay stands the chain of forts built by the shōgun's government after the arrival of Commodore Perry. Behind them rides at anchor the national navy of Japan, all floating the national flag—a red sun on a white field. I easily recognize the old iron-clad *Stonewall*, now the *Adzuma kuan.*

Half-past ten, and we sweep past the entrance to the British legation. The red flag and crosses of England wave aloft, and the red-coated sentinel paces his round. Britons will long remember the legation at Takanawa. Incendiarism and gunpowder plots, murderous attacks by night, and three assassinations by daylight, have made this ground historic. "Killed from behind" are the words that have blotted the Japanese escutcheon with scores of stains as indelible as those on Bluebeard's key. Repeated washing in the fountain of indemnity and blood-money can never cleanse it. Not far from the British legation are the tombs of the Forty-seven rōnins of immortal fame. We have passed the black gate at Shinagawa, and are in the city. I see to the left the Kosatsŭ—a roofed frame of wood, on which hang boards inscribed in Japanese with edicts centuries old, yet renewed by the present government. I can not read the Chinese ideographs, but I know the meaning of one of them—the slanderous and insulting edict that denounces the Christian religion as a hateful and devilish sect, and hounds on every bigot and informer to ferret out the Christians. This is the foreigner's welcome to Tōkiō in 1871. Does the Japanese capital answer to the description in the old geographies—"a large, park-like city, with a population of 2,500,000?" I shall see. Suburbs are usually unprepossessing, and I reserve my judgment. At eleven o'clock we drive past the splendid Monzéki temple of the Shin sect of Buddhists and into the yard of the Great Hotel at Tsŭkiji.

III.

IN TŌKIŌ, THE EASTERN CAPITAL.

I WAS a stranger in a wilderness of a million souls. In half an hour I had left the yard of the huge caravansary, which the Japanese who had built it fondly believed to be a comfortable hotel, and was on my way to the distant quarter of the city in which was situated the Imperial College. I walked by preference, as I had studied the map of Tōkiō, and some rude native pictures of certain landmarks while in America, and I now determined to test the soundness of my knowledge. I had that proficiency in speaking the language which five words badly pronounced could give. Every foreigner who sojourns in Japan for a week learns "Sŭkoshi matté" (wait a little), "Ikura?" (how much?), "Doko?" (where?), "Yoroshiu" (all right), and "Hayakŭ" (hurry). With these on my tongue, and my map in my hand, I started. I passed through the foreign quarter, which is part of the old district called Tsŭkiji (filled-up land). It faces the river, and is moated in on all sides by canals. It is well paved, cleaned, and lighted, contrasting favorably with the streets of the native city. The opening of Yedo as a foreign port cost a great outlay of money, but as a settlement was a failure, partly on account of high ground-rent, but mainly because the harbor is too shallow. Almost the only persons who live in Tsŭkiji are the foreign officials at the consulates, missionaries, and a few merchants. I walked on, interested at seeing novel sights at every step, and at the limits passed a guard-house full of soldiers of Maëda, the daimiō of Kaga. These kept watch and ward at a black gate, flanked by a high black paling fence. For years it was absolutely necessary to guard all the approaches to the foreign quarter, and keep out all suspicious two-sworded men. Incendiarism and the murder of the hated foreigners were favorite amusements of the young blades of Japan, who wished both to get the shōgun in trouble and to rid their beautiful land of the devilish foreigners. Every approach to Yokohama was thus guarded at this time. From the foreign quarter into the Yoshiwara is but a step. Handsome two-storied wooden buildings, open to the street, were filled with pretty young girls, playing upon the *samisen* (banjō), having their hair dressed, sitting idle, or engaged at their toilet mirrors. Japanese male cynics say that a looking-glass is the mind of a woman. Handsome streets of neat houses extended to a distance of half a mile on each side, from which the same sounds proceeded. Why were these houses so fine? Why so many young girls gathered? Here were beauty, tender years, soft smiles, and luxurious houses. Here were little girls trained to do, when grown, as the older girls. For what purpose?

In every port open to foreigners in Japan, in a few of the other large cities, but not in daimiōs' capitals, there is the same institution. It is Japan's own. Before they opened any port to foreign trade, the Japanese built two places for the foreigners — a custom-house and a brothel. The Yoshiwara is such a place. For the foreigners they supposed it to be a necessary good; for themselves, a protection to their people against ships' crews suddenly set free on land: they counted it a necessary evil. They believed the foreigners to be far worse than themselves. How far were they wrong?

We proceed through the quarter into streets lined with open shops. Privacy is not at a premium in Japan. One might live at home for years without understanding the mysteries of a lady's toilet. In Japan one learns it in a few days. Here is the human form divine bare to the waist, while its possessor laves her long black hair in warm water. She is about eighteen years old, evidently. Her mirror, powder-box, etc., lie about her. There is a mother shaving her baby's head. The chief occupation of the shop-keepers seems to be that of toasting their digits. I halt at a shop full of ivory carvings. Some of them are elegant works of art. Some are puns in ivory. Some are historical tableaux, which I recognize at once. These trophies of the geological cemeteries, or refrigerators, of Siberia are metamorphosed into whatever form of beauty and grotesque humor the lively fancy of the carver has elected. The ivory in Japan was anciently brought from India, but in later times, through Corea, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where it is said modern dogs feed on the prehistoric meat of mammoths and mastodons frozen hard ages ago. Nearly all the ivory thus imported is put to a single use. It is carved into *nétsŭkés*, or large buttons perforated with two holes, in which a silken cord is riven, and which holds the smoking apparatus, the *vade mecum*, of the native. Flint, tinder, and steel in one bag; tobacco in another; tiny-bowled, brass-tipped bamboo pipe, in a case, are all suspended by the *nétsŭké* thrust up through the girdle. The one represented in the accompanying cut shows how a Japanese rider, evidently somebody, from his hempen toque, mounts a horse, *i. e.*, on the right (or wrong) side, while his bettō holds the steed.

Nétsŭké, or Ivory Button, for holding a Gentleman's Pipe and Pouch in his Girdle.

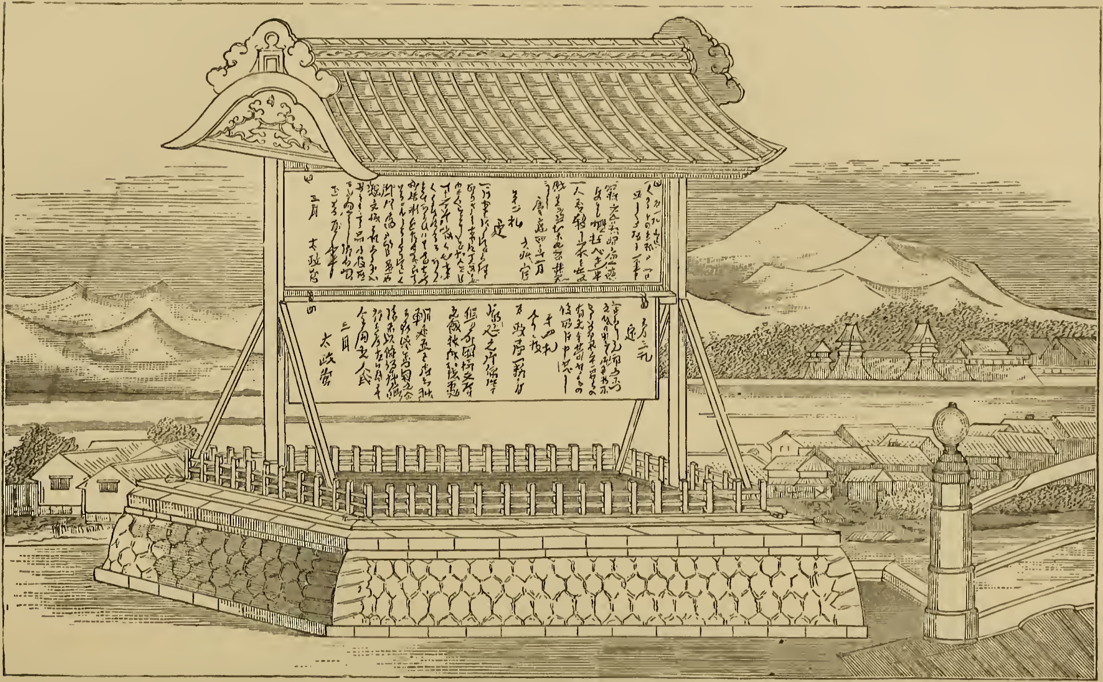
I pass through one street devoted to bureaus and cabinets, through another full of folding screens, through another full of dyers' shops, with their odors and vats. In one small but neat shop sits an old man, with horn-rimmed spectacles, with the mordant liquid beside him, preparing a roll of material for its next bath. In another street there is nothing on sale but bamboo-poles, but enough of these to make a forest. A man is sawing one, and I notice he pulls the saw with his two hands toward him. Its teeth are set contrary to ours. Another man is planing. He pulls the plane toward him. I notice a blacksmith at work: he pulls the bellows with his foot, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner-pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generations before him, seem to "all get their living in the hardware line." The cooper holds his tub with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. How strange! Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it.

Pattern Designer preparing a Roll of Silk for the Dye-vat.

Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that *we* are reversed. They call our penmanship "crab-writing," because, say they, "it goes backward." The lines in our books cross the page like a craw-fish, instead of going downward "properly." In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby-toys of the Aryan race squeak when squeezed; the Turanian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down, what is up?

I emerge from the bamboo street to the Tŏri, the main street, the Broadway of the Japanese capital. I recognize it. The shops are gayer and richer; the street is wider; it is crowded with people. Now, for the first time, comes the intense and vivid realization that this is Japan. Here is a kagō, with a woman and baby inside. Two half-naked coolies bear the pole on their shoulders, and hurry along, grunting in Japanese. They bear sticks in their hands, and stop at every few yards, rest the beam on their sticks, and change shoulders. Here comes an officer on horseback, with a lacquered helmet on his head, and bound with white pads over his chin. His two swords protrude from his girdle, his feet rest flat in wide iron stirrups, curved up like a skate-runner, and have room to spare. His saddle has enormous flaps of gilt leather. He grasps the reins, one in each hand, at about six inches from the bit, holding his horse's head so that his lower lip is higher than the space between his ears. This is torture and grace combined. It is the stylish thing in Japan. The horse's mane is tied up in a row of stiff pompoons; his tail is incased in a long bag of silk. Enormous tassels hang from the horse's shoulders. "There is a method in riding," is a Japanese saying. I believe it.

Here are soldiers, so I judge. They are dressed in every style of hybrid costume. One, in a broadcloth suit, finishes with bare head and clogs on the feet. Another has a foreign cap, but a Japanese suit. This man has on a pair of cowhide boots, against which his kilt flaps ungracefully, reminding one of an American tycoon going to the well to draw water. This one has a zouave jacket and native kilt. The soldiers look as if they had just sacked New York, and begun on Chatham Street. The braves have a brace of stabbing tools stuck in their belt. They are the two-sworded men, and insolent, swaggering bullies many of them are. As they pass the foreigner, they give him black scowls for a welcome. They are chiefly the retainers of the daimiōs of Tosa, Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Hizen, and are pride-swollen with victory over the rebels at Wakamatsu and Hakodaté. It is ticklish to walk among so many armed fellows who seem to be spoiling for foreign blood. Japanese swords are quickly drawn, and are sharp. No



Nihon Bashi in Tōkiō. The Kosatsŭ. The Castle and Mount Fuji in the Distance. (From a drawing by Naukoku Ōzawa.)

true man is really afraid when his enemy attacks in front; but to be cut down by a coward from behind! The thought makes my marrow curdle. With these foolish thoughts, I pass along for about a mile unscathed, for I have not yet learned the Japanese, and have read Alcock. I arrive at the place renowned in all Japan. The Romans had their golden mile-stone, whence all distances throughout the empire were measured. Here, in the heart of Tōkiō, is Nihon Bashi (Bridge of Japan), whence, so it is said, all the great roads of the empire are measured. I had heard of it in America. All rural Japanese know of it. All expect, without warrant, to see a splendid bridge, and all are disappointed. It is a hump-backed wooden structure, a crazy mass of old fire-wood. It is lined on either side with loathsome beggars, asleep, gambling, playing, or begging. Mendicant priests in rags chant doleful prayers, pound stiff drums shaped like battledores. The venders of all kinds of trash cluster around it. On the left, as we approach from the south, stands the great Kosatsŭ.* On the bridge, glorious Fuji is seen in the distance, and near by the towers, moats, and walls of the castle. Up and down the canal cluster hundreds of boats, and a range of fire-proof store-houses line the banks. To the east is seen Yedo Bashi, or Bridge of Yedo. Turning up Suruga Chō, with Fuji's glorious form before me, I pass the great silk shop and fire-proof ware-houses of Mitsui, the millionaire; I reach the castle moat and wall, and pass by the former mansion of Kéiki, the last shōgun. At noon, precisely, I arrive at the house of the American Superintendent of the Imperial College, to whom I bear letters and credentials.

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* Three of these edicts, and a repetition of the fourth, are given, with dates:

"*Board No. I.—Law.*

"The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given.

"DAI JŌ KUAN.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th–April 22d, 1868).

"*Board No. II.—Law.*

"Persons uniting together in numbers for any object soever are called leaguers; persons leaguing together for the purpose of petitioning in a forcible manner are called insurrectionists; persons who conspire to leave the ward or village in which they live are called runaways. All these acts are strictly prohibited.

"Should any persons commit these offenses, information must at once be given to the proper officers, and suitable rewards will be given. DAI JŌ KUAN.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th–April 22d, 1868).

"*Board No. III.—Law.*

"Human beings must carefully practice the principles of the five social relations. Charity must be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless, and sick. There must be no such crimes as murder, arson, or robbery.

"DAI JŌ KUAN.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th–April 22d, 1868).

"*Law.*

"With respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strictly observed.

"Evil sects are strictly prohibited.

"Fourth month of the First year of Meiji (November, 1868)."

Behind black fences, high and hideous, I found the bungalows of the dozen foreign teachers of the college. At the table of the superintendent I sat down to take "tiffin," as the noon meal in the East is called. Congratulations and the news were exchanged. At one o'clock the superintendent returned promptly to his work, and the new-comer remained to revel among the books, curiosities, and pictures of his genial host. When school is over, we are to walk out to Uyéno, to see the ruins of the battle of July 4th, 1868. Two hours of waiting pass quickly, and at a little after three o'clock, hearing a strange, noisy clatter, I run out by the gate to see what is going on. The school is being dismissed. What a sight for a school-master! Hundreds of boys, young men, and men of older growth, all on high wooden clogs, are shuffling and scraping homeward. The noise of their clogs on the rough pebbles of the street makes a strange clatter. They are all dressed in the native costume of loose coats, with long and bag-like sleeves; kilts, like petticoats, open at the upper side; with shaven mid-scalps, and top-knots like gun-hammers. Men and boys carry slates and copy-books in their hands, and common cheap glass ink-bottles slung by pieces of twine to their girdles. Hands and faces are smeared with the black fluid; but, strangest of all, each has two of the murderous-looking swords, one long and the other short, stuck in his belt. Symbols of the soldier rather than the scholar are these; but the samurai are both. They compose the "military-literary" class of Japan. A "scholar and a gentleman" is our pet compliment; but in Japan, to be "a scholar, a soldier, and a gentleman," is the aspiration of every samurai. A wild-looking set they seem, but the heart kindles to think of the young life of this Asiatic empire being fed at the streams of the science and languages of Christian nations. In spite of the smeared clothes and faces, the topsy-turvy top-knots, and average slovenliness, quite natural after six hours' school-boy's work, and quite different from the morning's spruceness, there were so many earnest faces that the school-master abroad was delighted, and felt eager to join in the work of helping on the rising generation and grand purpose of New Japan.

"Education is the basis of all progress." The Japanese found it out. The Home Department of the new imperial government in 1870 reorganized the school, originally founded by the bakufu, and engaged an English and a French teacher to give instruction. Years before, at Nagasaki, an American missionary, whose name I omit only in deference to his sensitive modesty, had taught Japanese young men, sending forth scores who afterward held high place in government counsels. They called him to take charge of their chief school in Tōkiō. In January, 1869, there were three French, three German, and five English teachers, and about eight or nine hundred scholars. It was called a "university;" its proper name was a school of languages.

The Japanese had very primitive ideas concerning the fitness of men to teach. The seclusion of Japan for nearly three hundred years had its effect in producing generations of male adults who, compared to men trained in the life of modern civilization, were children. Any one who could speak English could evidently teach it. The idea of a trained professional foreign teacher was never entertained by them. They picked up men from Tōkiō and Yokohama. The "professors" at first obtained were often ex-bar-tenders, soldiers, sailors, clerks, etc. When teaching, with pipe in mouth, and punctuating their instructions with oaths, or appearing in the class-room top-heavy, the Japanese concluded that such eccentricities were merely national peculiarities. As for "Japanese wives," they were in many houses, and this the native authorities never suspected was wrong, or different from the foreign custom. In America there was read to me a paper on the subject, and I innocently marveled at the high tone of Japanese morality. I found out afterward that the clause meant that the foreign teachers must not change mistresses too often. One American in Tōkiō enjoyed a harem of ten native beauties. Yet there were some faithful found among the faithless, and real, earnest teachers. Yet even these were not altogether comprehensible to their employers. One man, a Christian gentleman, but not painfully neat, especially in his foot-gear, having the habit peculiar to a certain great man of never lacing up his shoes, the Japanese director of the school solemnly inquired whether the gentleman was angry at the officers. They supposed that he had some cause of complaint against them, and was showing it professionally by not lacing up his shoes. They were quite relieved on being informed that the unlaced boots neither foreboded nor expressed dissatisfaction.

It was a Herculean, nay, rather a seemingly impracticable, task to reduce that wild chaos of humanity to order and system. Here were gathered together a thousand male Japanese, of every age, and from every quarter of the empire. The middle-aged and old men, who wished to learn merely to read and translate, and not to speak, a foreign language, were mostly in the "meaning-school." The younger, though some were over thirty, learned the alphabet, spelling, conversations, writing, and, in the higher classes, geography, arithmetic, and simple history. The buildings were rows of sheds with glass windows, deal desks and seats, and unpainted wood partitions.

A thousand top-knots, two thousand swords; as many clogs, as many suits of cotton dress; a thousand pairs of oblique eyes that saw not as the eyes of the Teuton, the Frank, the Briton, or the American saw; a thousand rice-filled stomachs; a thousand brains filled with the ideas instilled by the old education of Japan; a thousand pairs of arms trained to the sword, spear, and bow; a thousand restless bodies that chafed under foreign school discipline—all these together made what seemed chaos to the teacher fresh from the order and neatness of an American school. In the rickety rooms were fire-pots and bamboo tubes doing duty as ash-boxes; for at each recess, even during recitation, native scholar and teacher were wont to pull out their pipes and fill the tiny bowls to smoke.

An old daimiō's *yashiki* had been transformed by rows of sheds into the "University." According to Japanese etiquette, the officers entered at one door, the teachers at another, the scholars at a third. As the school began somewhere about 9 A.M., the scholars thronged along the stone walk. The scraping clatter of their wooden clogs and pattens was deafening. Each came to school wearing his two swords. Entering a large square room, each delivered his clogs to one of the half-dozen attendant servants, who, hanging them up, gave the owner a wooden check branded with a number. In another room, which looked like an arsenal, he took out his long sword, which was laid on one of the hundred or more racks, and checked as before. Hats they never wore, and so were never troubled to hang them up. There was not a hat in Japan a decade ago, at least in the cylindrical sense of the term. When the Westernized native does begin to wear one, he never knows at first where to put it when off his head, or remembers it when he goes away from where he laid it.

In rainy weather, their paper umbrellas were stowed away and ticketed in the same manner as their clogs. Thus despoiled, in bare feet, or in mitten-stockings, with short sword in belt, from which wooden checks depended, the scholars entered their rooms. The teacher, not always early, began with his top-knots, and right grandly did the young eyes snap and the young ideas shoot. With such material the superintendent went on. With officers utterly unacquainted with their duties; teachers of all sorts, and no sort at all; undisciplined pupils, having to combat suspicion, ignorance, and, worse than all, Japanese vanity and conceit, he toiled on for years, the final result being morally magnificent. In this school the scholars attended but one session, being divided into morning and afternoon scholars. Half of them messed or boarded in barracks built by the school; but where they went at night, or how they spent their spare time, was no one's business.

The mikado's government had been in operation in Tōkiō two years, but it was on any thing but a stable foundation. Conspiracies and rumors we had for breakfast, dinner, and supper. To-day, Satsuma was going to carry off the mikado. To-morrow, the "tycoon" was to be restored. The next day, the foreigners were to be driven out of Tōkiō, and then out of Japan. The city was not only full of the turbulent troops of the jealous daimiōs, but of hundreds of the *Jo-i* (or foreigner-haters), the patriot assassins, who thought they were doing the gods service, and their country a good, in cleaving a foreigner in the street.

Before I left America, my students had told me by all means to take a revolver with me, as I might very likely meet rōnins. I had one of Smith & Wesson's best. Few foreign residents ever went far from their houses without one, and many wisely kept indoors at night, except upon urgent duty. About fifty foreigners had been killed in Japan since 1859. For the safety of the teachers, about fifty armed men, called *betté*, were kept in pay. These knights were dubbed "Brown Betties"—a vile pun, evidently by an American, through whose sad memory visions of that appetizing pudding flittered, as he mourned its absence, with that of buckwheat-cakes, pumpkin-pies, turkeys, and other home delicacies. Horses were kept ready saddled, and the betté were always ready to accompany man or horse. It was impossible to slip out without them. By a curious system of Japanese arithmetical progression, one betté accompanied one foreigner, four of them went with two, and eight with three. One would suppose that a single foreigner was in greater danger than when with a companion. The first afternoon I walked to see the ruins of Uyéno, once the glory of the city, with my host. I noticed one guard kept always with us. Not being counted a *protégé*, I often went on my rambles alone. I was never harmed, though I got an occasional scowl, and was often obliged to pass along narrow and lonely streets, in which villainous-looking men, with two murderous-looking swords in their belts, were numerous.

Among the many sites in the city from which one can get a view of Fuji from base to summit, are Atago yama, the top of Kudan zaka, and Suruga Dai, or elevation, so named from the fact that you behold the lordly mountain as though you were in Suruga itself.

View of Fuji, from Suruga Dai, in Tōkiō.

One afternoon I had been out walking to Asakusa and Uyéno with the only American teacher in the school at that time, and, after a long tramp, returned to recount what I had seen, and to consult my host. We agreed, the morrow being a holiday, to make an excursion to the lovely suburban retreat Ōji, just outside, to the north of Tōkiō. After an evening among maps, note-books, and letters, as usual, I retired to rest. I was a sound sleeper, and noticed nothing during the night. About 4 A.M. my host appeared at my door, and, in a rather sepulchral tone, informed me that we could not go to Ōji that day. There had been great changes during the night, and two teachers of the school had been cut down in the streets.

I dressed hurriedly, and at our hasty breakfast by the lamp I learned the story of the night. It was a simple one, but bloody enough. The two men had gone to Tsŭkiji, and there *dismissed their guards.* Presuming upon their supposed safety, and being wholly unarmed, they started to another part of the city, not far from the school. *From their own story*, they were quietly walking along one of the streets. The tallest of them suddenly received such a blow from behind that he fell, supposing that some one had knocked him down with a bamboo or club. Almost before he fell, his companion received a frightful cut on the opposite shoulder. Both then knew they had received sword-wounds, and they both started to run. The first one attacked ran up the street into an open paper-shop, begging the people to bind up his wounds, and send word to the college. The second, being the last on his feet, was overtaken by his pursuer, who dealt him a second sweeping two-handed blow, which cut a canal across his back from right shoulder to left hip, nearly eleven inches long. He gained the paper-shop, however, and begged the people to stanch his wounds with the thick, soft Japanese paper. After giving their address, and bidding the people send for a doctor and a school officer, they fainted away from loss of blood. They were, when I saw them, lying asleep at the paper-shop, native doctors having reached them and skillfully bound up their wounds.

We left the college at half-past four, well armed, and accompanied by a servant carrying a lantern. We passed down the street skirting the castle moat to the Tōri. It was very dark, and the city was in unbroken slumber. The only sight was the night roundsman pacing his beat, lantern in his left hand, and jingling an iron staff, surmounted by bunches of rings on the top, which he thumped on the ground at every few steps, crying out, "*Hi no yojin*" (look out for fire). Here and there, in nooks and corners, we saw a beggar curled up under his mats. We finally reached the house in Nabé Chō (Rice-pot Street). We entered by a side door, and found in the back-room, sitting and smoking round the *hibachi*, six or eight interpreters and Japanese teachers from the college. Sliding aside the paper partitions, we looked into the front room, and, by the light of our lanterns, saw the two wounded men, one with head bandaged and face upward, the other lying prone, with back tightly swathed, asleep, and breathing heavily. We waited till daylight, when they woke up and told us their story. The skillful surgeon of the English legation arrived shortly after, commending highly the skill displayed by the native surgeons in binding up the wounds.

I spent several days and nights in the house, attending the patients. The wounds of one were of a frightful character; that of the other was upon the head and shoulder-blade. The blow had grazed the skull, and cut deeply into the fleshy part of the back. It was not dangerous: in a few days he sat up, and the wound rapidly healed. For several days the weakness arising from the loss of blood and the wound-fever threatened to end the life of his companion. One of his ribs was nearly severed, and both gashes were long and deep. He had to be handled very tenderly. After seven days, however, they were able to be removed to their own house, and, as they had provided other nurses, my services were no longer required.

I took the early stage on the morning of the attack, and carried the news to Yokohama. The mikado's Government, with astonishing energy, immediately took steps to discover the assassins, using the most strenuous exertions. Every one leaving the city or passing the gates was searched. Every samurai in Tōkiō was obliged to give an account of his whereabouts from sunset to sunrise of that evening. Every sword worn in Tōkiō was examined to discover blood-stains, which can not be removed except by grinding. Every sword-maker and grinder was questioned. I know of several small boys who felt highly elated at the great and rare honor of having a posse of pompous government officials gravely examine their swords, according to orders. Nothing gave one so real an idea of the sincerity and ability of the Government, and its determination to reform barbarous customs, as their energy on this occasion. The stage which carried me to Yokohama was stopped at the Shinagawa guard-house by a man armed with a barbed hook, to examine any Japanese that might be within.

The excitement among the foreigners in Tōkiō next morning was intense. Prophets went round prophesying that in a week Tōkiō would be deserted of foreigners. A certain consul posted up a notice in a public place—in a bar-room, I believe—authorizing any citizen of his nationality, should any Japanese be seen laying his hand on his sword, "to shoot him on the spot." The most violent and inflammatory language appeared in the newspapers. Some hot-headed folks at Yokohama held a meeting, and resolved that the Japanese Government should disarm the samurai, by ordering the immediate abolition of the custom of wearing swords. Yokohama residents whose business brought them to Tōkiō, though belted and with two revolvers, saw in every Japanese boy or coolie an assassin. A nightmare of samurai, swords, blood, bleeding heads and arms, grave-stones, and grim death brooded over the foreigners. "The beaten soldier fears the tops of the tall grass."

Amidst this panic of fear, two mild and gentle countrymen of mine—one a missionary who had lived in Japan and among the people seven years, and another who for months had gone among them day and night unarmed—opened my eyes. Even the sworded samurai became in my vision as harmless as trees walking. I saw that the affair, which had frightened some men out of their wits, concerned a gentleman about as much as a murder in Water Street, or the Five Points, concerns a law-loving citizen of New York, who attends quietly to his business. I soon put away my revolver, and began the study of facts relating to the many cases of "assassination" of foreigners in Japan. In every instance, since the restoration of peace after the troubles of the civil war, it was a story of overbearing insolence, cruelty, insult, the jealousy of paramours, native women, or avarice, or the effect of causes which neither fair play nor honor could justify.

During my stay of nearly four years in Japan, several Europeans were attacked or killed; but in no case was there a genuine assassination, or unprovoked assault. I was led to see the horrible injustice of the so-called indemnities, the bombardments of cities, the slaughter of Japanese people, and the savage vengeance wreaked for fancied injuries against foreigners. There is no blacker page in history than the exactions and cruelties practiced against Japan by the diplomatic representatives of the nations called Christian—in the sense of having the heaviest artillery. In their financial and warlike operations in Japan, the foreign ministers seem to have acted as though there was no day of judgment. Of the Japanese servants kicked and beaten, or frightened to death, by foreign masters; of peaceable citizens knocked down by foreign fists, or ridden over by horses; of Japanese homes desolated, and innocent men and women, as well as soldiers, torn by shells, and murdered by unjust bombardments, what reparation has been made? What indemnity paid? What measures of amelioration taken for terrible excess of bloody revenge at Kagoshima and Shimonoséki? What apology rendered? For a land impoverished and torn, for the miseries of a people compelled by foreigners, for the sake of their cursed dollars, to open their country, what sympathy? For their cholera and vile diseases, their defiling immorality, their brutal violence, their rum, what benefits in return? Of real encouragement, of cheer to Japan in her mighty struggle to regenerate her national life, what word? Only the answer of the horse-leech—for blood, blood; and at all times, gold, gold, gold. They ask all, and give next to nothing. For *their* murders and oppressions they make no reparation. Is Heaven always on the side of the heaviest artillery?

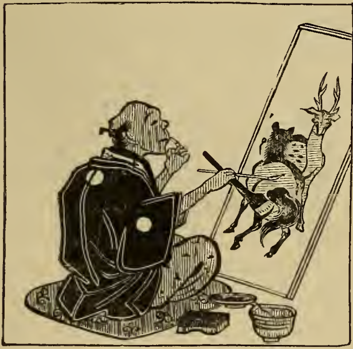
IV.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN A PAGAN TEMPLE.

The temple of Kuanon at Asakŭsa is to Tōkiō what St. Paul's is to London, or Nôtre Dame to Paris. The chief temple of the city, the most popular religious resort, one never sees the Japanese capital till he sees Asakŭsa. Like Nôtre Dame, it is ancient, holy, dirty, and grand, with pigeons and priests, and bazaars and book-stalls near by to match.

Asakŭsa is now the name of a district of the city, which anciently was a village. The temple is about three miles from the centre of the castle, and two from Nihon Bashi, and at the time of its erection was a remote suburb. It is but a short distance from the river, and Asakŭsa bridge and Asakŭsa ferry have been made chiefly for the convenience of the pious, gay, and curious, to cross the Sumida River to visit the great temple, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, many acres in extent. These latter a Japanese temple must always have, whether Buddhist or Shintō. In them are fairs, refreshments, booths, eating, smoking, dancing, and every gay sport and pleasure known. To the Japanese mind there is no incongruity in this placing a temple cheek by jowl with a theatre. To cast his cash in the box of offerings, to pray, are but preludes to uproarious mirth or sedate enjoyments. Religion and innocent pleasure join hands in Japan. Are the Japanese wrong in this?

Two grand entrances invite the visitor. One opens to the river. The main approach forms the terminus of an avenue that traverses the city, and joins the broad street fronting Asakŭsa at right angles. Up and down this street, on either side, for rods, are restaurants and houses where the famed singing-girls of Tōkiō make music, song, and dance. The path to the temple is of stone, twelve feet wide, with side pavements, upon which are ranged hundreds of booths having on sale a gorgeous abundance of toys, dolls, and every thing to delight the eyes of babydom. Perpetual Christmas reigns here. "Every street in Paris is like Broadway," said a French mademoiselle to a New York lady. Every day at Asakŭsa is a festival; but on the great matsuris, or religious holidays, the throng of gayly dressed humanity, of all ages, is astonishing. Every one in Japan has heard of Asakŭsa. One never fairly sees open-air Japanese life, except at a matsuri. There is nothing strange, however, to the Japanese mind in this association of temples and toy-shops. The good bonzes in their sermons declare, as the result of their exegesis and meditations, that husbands are bound to love their wives, and show it by allowing them plenty of pin-money and hair-pins, and to be not bitter against them by denying them neat dresses and handsome girdles. The farmer who comes to town with his daughter, turns from prayer to the purchase of pomatum or a mirror. Every sort of toy, game, hair-ornaments in illimitable variety; combs, rare and beautiful, and cheap and plain; crapes for the neck and bosom; all kinds of knickknacks, notions, and varieties are here; besides crying babies; strings of beads for prayer; gods of lead, brass, and wood; shrines and family altars, sanctums, prayer-books, sacred bells, and candles.


Artist at Work.

Chapels and special shrines, many of them the expiatory gifts of rich sinners, lie back of the booths on each side of the roadway. On their walls hang votive tablets and pictures of various sorts. In one of the booths, an old artist, with his two brushes in one hand, is painting one. His cheap productions will sell for five or ten cents. He looks as though he were laughing at his own joke, for his subject is a pictorial pun on the word "fool" (*baka*: *ba*, a horse; *ka*, a stag).*

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* The allusion is to the act of the Chinese prime minister at the court of the Chinese emperor, who was the son of the illustrious builder of the Great Wall. He declared that a stag could be called a horse, and a horse a stag. The courtiers were compelled to obey him. This is the origin of the Japanese word *baka*, which the Japanese urchins sometimes cry at foreigners, and one of the first words the latter learn to throw at the natives. The particular digital gesture of sticking the left forefinger in the left side of the mouth is the Japanese equivalent of the soliloquy, "What a fool I am!" or the interrogation, "You think I'm a fool, don't

The incense of smoldering "joss-sticks"* is wafted outward, and blends with the savory odors of baking-sponge and griddle-cakes, roasting nuts, and the disgusting smell of cuttle-fish fried in oil, made from sesamé (*Sesamum Orientalis*). I never knew till I arrived in the Land of the Gods why the door of the cave of the Forty Thieves opened so easily when Ali Baba uttered the potent words, "Open sesamé." I know now. Let any one get ten feet to windward of a frying-pan full of sesamé oil, and he will find it strong enough to open twenty doors. There, two lusty fellows are pulling away at a colossal rope of barley-sugar candy, now stretching, now twisting, now doubling, until the proper consistence and fibre are obtained. Down on the ground, at intervals, we find an old woman, or a young girl, selling what seem to be little slips of frayed wood, which, dropped on water, open into surprising forms of beauty. The uniform trifles unfold into variety, displaying a flower, a boat, a tree, a bird, a rat, a fisherman, a man, Fuji, a bottle, a cup, a bug, an animal. Some are jokes and comic pictures.

Before the temple proper stands a colossal structure, serving merely as a gate-way, of red painted wood, almost seventy feet high. Facing us on either side as we enter are the high colored demons *Ni-ō* (two kings), whom we must propitiate. Each is higher than Goliath of Gath: one is green, and the other red. "As ugly as sin," is faint praise of their hideousness. Their faces and muscles are contorted into fanciful corrugations, and their attitude is as though they were going to transfix us heretics. Fastened to the grating in front of them are straw sandals, such as laborers and rustics wear. Some of these are big enough to shoe a megatherium. They are hung up by people with sore feet, to propitiate the demons and to seek recovery. In front of the gate and under it, in two rows, sit pious beggars, mostly women, who beat on hollow shells of wood, like enormous stale clams or gaping sleigh-bells, and say prayers for their donors at a low price. The faithful drop a few iron cash, or a single copper, to one or more of these hags as they pass on.

Passing within the gate, we are in the temple yard. To the right is a huge lavatory, the people washing their hands, and rinsing their

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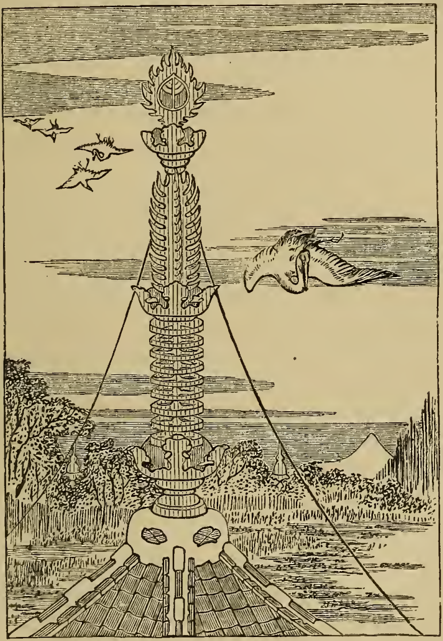
you?" The artist is thinking how foolish he is thus to spend his days in painting cheap pictures for a precarious means of subsistence. He is thus caricaturing himself.

* Joss is the Chinaman's pronunciation of the Portuguese word *Deos*—Latin, *Deus*.

mouths, preparatory to worship. A pagoda rises to the right with its seven stories, its heavy eaves fringed with wind-bells, its beams tipped with carvings, and its roof terminating into a projection called the *kiu-do* (nine rings), resembling an enormous copper turning just rolled from the lathe, or a corkscrew such as might be used to uncork a columbiad. To climb to the top is to run the risk of dislocating the neck, and the view does not repay. In time of severe earthquake, this pagoda spire will vibrate like a plume on a helmet. Of course, in the picture, the artist must bring in the snow-white cranes, and Fuji. On the top is the jewel, or sacred pearl, so conspicuous in Japanese art and symbolism, and which, on the coins and paper money, the dragon ever clutches in his talons.


Pagoda Spire, or Kiu-do. (Nishiki-yé.)

On my left stands a large plain frame of wood, on which hang tallies, or tablets, inscribed with names and sums of money. They are those of subscribers to the temple, and the amount of their contributions. One, five, and ten dollars are common gifts, and the one hundred-dollar donor is honored with a larger amount of shingle to advertise his religion. Several old women have stands, at which they sell holy beans, pious pease, and sanctified rice. These are kept ready in tiny earthen saucers. The orthodox buy these, and fling them to the cloud of pigeons that are waiting on the temple eaves, and fly, whirring down, to feed. Ten thousand sunbeams flash from their opaline necks as their pink feet move coquettishly over the ground. Two enormous upright bronze lanterns on stone pedestals flank the path, and on these flocks of pigeons quickly rise and settle again. These pigeons have their home, not only without but within the temple, over the very altars of Great Shaka. Even the pigeon hath found a rest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, Great Shaka. Their cooing blends with the murmurs of prayer, and the whirring of their wings with the chant of the bonzes.

Besides the pigeons, there are two sacred Albino ponies kept in a stable to the left. They are consecrated to the presiding deity, Kuanon, Goddess of Mercy. A young girl has the care of them, and they are fed by the pious, who, as a religious and meritorious act, buy the beans and pease with which the animals are fed.

The most imposing feature of a Japanese temple is the roof of massive black tiles, sweeping up in a parabolic curve of the immense surface, which make enormous gables at the side. One is impressed with the solidity of the timbers and supports, which are set firmly but loosely in stone sockets, and defy the earthquake in a manner that recalls Æsop's fable of the oak and the reed. We ascend the broad copper-edged steps to the broader porch, and are on the threshold of the great pagan temple, so holy, so noisy, so dirty. Within its penetralium, we try to feel reverent. How can we, with a crowd of eager, curious, dirty faces, with dirty babies behind them, with unclean pigeons whirring above us to the threatened detriment of our hats? Within is a chaos of votive tablets, huge lanterns, shrines, idols, spit-balls, smells, dust, dirt, nastiness, and holiness. Immediately within the door stands a huge bronze censer, with a hideous beast rampant upon it. He seems maddened by the ascending clouds of irritating incense that puff out of numerous holes around the edge. The worshipers, as they enter, drop an iron or copper cash in the lap of the black-toothed crone who keeps the sacred fuel, put a pinch in one of the holes, and pass in front of the altar to pray. Around the top of the censer are the twelve signs of the Japanese zodiac, in high relief. These are the rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, hog.

The great main altar is protected in front by an iron wire screen. Each worshiper, before praying, makes a "heave-offering" of a handful of cash into the huge coffer before the altar. Occasionally one, with pious intent, throws what we would call a spit-ball at the screen. What an idea! The worshiper writes out his petition, chews it to a pulp in his mouth, and throws it at the idol. If it sticks, the omen is good, the prayer is heard. Hearing, then, depends on the softness of the mass, or the salival ability and dexterity of the thrower. Some of the images in the outer shrines are speckled all over with these outspittings of pious mouths. The coins and balls might injure the altar furniture and golden idols, if not protected.

The space opposite the altar is filled by praying people of every sort. Mothers, maidens, and children, old men and boys, samurai and merchant and farmer, country boors, city swells, soldiers in French uniform with sword-bayonets at their side, *à la* Paris, all fling the coin, bow the head, rub the hands above the head. Many use strings of beads, like the Roman Catholics. Prayers at the main altar over, the devotee may visit one or more of the many side shrines within the building. To the right sits the ugly and worn-out god Binzuru (one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples), reputed to cure diseases. There is a mother with two children rubbing the dirty old wooden head and limbs, and then applying the supposed virtue to their own bodies by rubbing them. The old idol is polished greasy and black by the attrition of many thousand palms. His nose, ears, eyes, and mouth have long since disappeared. We warrant that more people are infected than cured by their efforts.

To the left is a shrine, covered in front by a lattice, to the bars of which are tied thousands of slips of paper containing written prayers. Flanking the coffer on either side are old men who sell charms, printed prayers, beads, prayer-books, and ecclesiastical wares of all sorts. Votive tablets are hung on the walls and huge round pillars. Here is one, on which is the character, cut from paper, for " man " and " woman," joined by a padlock, from a pair of lovers, who hope and pray that the course of true love may run smooth, and finally flow like a river. Here is one from a merchant who promises a gift to the temple if his venture succeeds. Scores are memorials of gratitude to Kuanon for hearing prayer and restoring the suppliant to health. The subject of one picture is the boiler explosion on the steamboat *City of Yedo*, which took place in front of the foreign hotel in Tsŭkiji, August 12th, 1870, in which one hundred lives were lost. Only a few days ago, in Yokohama, I saw the infant son of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cornes, my fellow-country people, who, with a little English girl, were the only foreigners killed. The devotee was saved by the great mercy of Kuanon, and hangs up the tablet, as a witness of his gratitude, and Kuanon's surpassing favor. Many are from sailors who have survived a storm. On the wire screen hang scores of men's greasy top-knots, and a few braids of women's hair, cut off on account of vows, and offered to the honor of Kuanon. Perhaps the deity sees the heart that made the offering, and not the rancid and mildewed grease. Above are splendid carvings and paintings of angels. The Buddhist angels are always feminine. Among the crowd of religious emblems, there stares at you a framed picture of the Pacific Mail Steamship *China* as an advertisement, and near the door of exit, at the left, stands an immense mirror in a dazzling gilt frame. It is one of the sensational attractions to the vulgar, and helps to make up the catchpenny collection of miscellanies in this rich temple, whose real estate covers many acres of valuable ground.

Beyond the great space devoted to the public are the various altars and gilt images of the deities, sages, and saints of the Buddhist pantheon and calendar. Candles burn, incense floats, and the sacred books repose here. The privileged faithful can, for a fee to the fat priests who sit behind their account-books, come within the iron wire screen, and, kneeling on the clean matting in front of the great altar, may pray, or read or chant sacred books, canonical or liturgical; or, having a vow to a particular deity, or wishing to invoke the intercession of a special saint, may enter, to kneel remote from the crowd.

It seems curious, even in Japan, to see men dressed in foreign clothes, praying before the gilded and hideous idols, bowing down to foxes and demons, and going through all the forms of paganism. Clothes do not make a Christian, and yet to our narrow vision there seems no agreement between a high hat and a Buddhist temple, no concord between a black-cloth coat and an idol in ancient robes.

We leave the temple and descend the steps, glad to get out into the only true God's fresh air. From the unnature of superstition to the purity of nature, from the pent-up closeness of the priests' temple into the boundless freedom of God's glorious creation, how welcome the change! It stirs the pulses of the divine life within us to behold how priestcraft and sanctified avarice and blind superstition of ages have united, and then to remember how One said, "Have faith in God."

To the left of the temple are gardens famed for their displays of flowers in season—the plum-blossoms in February, cherry blooms in April, the lotus in July, azaleas in summer, chrysanthemums in October, camellias in December, and evergreens always. Here are dwarfed trees in every shape. Fuji appears over and over again in miniature. Tortoises, cats, male foreigners with hats, and females in crinoline, houses, wagons, and what not, appear in living forms of green. Tiny trees, an inch or two high, balmy pines, oaks and bamboo, cacti, striped-grass, rare plants of all varieties known in Japan, are here.

A Flower Fair at Night in Tōkiō. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

An open chrysanthemum, the crest of the emperor, is emblazoned on all the barracks of the soldiers, on their caps, buttons, and banners, and on all buildings devoted to governmental purposes.

In the cultivation of these flowers the native gardeners excel. In their limited specialties, the Japanese florists distance those of any other country. The borders of the Asakŭsa gardens are made of clipped tea-plants. Dwarfing, unnatural local enlargement, variegation of leaf and petal, the encouragement of freaks of nature by careful artificial selection—these are the specialties of the natives of Nippon, which have been perfected by the hereditary patience, tact, and labor of a thousand years. The guild of florists in Tōkiō is large and wealthy. As the florist father, so is the son. Some of the streets of the city are noted for their floral displays and fairs. These are often given at night, the street being lighted by candles, as in the picture.

The temple and the gardens are not the only sights at Asakŭsa. The antiquary may revel in deciphering the scores of inscriptions in Sanskrit, Japanese, and Chinese. Most of these are commemorative of religious events; some are prayers, some are quotations from canonical books, some are sacred hymns. The stones are of granite, of slate, and of gray-stone. Bronze and stone images of Buddha are numerous; some with aureole, and finger lifted; some with hands or legs crossed, and thumbs joined meditatively. All wear the serene countenance of the sage in Nirvana. Around the base of nearly all are heaps of pebbles, placed there as evidence of prayers offered. In one shrine little earthen pots of salt are placed as offerings. A "praying machine"—a stone wheel in a stone post—stands near. In one octagon temple are ranged the stone effigies of the five hundred original disciples of Buddha. Again we light on a crowd of stone idols, on which are pasted bits of paper, containing a picture or a prayer. Some of them are as full of labels as an apothecary's shop. Many have smoking incense-sticks before them, stuck in a bed of ashes accumulated from former offerings. In one building to the south-east of the main temple is a curious collection of idols, which attract attention from the fact of their being clean.

Three idols, representing assistant torturers to Ema, the Lord of Hell, painted in all colors and gilded as gorgeously as cheap gingerbread, stand in theatrical attitudes. One wields a sword, one a pen, and one a priest's staff. All have their heads in an aureole of red flames. The feet of the first, a green monster like a deified caterpillar, rests his foot on an imp of the same color, having two clawed toes on his feet, and two fangs in his mouth. Under the second writhes a flesh-colored devil, holding up an ink-stone, ready for the use of the idol, who may be a Japanese Saturday Reviewer. The third, with an indigo face, having a priest's staff, treads on a sky-blue devil. In the middle of the stone-floored room is a revolving shrine, having many closed doors, and containing sacred treasures of some sort. All over the crowded grounds are tea-booths with the usual charcoal fire, copper boiler, kettle, cup-rack, sweetmeats, and smiling, powdered, well-dressed damsel, who invites the passer-by to rest, drink a cup of tea, and part with a trifle as gift.

At the north end are ranged the archery galleries, also presided over by pretty black-eyed Dianas, in paint, powder, and shining coiffure. They bring you tea, smile, talk nonsense, and giggle; smoke their long pipes with tiny bowls full of mild, fine-cut tobacco; puff out the long white whiffs from their flat-bridged noses; wipe the brass mouth-piece, and offer it to you; and then ask you leading and very personal questions without blushing. The bows are of slender bamboo strips, two feet long, with rests for the shaft. The arrows are of cherry-wood, six inches long, bone-tipped, and feathered red, blue, or white. Two or three targets hang in front of a square drum, flanked by red cushions. A sharp click on the hard target, the boom of the drum, or the deadened sound of the struck cushion, tell the grades of success. Full-grown, able-bodied men are the chief patrons of these places of pleasure, and many can find amusement for hours at such play.

Let no one visit Asakŭsa without seeing the so-called "wax-works," though there is very little wax in the show. In one of the buildings, to the rear and left of the main temple, are thirty-five tableaux, in life-size figures, of the miracles wrought by Kuanon, or wondrous events in the lives of her pious devotees. There are thirty-three great temples in Japan, dedicated to Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy. Pious pilgrims often make the pilgrimage, visiting each of these shrines. The tableaux at Asakŭsa are thought by many foreign critics to excel in expression the famous collection of Madame Tussaud in London, an opinion which the writer shares. They are all the handiwork of one artist, who visited the most celebrated shrines of Kuanon, and, struck with the marvelous power and mercy of the god, wished to show to the youth of his country the benefit of trusting in and praying to him or her. The figure of Kuanon is, in some representations, like that of a gentle and lovely lady. In the outside tableau, the image of

Kuanon is drawn out in public to stay a plague, which is accomplished by the mercy and favor of the god. In the first tableau inside, a learned lady prays to Kuanon, and is heard. The second tableau represents Kuanon appearing in the form of a beautiful woman to reward a diligent priest; the third, a young girl suddenly restored to health by the favor of Kuanon; the fourth, Kuanon appearing in the form of a little peasant girl to a noble of the mikado's court; the fifth, a hungry robber desecrating the temple; and a certain suggestive painting to the left, in which demons and a red-hot cart, with wheels and axles of fire, are pictured above the robber, tells what is to become of him. In the sixth, a noble of the mikado's court overcomes and binds the thunder-god, or demon, through the power of Kuanon. In the seventh, a woman is saved from shipwreck because she sung a hymn to Kuanon during the tempest. In the eighth, a devout priest, fearing yet bold, goes to talk to Ema, the Lord of Hell. The ninth represents an old man, one of the Hōjō family, writing a prayer-poem. The tenth represents a pious damsel, who worshiped Kuanon, never killed any animals, and saved the life of a crab which a man was going to kill: afterward, a snake, transforming itself into human shape, came to seize her, but a multitude of grateful crabs appeared and rescued her, biting the reptile to death: this was by the order of Kuanon. In the eleventh, a devout worshiper, by prayer, overcomes and kills a huge serpent that troubled the neighborhood. In the twelfth, a diligent copyist of the sacred books beguiles his time by rewarding little children with cakes for bringing him pebbles, for every one of which he transcribes a character. The baby on the back of the little girl is asleep; and the imitation of baby-life is wonderful, and in respect to one or two details more truthful than elegant. In the thirteenth, Kuanon, having appeared on earth in female form, goes to heaven, taking the picture of a boy, who afterward grows up to be a celebrated priest. In the fourteenth, a pious woman falls from a ladder, but is unhurt. In the fifteenth, a man suffering grievously from headache is directed to the spot where the skull which belonged to his body in a previous state of existence is being split open by the root of a tree growing through the eye-socket. On removing it, he is relieved of his headache. In the nineteenth, a good man vanquishes a robber. In the twentieth, the babe of a holy farmer's wife, who is out at work, is saved from a wolf by miraculous rays defending the child. In the twenty-first, Kuanon appears to heal a sick girl with a wand and drops of water. In the twenty-second, a holy man buys and sets free a tortoise about to be killed for food. Three days afterward his child falls overboard, and is apparently lost, but after a while returns safely on the back of the grateful reptile. In the twenty-fourth, a retainer of a noble is ordered to kill his master's son for disobedience to him. The servant, unable, through love of his master's son, to do it, kills his own son instead. The tableau represents him mourning over his son's gory head. His master's son, in remorse, became a priest. In the twenty-fifth, a good man is saved from robbers by his dog. In the twenty-sixth, a man who had his cargo of rice confiscated for his refusal to give the priest his share, repented of his obduracy, and received heavenly evidence of his pardon in a new cargo of rice sent by Kuanon. In the twenty-seventh, the son of a court noble breaks a precious ink-stone. His father, in a fit of anger, kills him. The horrified attendant becomes a priest. In the twenty-eighth, a pious recluse is saved from starvation by a miraculous leg of venison. In the twenty-ninth, a mountain demon pursues an evil-doer. In the thirtieth, a pious wood-cutter hears heavenly music, and Kuanon appears to him. In the thirty-first, a worshiper of Kuanon is wounded by robbers, thrown into the river, and is accidentally brought up in a fisherman's net. Having an image of Kuanon in his bosom, he is resuscitated, and lives to bless his preserver. In the thirty-third, a mermaid appears to a passer-by, and prays him to erect a temple to Kuanon. This having been done, the mermaid is reborn into a higher state of existence. In the thirty-fourth, Kuanon appears to a traveler. The last is a moving tableau, representing a court noble and lady.

Extreme kindness to animals is characteristic of the Japanese. It is the result of the gentle doctrines of Buddha. Several of the miracle-figures teach the law of kindness to brutes. It is sometimes carried into a sentimentalism almost maudlin. My jin-riki-sha puller makes a détour, out of his way, round a sleeping dog or bantam, when the lazy animal might fairly take its chances. When a man believes that the soul of his grandfather may be transmigrating through a cur, however mangy, or a chick, however skinny, he is not going to cause another metempsychosis by murdering the brute, if he can help it. Killing a wounded horse to put him out of misery, or in useless old age, is never practiced, the idea being too cruel to be entertained.

V.

STUDIES IN THE CAPITAL.

The foreigner who traces upon his globe or map the outlines of the island empire of Japan, conceives of it as a long, narrow, insular strip of land, stretching from north to south. Seeing that Yezo is in such high, and Kiushiu in such low latitude, he thinks of Yedo and Nagasaki as lying at the two ends of the magnetic needle. To the native, they lie in the line of the sun, the one at its rising, the other at its setting. The reason for this conception of the native, which is thus in rectilinear opposition to that of the foreigner, lies, not in the supposed fact that the Japanese do every thing in a contrary manner from ourselves, or because the images on his retina are not reversed as on ours, but because he has a truer knowledge of his country's topography than the alien. The latter knows of Japan only as a strip of land described in his dogmatic text-books, a fraction in his artificial system; the former knows it as he actually walks, by dwelling on its soil and looking at the sun, the lay of the land, and the pole star. To him, Tōkiō lies in the east, Chōshiu in the west, Hakodaté in the north, and Satsuma in the south.

The native conception of locality in the mikado's empire is the true one. A glance at the map will show that Yezo and a portion of Hondo lie, indeed, inclosed in a narrow line drawn north and south. Japan may be divided into inhabited and uninhabited land, and Yezo must fall within the latter division. Hence, only that part above the thirty-sixth parallel may be called Northern Japan. From Yedo to Nagasaki is the main portion of the empire, in point of historical importance, wealth, and population. Between the thirty-third and thirty-sixth, or within three parallels of latitude, on a belt a little over two hundred miles wide, stretches from east to west, for six hundred miles, the best part of Japan.

Within this belt lies more than a majority of the largest cities, best ports, richest mines, densest centres of population, classic localities, magnificent temples, holy places, tea-plantations, silk districts, rice-fields, and manufactures. Here, also, have been developed, in times past, the nation's greatest treasures—the best blood, the commanding minds, and the men that have ruled Japan.

It is interesting to note the shifting of the scenes in the drama of Japanese history. In the most ancient times, the ablest men of action and intellect were produced in Yamato, or in the Kinai. In the Middle Ages, they arose in the Kuantō. At the opening of modern history, they sprung from the Tōkaidō (Mino, Owari, Mikawa). In the latest decades, they came from Kiushiu and the south (Chōshiu, Satsuma, Tosa, and Hizen).

An inspection of the map will show a striking configuration of the land, on the southern coast of Hondo, adapting and ordaining it as the site for the great bulk of the nation's intellect, intelligence, population, and wealth. From Kadzusa on the extreme east, to Chōshiu on the extreme west, are found in succession a series of bays, at the head of each of which stands a large city. On the first is the city of Tōkiō (population, 925,000); on the second, Odawara (20,000); on the third, Hamamatsŭ (50,000); on the fourth, Nagoya (400,000); on the fifth, Ōzaka (600,000); on the sixth, Hiōgo (60,000); on the seventh, Hiroshima (100,000); on the eighth, Shimonoséki (10,000). These lie east and west of each other. These are and were all flourishing cities, but until Iyéyasŭ's time Yedo was but a village.

It was a bold stroke of policy to make the obscure place the seat of government. It seemed very much to the people of that day and country as it would to us were our capital removed from Washington to Duluth.

The general shape of Tōkiō is that of an egg, with the point to the south, the butt to the north. The yolk of this egg is the castle, or Ō Shiro, a work of vast proportions.

The traveler in our land of steam, in which men are too few and too valuable to be machines, sees heavy work done by the derrick and the engine, and can reckon to a fraction the equivalent for human muscle stored up in a pound of coal. Before the labor of the mediæval masons, he wonders how the pygmies of those days could build such stupendous works as astonish the tourist in Egypt, India, Assyria, China, and Japan, or raise colossal stones, or transport them in positions hundreds of miles from their home in the quarry.

Of architectural works in Japan, the torii, the yashiki, and the shiro, or castle, may be said to be original products. The pagoda is from China. Though far beyond the structures of Egypt or India in æsthetic merit, the Japanese castles challenge wonder at their vast extent, and the immense size of the stones in their walls. In the castle of Ōzaka, built by Hidéyoshi, some of the stones are forty feet long, ten feet high, and several feet thick. In the castle of Tōkiō, in the citadel or highest point, the walls have many stones sixteen feet long, six wide, and three thick. These were brought from near Hiōgo, over two hundred miles distant.

In Asiatic countries labor is cheap and abundant. What the American accomplishes by an engine and a ton of coal, the exponent of so many foot-pounds, or horse-power, the Asiatic accomplishes by thousands of human arms. A signal instance of the quick triumph of muscle came under my own observation while in Tōkiō.

A foreigner in the employ of the Japanese Government was consulted in relation to the choice of a site for a model farm, and was shown several eligible places, one of which was included within the grounds of an ex-daimiō, which had been left for years to the rank overgrowth, which, together with the larger trees and bushes, made the soil so rooty, and the whole place so unpromising to the foreigner, that he declared the site was utterly unfit; that several years would be required to bring it into any thing like proper condition for tillage. He then drove off to examine another proposed site. But American ways of thinking were, in this case, at fault.

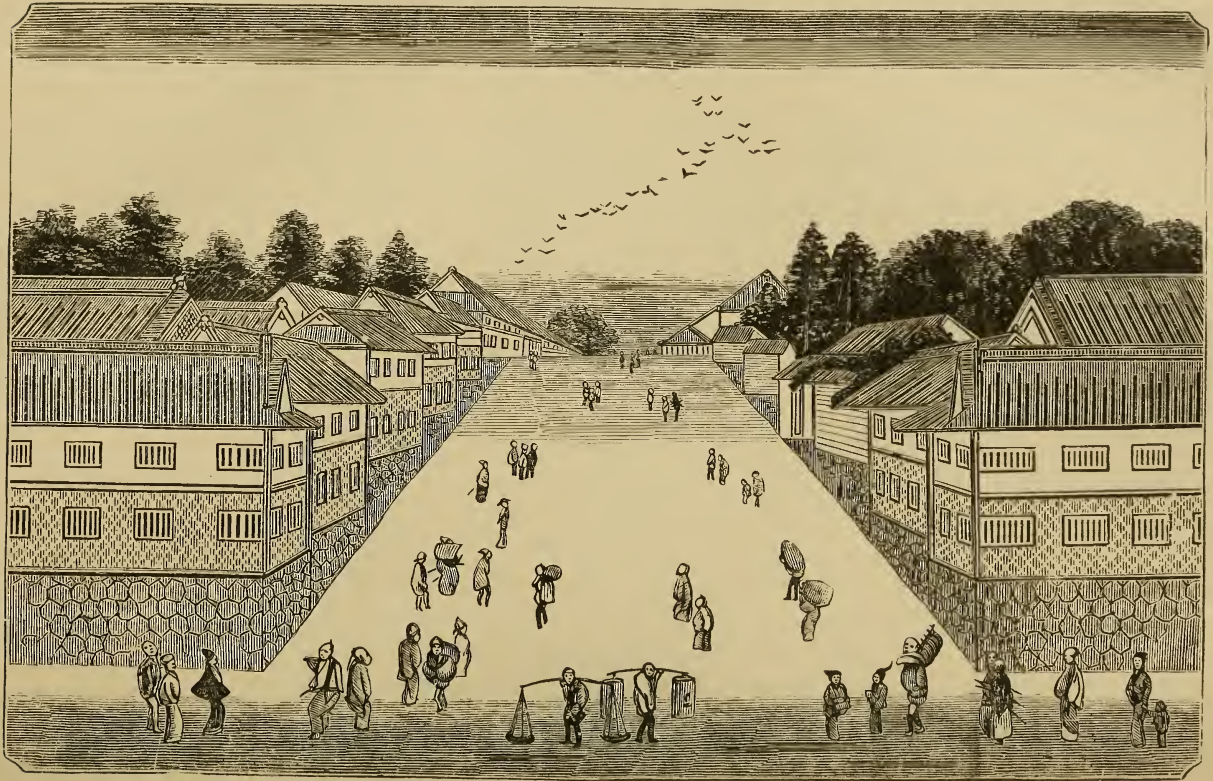
The Japanese officer in charge immediately and quietly hired eight hundred laborers to clear and smooth the land. They worked in relays, night and day. In one week's time he showed the American "a new site," with which he was delighted. It was chosen for the model farm. It was the same site he had first glanced at. The potential energy lay in the fact that the land, worthless as real estate, being the property of the official, could be sold to the Government for a model farm at the highest of fancy prices, paid out of the national treasury. The actual energy of eight hundred pairs of arms developed a wilderness into leveled farm-fields within a week.

The yashiki is a product of architecture distinctively Japanese. Its meaning is "spread-out house." It is such a homogeneous structure that it strikes the eye as having been cut out of a solid block. It is usually in the form of a hollow square, inclosing from ten thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand square feet of ground. The four sides of the square within are made up of four rows, or four unbroken lines of houses. In the centre are the mansions of the daimiō and his ministers. The lesser retainers occupy the long houses which form the sides of the square. The space is filled up within with gardens, both for use and pleasure, recreation-grounds, target walks, and *kura*, or fire-proof warehouses. Mito's grounds were of marvelous beauty. The yashiki, on the street front, presents the appearance of a continuous house on stone foundations, with rows of wooden barred or grated windows.

The cut represents an "evening view" of Kasumiya Street, a slope between the yashiki of the Daimiō of Ōgaki, in Mino, on the left, and that of Hiroshima, in Aki, on the right; and of Sakurada Avenue. Each of these proud lords, in erecting his mansion, found that his rival was building as high and fine a stone foundation as he was. Aki was determined to get higher than Ōgaki, lest a *fudai's* windows should look down on a *kokushiu's* lattice; while Ōgaki was bound to "get even" with Aki. The rival masonry might have grown higher, had not the shōgun ordered them to desist.

All around the yashikis ran a ditch, or moat, from four to twelve feet wide, usually of running water. Most of the walls were faced with square tiles, fastened diagonally, presenting the appearance of thousands of black lozenges, with rounded ridges of white plaster about three inches high. To break the monotony of the street front, there was one great roofed gate, for the lord and master, flanked with porters' lodges, and a smaller one, or postern, on another side, for servants and retainers. It was a very important point of etiquette as to who should or should not enter through the main gate. On no account would any one, unless of very high rank, be admitted in a vehicle of any sort. At a certain gate, called *Géjo*, leading to the *hon maru*, or citadel of the Yedo castle, all daimiōs were obliged to dismount from their palanquins and walk. The abbot of the temple of Zōzōji, at Shiba, as a mark of high rank, could enter in a palanquin. Such a privilege was equal to a patent of nobility.

The castle-moats, on varying levels, to make a current and prevent stagnation, were supplied with water brought in stone-lined aqueducts from the Tonégawa, nine miles distant. In the moats it varied from four to twelve feet in depth. The scarp and counter-scarp were faced with stone, and where the castle was on high ground the sloping embankments were sodded, the water flowing scores of feet below. In the shallow parts, lotus-flowers grew luxuriantly in summer, and in winter thousands of water-fowl, ducks, geese, storks, and herons made it their secure home, the people never harming them—a statement almost incredible to a foreign sportsman. A number of the shōgun's



Sakurada Avenue in Tōkiō. Yashikis of daimiōs, now occupied by the Foreign Office and War Department.

swans added grace and beauty to the peaceful scene. It was forbidden to fire a gun within five *ri* of the castle. I wondered how foreign sportsmen could resist the temptation.

Let the reader imagine a space of several miles square covered with yashikis. To walk through the streets inside the castle enceinte was a monotonous and gloomy task. There was nothing to break the dull uniformity of black or white tiles and windows, except here and there a sworded samurai or a procession. Occasional variety was obtained in a very large yashiki by erecting a wall around the entire inclosure, and building the houses inside. This made the monotony worse, since the eye had no relief in looking at windows, in which, perchance, might be a pot of flowers, or peeping eyes. It scarcely added to the cheerfulness to meet no common folk, but only proud and pompous men with two swords, the mark of the Japanese gentleman of feudal days.

The winter head-dress of the Japanese of both sexes is a black cloth cap, fitting close to the skull, with long flaps, which were tied around over the neck, mouth, and nose, exposing only the eyes. The wearing of this cap made a most remarkable difference, according to sex. The male looked fiendishly malignant, like a Spanish brigand, the effect of two scowling eyes being increased by the two swords at his belt. The phrase "he looked daggers at me" had a new significance. With the women, however, the effect was the reverse. A plump, well-wrapped form lost no comeliness; and when one saw two sparkling eyes and a suggestion of rosy cheeks, the imagination was willing to body forth the full oval of the Japanese beauty.

A dinner given in my honor by the ex-prince of Echizen, in his own yashiki, enabled me to see in detail one of the best specimens of this style of mansion. Like all the large clans and kokushiu daimiōs, Echizen had three yashikis—the Superior, Middle, and Inferior. In the second lived the ordinary clansmen, while to the third the servants and lower grade of samurai are assigned. Some of these yashikis covered many acres of ground; and the mansions of the Go Sanké families and the great clans of Satsuma, Kaga, Chōshiu, and Chikuzen are known at once upon the map by their immense size and commanding positions. Within their grounds are groves, shrines, cultivated gardens, fish-ponds, hillocks, and artificial landscapes of unique and surpassing beauty. The lord of the mansion dwelt in a central building, approached from the great gate by a wide stone path and grand portico of kéyaki-wood. Long, wide corridors, laid with soft mats, led to the master's chamber. All the wood-work, except certain portions, stood in virgin grain like watered silk, except where relieved here and there by a hard gleam of black lacquer-like enamel. The walls, gorgeously papered with gold, silver, or fanciful and colored designs, characteristic of Japanese art—among which the pine, plum, and cherry tree, the bamboo, lily, the stork, tortoise, and lion, or fans, were the favorites. The sliding doors, or partitions, of which three sides of a Japanese room is composed, were decorated with paintings. Some of the finest specimens of Japanese art I ever saw were in the yashikis of Tōkiō.

The plan of the city of Yedo, conceived by Iyéyasŭ, was simply that of a great camp. This one idea explains its centre, divisions, and relations. In the heart of this vast encampment was the general's head-quarters—a well-nigh impregnable castle. On the most eligible and commanding sites were the tents of his chief satraps. These tents were yashikis. The architectural prototype of a yashiki is a Japanese tent. In time of war, the general's head-quarters are surrounded by a roofless curtain of wide breadths of canvas stretched perpendicularly on posts, presenting a square front like a wall outside, and a roomy area within, having in its centre the general's tent. In place of this tent put a house; instead of the canvas stretch continuous long houses, forming a hollow square inclosing the mansion, and you have the yashiki. Shallow observers—foreigners, of course—on first seeing these stretched canvas screens, supposed they were "forts," and the crests (*mon*) of the general, "port-holes" for cannon! Yedo, the camp city of the East, was full of these tents, amplified and made permanent in wood and stone.

These edifices made the glory of old Yedo, but Tōkiō sees fewer year by year and fire by fire. They were the growth of the necessities of feudalism. The new age of Japan does not need them, and the next decade, that shall see thousands swept away, will see none rebuilt; and the traveler will look upon a yashiki as one of the many curiosities of Old Japan. Yedo was the city of the Tokugawas, and the camp of clans. Its architectural products sprung from the soil of feudalism. Tōkiō is the national capital, the city of the mikado, and its edifices are at once the exponents of modern necessities and enlightened nationality.

VI.

AMONG THE MEN OF NEW JAPAN.

I SPENT from January 3d to February 16th, 1871, in the new capital of Japan, visiting the famous places in the city and suburbs, seeing the wonderful sights, and endeavoring by study and questioning to reduce to order the myriad impressions that were made upon all my senses like a mimic cannonade. During two weeks I taught as a volunteer in the Imperial College. At the house of the superintendent I met many of the officials in the educational and other departments, learning their ideas and methods of thinking and seeing. Among my novel employments was, upon one occasion, the searching of Wheaton's and other works on international law for rules and precedents covering an imminent case of hostilities in Yokohama harbor. The captain of a French man-of-war, resurrecting one of the exploded regulations of the republic of 1795, was threatening to seize a German merchant ship, which had been sold to the Japanese, and the officials of the Foreign Office had come to their long-trusted American friend for advice and the law's precedents. It came to nothing, however. No seizure was made, nor hostile gun fired. The furore of traveling abroad was then at fever-heat, and thousands of young men hoped to be sent to study abroad, at government expense, where tens only could be chosen. I made a call on Terashima Munénori, the Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs, then in Tsŭkiji: presenting letters from Mr. Hatakéyama Yoshinari, I was received very kindly. Iwakura (to whom I bore letters from his son) and Mr. Ōkubo at that time were on an important political mission to Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa, sent thither by the mikado. The ex-Prince of Echizen gave an entertainment in my honor at his mansion. The daimiōs of Uwajima and Akadzuki, and several of their *karōs* (ministers), were present at the dinner. He presented me with his photograph, with some verses, of the making of which he was very fond. Mr. Arinori Mōri, a young samurai of the Satsuma clan, and a great friend of Iwakura, called to see me, and received letters of introduction to my friends in America. He was then in native dress, wearing the traditional two swords, the abolition of which he had in vain advocated some months before. He had just received his appointment as chargé d'affaires of Japan in the United States. Messrs. Mōri, and Saméshima — since chargé d'affaires at Paris, now (1876) Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs in Tōkiō—stood so high in the confidence of Iwakura that they were dubbed, in the political slang of the capital, "the legs of Iwakura." Mr. Katsŭ Awa, though absent in Shidzŭōka, sent me a very pleasant letter of welcome to Japan. I enjoyed a delightful call on Mr. Kanda, the ex-President or Speaker of the House of Assembly, in which Mr. Mōri had argued reforms, the second deliberative body that had been called into existence, according to the oath of the mikado in Kiōto, in 1868, that representative institutions should be formed. I found Mr. Kanda a student of English and American literature, and an earnest thinker. His son, a bright lad, was to accompany Mr. Mōri to America. I also met a number of the prominent and rising men of the country, especially those who had been active in the late revolution. The mikado was beginning to ride out in public; and I saw at various times a number of the kugé, both ladies and gentlemen, in their ancient, gorgeous costumes, with their retainers and insignia. I witnessed, also, a grand review of the imperial army, a wrestling-match, exhibitions of acrobatics and jugglery, theatrical performances, and many things in the political, social, and military world that will never again be seen in Japan. I visited the first hospital opened in Tōkiō, by Matsumoto, and the excellent school of Fukuzawa, rival of the Imperial College. None of the large modern buildings in European style, which now adorn the city, were then built. The city was then more Yedo than Tōkiō.

I repeatedly visited Ōji, so often described by Oliphant and others; Méguro, near which are the graves of the lovers, "Gompachi and Komurasaki;" Takanawa, the Mecca of Japanese loyalty, where are the tombs and statues of the forty-seven rōnins, and of their lord, whom they died to avenge; Kamé Ido, the memorial of the deified martyr, Sugawara Michizané; Shiba, Uyéno, Mukōjima, and the places so well known to residents and tourists, the sight of which but added zest to an appetite for seeing all that is dear to a Japanese, which a residence of years failed to cloy. I was several times at Zempukuji (Temple of Peace and Happiness), one of the oldest shrines of the Shin sect of Buddhists, founded by Shinran himself, who with his own hands planted the wonderful old jinko-tree, which still flourishes. Within the temple grounds were the buildings of the legation of the

United States of America. Here had dwelt successively Ministers Townsend Harris, Robert H. Pruyn, and General Van Valkenbergh. United States Vice-consul C. O. Shepherd was then occupying the premises. I noticed a somewhat dusty portrait of Franklin Pierce hung on the walls of one of the inner empty rooms. The one bright oasis spot during his barren administration was the success of Perry's mission, and the opening of Japan to the world. The glory of the great United States had been here maintained, by its Government never paying any rent for its tenantry of buildings, and by extorting "indemnities" for every accidental fire, for every provoked injury, and even for every man killed in the open and active hostilities of war, and in joining the governments of Europe in keeping the feeble empire crushed under diplomacy, backed by ships and cannon.

One of the most important persons for me was a good interpreter. A tongue was more than a right arm. To procure one of first-rate abilities was difficult. When the embassy, sent out by the ill-starred Ii Kamon no kami, visited Philadelphia, I had frequently seen a lively young man whom every one called "Tommy," who had made a decidedly pleasant impression upon the ladies and the Americans generally. "Tommy" was at this time in Tōkiō. The Echizen officers went to him and asked him to accept the position of interpreter, at a salary of one thousand dollars, gold, per annum. This was tempting pay to a Japanese; but the foreignized Tommy preferred metropolitan life, and the prospect of official promotion, to regular duties in an interior province. They then sought among the corps of interpreters in the Imperial College. The choice fell upon Iwabuchi (rock-edge), who, fortunately for me, accepted, and we were introduced. This gentleman was about twenty years old, with broad, high forehead, luxuriant hair cut in foreign style, keen, dancing black eyes, and blushing face. He was a rōnin samurai of secondary rank, and rather well educated. His father had been a writing-master in Sakura, Shimōsa, and Iwabuchi was an elegant writer. He wore but one sword. He was of delicate frame, his face lighted by intellect, softened by his habitual meekness, but prevented by a trace of slyness from being noble. He seemed the very type of a Japanese gentleman of letters. He was as gentle as a lady. In his checkered experience at Hakodaté and other cities, he had brushed against the Briton, the Yankee, the Frenchman, and the Russian. At first shy and retiring, he warmed into friendship. In his merry moods he would astonish me by humming familiar tunes, and recall a whole chapter of home memories by singing snatches of American college and street songs. In his angry moods, when American steel struck Japanese flint, his eyes would snap fire and his frame quiver. For over a year Iwabuchi was invaluable to me, until my own articulation became bi-lingual; but from first to last, notwithstanding occasional friction, arising from the difference in American and Japanese psychology, we continued, and remain, fast friends.

My business with the officers of the Echizen clan was finished. I was engaged to teach the physical sciences in the city of Fukui, the capital of the province, two hundred miles west of Tōkiō, and twelve miles from the Sea of Japan. In accordance with custom observed between foreigners and Japanese, we made a contract, which, after passing the inspection and receiving the approval of the Guai Mu Shō (Office of Foreign Affairs), was written out in duplicate in imposing Chinese characters, and in plain English. I agreed to teach chemistry and physics for the space of three years, and "not to enter into any trading operations with native merchants." The insertion of a comic clause, very funny indeed to the American, but quite justifiable by the bitter experience of the Japanese, was, that the teacher must not get drunk.

They, on their side, agreed to pay my salary; to build me a house after the European style; and after three years to return me safely to Yokohama; to hand my corpse over to the United States Consul if I should die, or carry me to him should I be disabled through sickness. Nothing was said concerning religion in any reference whatever, but perfect freedom from all duties whatsoever was guaranteed me on Sundays; and I had absolute liberty to speak, teach, or do as I pleased in my own house.

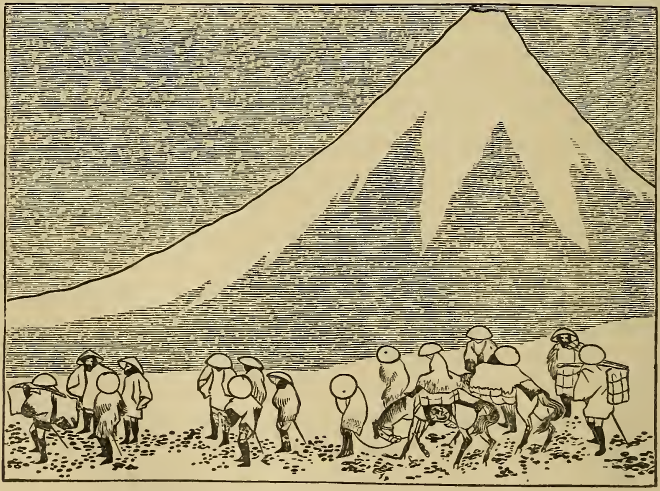
As an illustration of the extreme jealousy with which the mikado's ministers guarded the supremacy of the national government, the first draft of the contract, made by myself, was rejected by the Foreign Office because I had written "the government of Fukui," instead of the "local authorities," a correction which appeared in the final documents.

I made the acquaintance of several of the daimiōs, and many retainers of various clans. A Fukui samurai, whom I shall call Darémo, and who knew to a rung the exact status of every one on the social ladder, always informed me as to the rank of the various personages whom I met as host or guest. I bought the latest copy of the *Bu Kuan* (Mirror of the Military Families), which he explained and translated for me. In discussing each one, his nose rose and fell with the figures before him. "That gentleman is only a *karō* of a 10,000 koku daimiō." "This is himself, a fudai daimiō of 15,000 koku." With profound indifference, I would be informed that the person who called on me to inquire after his brother in New York was "merely a samurai of a 30,000 koku clan." That gentleman whose politeness so impressed me was "a hatamoto of 800 koku; but he was very poor since the restoration." Darémo's congratulations were showered thick and fast when I dined with the *kokushiu* Echizen (360,000 koku), and Uwajima (100,000 koku), with five or six *karōs*. He also translated for me the letters I received from distinguished Japanese officers. With the aid of the *Bu Kuan* and Darémo, I was soon able to distinguish many of the rising and falling men of Japan.

I had seen the great objects of interest to a tourist. I had feasted my eyes on novelty and a new life, yet the freshness of continual glad surprise was not yet lost. I had seen the old glory of Yedo in ruins, and the new national life of Japan emerging from Tōkiō in chaos. I had stood face to face with paganism for the first time. I had felt the heart of Japan pulsing with new life, and had seen her youth drinking at the fountains of Western science. I had tasted the hospitality of one of the "beginners of a better time." I had learned the power of the keen sword. For the first time I had experience of paganism, feudalism, earthquakes, Asiatic life and morality. I had seen how long contact with heathen life and circumstances slowly disintegrates the granite principles of eternal right, once held by men reared in a more bracing moral atmosphere. I met scores of white men, from Old and New England, who had long since forgotten the difference between right and wrong. I had seen also the surface of Japan. I was glad to go into the interior. I bid good-bye to Tōkiō, and went to Yokohama to take the steamer to Kobé, whence I should go, *viâ* Lake Biwa, and over the mountains to the city of the Well of Blessing, Fukui.

Our party made rendezvous at a native hotel. It was to be both my escort and following. The former consisted of my interpreter, Iwabuchi, one of the teachers of English in the university; Nakamura, the soldier-guard, who had fought in the late civil war; and the treasurer, Emori, a polished gentleman, and shrewd man of the Japanese world. There were two servants, and, with my own cook and his wife, we made up a party of eight persons, with as many characters and dispositions as faces. The ship to take us to Kobé was one of the fine steamers of the Pacific Mail Company's fleet, the *Oregonian.* As several days would elapse before her departure, I made a visit to Kanazawa, Kamakura, Enoshima, and Fujisawa, with Nakamura, and an American friend who spoke Japanese fluently. That visit was afterward repeated many times. Every spot made famous by Yoritomo, Yoshitsuné, Semman and Kugiō, the Hōjō, Nitta Yoshisada, Nichiren, and the Ashikaga, was seen over and over again, until the life of old Japan became as vivid to me as the thrilling scenes of our own late war. Besides the architectural remains of these classic places, is a rich museum of armor, weapons, and other mediæval antiquities in the temple on Tsuruga-öka, in Kamakura.

On our ride back, Fuji, all in white, loomed up grandly. A flurry of snow added to its beauty. In such a snow-shower the artist must have made the spirited sketch here reproduced. Snow rarely falls on the Tōkaidō to a depth greater than two inches, and usually neither hoof nor sandal, as in the cut, sinks beneath its level. The Japanese, however, make a great fuss over a little cold. They go about with their hands in their sleeves, which stick out like the wings of a trussed turkey, repeating "*samui, samui*" (cold, cold), until it loses all originality.



Travelers on the Tōkaidō in a Snow-storm. Fuji san.

VII.

IN THE HEART OF JAPAN.

The weather was rough as we embarked, late in the afternoon of February 22d, on the *Oregonian*, and steamed down the Bay of Yedo. At night, the fixed white light in the stone tower on Cape Idzu, visible twenty miles, reminded us of the new order of things. Of old a wood-fire blazed on the promontory. The *Nil* did not yet know the fate to befall her.*

The next day was foggy, and *mal de mer* held high revel among the passengers. The *Oregonian* was true to the reputation of its namesake given by Bryant—" where *rolls* the mighty Oregon." My own thoughts were less poetic. My feelings are best described by the Japanese proverb, "A sea-voyage is an inch of hell."

About midnight we rounded the promontory of Kii, where Jimmu passed centuries ago. Its splendid light-house, on a promontory one hundred and thirty feet high, on Ō Island, holds a revolving white light, alternately flashing and being eclipsed during every minute. Ō is a good harbor for wind-bound junks, and the fishermen here are noted whalers, hunting whales successfully with nets and spears. The light on Cape Shiwo, one hundred and fifty-five feet above water, may be seen for twenty miles. Ships from China make this point night or day.

The three officers of our party had been empowered to take cabin passage with their foreign charge; but such a foolish waste of money was not to be thought of. To pay forty dollars for forty-eight hours, and three hundred and forty-two geographical miles of nausea in a state-room, was not according to their ideas of happiness. Far better to take the steerage, save the money, and have a feast, dance, and song with the gay and charming singing-girls of Ōzaka. So to the steerage they went, and solaced their transient misery with visions of the Ōzaka paradise and the black-eyed houris. They suffered "an inch of hell" for a yard of heaven.

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* On the night of the 20th of March, 1874, at 10.30 P.M., the French M. M. steamer *Nil*, having on board one hundred and eleven persons, and the Japanese articles on exhibition at Vienna, her engines being out of order, and the currents unusually strong, lost her reckoning, struck a rock near the village of Irima, in Yoshida Bay, ten miles from Cape Idzu, and sunk in twenty-one fathoms. Only four persons were saved. A marble monument was erected, and now commemorates the accident, which was robbed of many of its saddest features by the kindness and energy of the natives.

I woke on the second morning in the harbor of Hiōgo and Kobé (the Gate of God), the former the native city, the latter the foreign town. All around the land-locked water were bold walls of green hills. French, English, and American ships of war lay at anchor, and the clumsy junks, with their great, broad sails, plowed across the path of the dancing sunbeams. Native fishing and carriage boats were leaping over the waters, urged on by the stroke of the naked scullers. On shore, glorified by the mild winter's sun, rose the "model settlement," a fresh proof of Occidental energy on Oriental soil. Until 1868, the site of the pretty town, laid out in chess-board regularity, was a mere strip of sand.*

Under convoy of Iwabuchi and an American friend, to whom I bore letters, I spent a day and a half in Kobé and Hiōgo. The latter city was erected in the days of Taira glory. Its name means "arsenal," but peaceful trade now rules its streets. Near it stands Kiyomori's tomb. On the site of the Taira palace stands a great brothel. At Minato gawa, near Kobé, Kusunoki Masashigé, the mirror of Japanese loyalty, welcomed death. A small temple stands as a historic monument of the act, dedicated to his spirit.

In the cheerful home of an American missionary, to whom I bore letters, I spent a few delightful hours. They seemed to have brought the freshness and fragrance of New England hills, as well as the energy and patience of their ancestors, with them. The time for active Christian labor had not yet come; but the language was being mastered, and his morning hours were golden in the study. In the afternoon, we together visited a famous temple, on the site of one first erected by Jingu Kōgō, on her return from Corea. Crowds of pilgrims, in white robes, with wallet, staff, rosary, bell, and memorial shell sewed to their sleeve, were on the route or return. We spent the evening at the house of one of the merchant princes of Kobé, in whose establishment Oriental luxuriance and American taste, barbaric pomp and cozy comfort, were combined.

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* The figures of the official register of Kobé (May, 1874) are: houses, 3846; population, 8554; foreign residents, 332; in the foreign "concession," 67 houses.

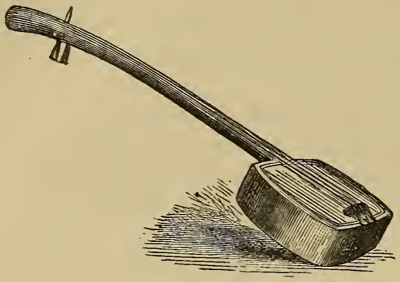
Our party were early on the steamboat, which carried the Stars and Stripes at her stern, and was commanded by a Yankee captain. It was crowded with natives, who rode for *ichi bu* (twenty-five cents). The five or six foreigners in the cabin paid each two "clean Mexicans." These silver eagles are the standard of value in Japan and China, though Uncle Sam's trade-dollars and Japanese gold *yen* are now contesting their supremacy.

We steamed along the coast for three hours; passed the forts built in 1855, and well mounted and manned; passed the light-house of Tempōzan (Hill of Heavenly Peace), and at noon, February 25th, 1871, I stood in the city called, in poetry, Naniwa—in prose, Ōzaka.

Buddhist Pilgrims.

All the large daimiōs formerly had yashikis in Yedo, Ōzaka, and in Kiōto, as well as in their own capitals, for the use of the clan. They served as caravansaries, at which the lord or his retainers might lodge, when on business or travel, and be treated according to their rank. But one or two samurai and their families occupied the Echizen yashiki in Ōzaka, which could lodge a hundred or more men. A suite of rooms was soon swept and dusted out, rugs laid on the matting, and dinner, in mixed Japanese and American style, was served.

Ōzaka is a gay city, with lively people, and plenty of means of amusement, especially theatres and singing-girls. The ladies are handsomer, dress in better taste, tie their girdles in a style nearer perfection, and build coiffures that are at once the envy and despair of Tōkiō damsels. Ōzaka has every sort of gay life. In all the large cities there are *geisha*, noted for their wit, beauty, skill in playing the three-stringed banjo. The daughters of Kiōto and Tōkiō do excellently, but those of Ōzaka excel them all.



The Samisen.

Ōzaka is also the greatest commercial city in Japan. I was interested in the metal refineries and foundries, where the rosy copper ingots were cast, and brass cannon of elegant workmanship turned out. With Iwabuchi as guide, I rambled over the city, and stood on many a spot made classic by Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasŭ. Iwabuchi's fluent tongue and knowledge of history were as spectacles to me, enabling me to see the past as he summoned it from resurrection.

An officer from Fukui brought us word, February 27th, that we were to leave Ōzaka that night, and that at Fushimi an honorary escort of seven mounted officers of the clan would meet me, they having come down from Fukui, one hundred and thirty miles, to escort me. We were to proceed up the Yodo, the river that drains six provinces, visit the temple of Hachiman or Ōjin Tennō, dine in historic Fushimi, and thence proceed on horseback to Lake Biwa. The morrow was to be a red-letter day.

We left Ōzaka at night, about ten o'clock. It was very cold, and bright moonlight, but the boat was a "house-boat," and the cabin within was neatly matted, and with rugs and *hibachi* we kept up a genial temperature until bed-time. We passed hundreds of boats like our own, and after making our way through the city, that might be a Venice if it were not wooden, passed the long rows of fire-proof storehouses, and gradually emerged into the country, where, except a scattered village here and there, we saw only the grand mountains and pines, and the silent landscape. The boat was provided with four rowers, though after we left the city, the river being shallow, they had to pole along, like Mississippi flat-boat walkers. Throughout the frosty night we slept, waking occasionally to listen to the ripples under the bow. The *sendō* plied their poles, and at day-break we were far from Ōzaka, with the classic ground of Kawachi on our right, and Settsu on our left.

The sun clothed the hills in light, revealing the landscape, and kindled the frost on our cabin-roof into resplendent prismatics. We were in the clear water of the Yodo River, which flowed at a gentle current between banks of undergrowth, with groves of firs and bamboo, and here and there a group of thatched villages, through which the Jesuits and Franciscans preached Mary, St. Peter, and Christ, over two centuries ago. Along the shores stood white herons, tall storks, and, occasionally, huge hawks.

While musing on the past, and imagining the Portuguese missionaries, crucifix in hand, preaching on that open space, or erecting a cross on that knoll, Nakamura came out and pointed out the villages of Hashimoto (foot of the bridge) and Yamazaki (mountain point), where, in 1868, the contest at Fushimi was continued. The Tokugawa army held Hashimoto, while the mikado's troops attacked them by land, and bombarded them from a redoubt in Yamazaki, until they fled, defeated and in disorder, to Ōzaka, when the shōgun notified the foreign ministers that he could no longer protect them. I enjoyed Nakamura's talk richly, and, refreshed by the "sweet mother of fresh thoughts and health," body and mind were ready to drink in the sweet influences of that glorious morning in the heart of Japan. But what of the boatmen?

After a hard night's toil, poling and walking in a nipping frost, I wished to see the breakfast by which they laid the physical basis for another day's work. At the stern of the boat, resting on a little furnace, was the universal rice-pot, and beside it a small covered wooden tub, full of rice. Some pickled or boiled slices of the huge radish called *dai-kon* lay in another receptacle. The drink was the cheapest tea. It may possibly be true, what some foreigners assert, that the lower classes in Japan feast on rats. "The daily ration of a Japanese laborer was one mouse per diem;" so I was once told in America. I never saw or heard of such animals being eaten during all the time I was in Japan; but I now looked for some stimulating food, some piece of flesh diet to be eaten by these men, who had to make muscle and repair the waste of lubricating their joints. But nothing further was forthcoming, and the *sendō* whose turn came first sat down to his breakfast. The first course was a bowlful of rice and a pair of chopsticks. In the second course, history repeated itself. The third course was a dipperful of tea, apparently one-half a solution of tannic acid, in which a raw hide might have been safely left to tan. I wonder whether the disease of ossification of the coats of the stomach, so common in Japan, arises from the constant drinking such astringent liquor. The fourth course was a bowl of rice and two slices of radish; the fifth was the same. A dipperful of tea-liquor finished the meal, and the pole was resumed. I noticed grist-mills on scows or rafts anchored in the river, the current turning the huge wheels slowly to grind or hull rice. They were quite similar to those I had noticed on the Rhine and other European rivers.

At nine o'clock we came in front of the village Yawata, at which there was a guard-house, which we knew, at a distance, by its peculiarly shaped lantern and canvas hangings, like curtains, on which was the huge crest of the mikado—an open chrysanthemum flower. Our boat hove to, and Nakamura, the officer of the party, explained who we were, and what our business was, and we then landed in the village.

While our boat, with the servants, was sent ahead to Fushimi, we four wended our way up the mountain Otoko yama to the part called Pigeon-peak, where stands the great Shintō temple, on a site first built upon in 860 A.D., and dedicated to Ōjin Tennō, the son of Jingu Kōgō, who conquered Corea by the divine spirit bestowed on her then unborn son. It was made further famous by the gift from Hidéyoshi of a golden gutter, to collect the sacred droppings of the sanctuary. Ascending the last of many flights of stone steps, we stood upon a plateau. A long avenue arcade, with overarching pines, and lined with tall stone lanterns, led to the temple façade. Two priests, robed in pure white, with high black lacquered caps on their heads, were bearing offerings of fish, fruit, and other food, to place upon the altar, each article being laid on a sheet of pure white paper, or ceremonial trays. In the perfectly clean and austerely simple nave of the temple stood an altar, having upon it only the *gohei*, or wands, with notched strips of white paper dependent.

There were no idols, images, or pictures, only the *gohei*, the offerings, and the white-robed priests at prayer. The impressive simplicity, the sequestered site on a lofty mountain surrounded with tall trees of majestic growth and of immemorial antiquity, the beauty, the silence, all combined to instill reverence and holy awe alike in the alien spectator as in the native worshiper. The head of the foreigner uncovered, and his feet were unshod simultaneously with the unsandaling of the feet, the bowing of the head, and the reverent meeting of the palms of his companions.

On the porch the priests, having finished their prayer, came out, and politely greeted the American, informing him, through Iwabuchi, that he was the first foreigner who had ever visited the temple. They then showed him the fine carving and ornaments of the eaves and outer walls, and the portion which remained of the large golden gutter, made of beaten gold, over a foot in diameter. Only a few feet of the once extensive gift have survived the ravages of war and the necessities of rulers, who, in Japan or elsewhere, replenish their depleted exchequers or treasuries from the riches of the temples.

The records of this temple declare that it was erected at the suggestion of the priest Giō Kio, who wished to dedicate a temple to Ōjin Tennō in Bungo; that it was the desire of the spirit of the god to dwell near the capital, so as to watch over the imperial house. Hence it was located here. The Buddhists had already canonized him as Hachiman Dai Bosatsŭ, or the Incarnation of Buddha of the Eight Banners. Hence, among the devotees of the India faith, this god of war, and patron of warriors, is called Hachiman, and by those of the native cult Ōjin Tennō. Hachi-man (*hachi*, eight; *man*, banners) is the Chinese form of Yawata (*ya*, eight; *wata*, banners).

We descended the northern side of the mountain toward Fushimi, and passed through Yodo, an old castle town, to which the defeated Tokugawa army retreated after their rout at Fushimi. Nakamura, who was familiar with every foot of ground, having had a hand in many a fight in and around Kiōto during the civil war, pointed out the site of the battle that opened the war of the Restoration. Forgetting the fact that our dinner hour had come, we went to examine this cock-pit of 1868. There, on the west bank, the Aidzu and Kuwana clans, that formed the van of Tokugawa's army, landed on the 27th of January, 1868, and, attempting to pass the barriers at Toba, received into their bosoms the canister from the Satsuma cannon. The Tokugawa troops marched along a narrow path in the rice-fields only a few feet wide, like a causeway, through a lake of paddy-field ooze. To move from the path was to sink knee-deep in a glutinous quagmire. To advance was to climb over the writhing, wounded, and slippery dead men, only to face cannon aimed point-blank, while the musketry of the sheltered Southerners enfiladed their long, snake-like lines. Numbers only increased the sureness of the immense target at which Remington riflemen were practicing in coolness and earnest. "That field," at which the long and bony finger of our cicerone pointed, "was piled with dead men like bundles of fire-wood."

On the first advance, the Tokugawa men broke and ran; but, on the second, the fighting began on both the two roads, the Fushimi and the Toba, which lead to Kiōto. "Here," said he, "is where the rebels [Tokugawa army] were surprised while eating, at early morning. In that bamboo grove, our men [*kuan gun*, mikado's army] made an ambuscade, and tore up the rebel ranks dreadfully." Then the village of Toba caught fire, and the rebels fled to Yodo, finding, to their chagrin, that the castle was barred against them. Fushimi was also burned during the fight. "There," said our guide, as we neared the town, "is where the fire began."

We walked up the historic streets in which the tramp of armies had so often resounded, through which Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, Iyéyasŭ, and Xavier, had passed, in which the Jesuits had stood preaching to listening crowds of people like those before me. The town itself disappointed me. The feeling was the same as that experienced in Washington in 1865. I went thither to behold the demi-gods who, through a hundred battles, had borne the old flag to victory. I saw Grant's and Sherman's legions of one hundred and forty thousand men march up Pennsylvania Avenue. There was no halo round their heads. They were not giants. They were plain men in blue blouses. Fushimi, with all its history, was a poverty-stricken Japanese town.

Further recollections of Fushimi are mainly of vulgar and gastronomic interest. I remember that a certain man had climbed up a mountain, and then tramped down again at an appetite-sharpening pace, and that his special objects of interest and desire at that time were something to eat. Subordinate to these were a bath and a lounge. The hungry man had shed his tight-fitting skin of boots, coat, and hat, and was tranquil in looser robes over the soothing warmth of a cone of live coals in a bronze hibachi. The dissolving views of his reveries, compounded of what he had seen and yearnings of what he expected, were suddenly broken by the advent of a steaming and fragrant tray of food cooked by one of the best culinary artists in Japan, a native who had learned the art at the club in Yokohama. It is, of course, too well known to Englishmen and others that the American at his meals is an animal not to be lightly disturbed. After the feed is over, he is placable, and ready for business.

I was scarcely through my dish of lily-bulbs, and had not yet touched my rice and curry, and California canned-meats, when Iwabuchi, my interpreter, announced the arrival of five samurai from Fukui, who had traveled one hundred and thirty miles to meet the American, and wished to see him immediately, to pay their respects, and announce themselves as my escort to Fukui. They would be in the room in a moment.

"Can they not wait a few minutes till I finish my dinner?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied he; "they are very eager to see you immediately. Such are their orders from their superior at Fukui."

"Well, but I am in deshabille. I can't be seen in this style."

"Oh! indeed, they won't care for that. Besides, here they are at the door. They merely sent me to announce them."

It was too late to stop the invasion, so the animal must forego his provender for a time. The paper sliding-doors were pulled aside, and five stalwart men entered and stood in line, eyes front, facing me. I mentally waited to see how the ceremonies would proceed. In the twinkling of an eye they all sunk on their knees, spread their hands prone before them, and bowed their heads for full fifteen seconds on the floor. Then, resilient, all sat in a row on their heels, and spread out their robes, with hands in their *hakama*. The leader then handed Iwabuchi an imposing paper to read, which set forth that they had been sent by the daimiō from Fukui, to bear the congratulations of the authorities, and to escort the American teacher to Fukui. This solemnly done, they bowed profoundly again and departed. It was all over within two minutes. The meal was finished in peace and abundance, and then began the preparations for the ride to Ōtsu, eight miles distant. The baggage and servants were dispatched by boat, and at half-past four all were mounted, and we started. Our cavalcade consisted of nine horses and riders.

The air was damp, and the sky was leaden, when we started. The whole household were at the gate of the court-yard, to bow low and cry "*sayonara*," and the whole village was assembled, and stood agape to see the foreigner.

Out past the shanties of the village, our path lay over a wooded mountain, and then the snow fell, turning to slush as it touched coat, horse, or earth. In an hour we were all white with cloggy masses of snow, and in places wet to the skin with the cold soaking of sleet. Twilight succeeded the day, and darkness the twilight, until only the gigantic forms of the firs bearded with snow, and so silent, were outlined through the slow shower of flakes. Far up into vague infinity loomed the mountains, occasionally a beetling rock thrusting out its mighty mass in a form of visible darkness. After five hours of such riding it grew uncomfortable. Every flake, as it fell, seemed to have weight. To cold, wet, chattering travelers, what comforts could a Japanese inn afford?

The same difference exists in Japan as in highly civilized countries in regard to hotels and their keepers, as concerning unexpected or announced guests. To come suddenly to a Japanese inn in winter is to shiver, as in a refrigerator, and wait cheerlessly for an intolerably long time, and understand all about Greenland, before the fire and food are brought, the thaw sets in, and comfort is attained. At Ōtsu (now called Shiga), however, a blazing fire was ready as our party rode into the court-yard. Boots and coat off, I was led into the best room, on which a pile of silken quilts was spread for my bed, and in the middle of the room was that sum of delights, a kotatsŭ. Poor, civilized reader, or Western barbarian, you do not know what a kotatsŭ is? No? Let me tell you. In the very centre of the room lift up that square foot of matting, and you will find a stone-lined bowl, a few inches deep. In this the fat and red-cheeked chamber-maid puts a shovelful of live coals. Over it she sets a wooden frame, a foot high, called a *yagura*, after the castle-tower which it imitates. Over this she spreads a huge quilt. It is an extemporary oven, in which you can bake yourself by drawing the quilt about you, and find a little heaven of heat, exchanging shivers for glow. A kotatsŭ may be safely warranted to change a grumbler, who believes Japan to be a wretched hole of a barbarian country, into a rhapsodist who is ready to swear that the same country is a paradise, within ten minutes.

The next morning we were to take steamer, and cross Lake Biwa to Hanoüra, at the north end of the lake. Kiōto lay but seven miles distant from us, and I could easily have visited the sacred city; but I was eager to get to my work. Besides, I wished to study it when I could best appreciate it, and see it with a knowledge of Japanese history for my spectacles. So I postponed the trip till three years later. I glance round Ōtsu in a short walk. Its name means Great Harbor. I saw some of the very places mentioned by Kaempfer and the Jesuits.

Our hotel was near the steamer's dock. At 9 A.M., our party, twelve in all, were on board, and a lighter, full of our baggage, was in tow. The little steamer screeched once or twice, ending in a prolonged squeal, and we were fairly out on the bosom of Japan's largest lake. It was a strange sight, here in Inland Japan, to see a steamboat pulsing over the water, and stretching its long scarfs of smoke in the pure air against the white snow and the azure of the mountains. The

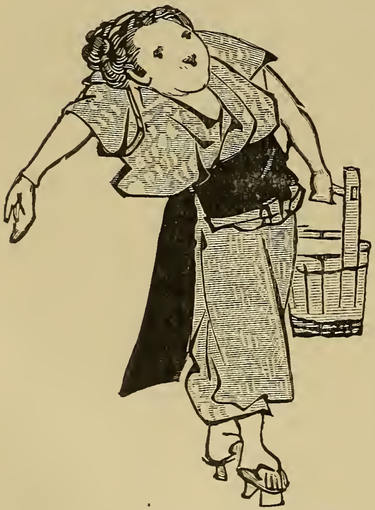
Golden Age, always alloyed with poverty and ignorance and discomforts, was past for Japan; the Iron Age of smoke, of coal, of comfort, of wealth, was coming.

The Lilliputian steamer, compared with one of our Hudson River ferry-boats, was as a Japanese tea-cup to a soda-water tumbler, or a thimble to a gill. It was only—I am afraid to say how many feet short, and inches narrow. Its engines, like its entire self, were oscillating. Captain, engineer, fireman, and crew were all Japanese. The accommodations of the passengers were strictly graded. The cabin, in the stern, was ten feet by six, and four feet high. At one end, a platform, six inches high, three feet wide, six feet long, and covered with a rug, was the "first-class." At the side was a set of sword-racks. The floor of the rest of the same cabin, six inches lower, was "second-class." The promenade-deck was ten feet by six, two square feet being occupied by the refreshment-vender of the boat, who furnished tea, boiled rice, rice cracknels, pickles, rice rolls wrapped in sea-weed, boiled cuttle-fish, etc., to those who wished refreshment. He seemed to drive a brisk trade; for, besides our party of eight, who occupied the cabin and deck, our servants and about a dozen other natives filled a hole in the bow, which was "third-class."

I preferred first-class air. I kept on deck, watching the snow-clad mountains, and the historic towns, castles, and villages, and now and then a boat under sail or oar. Biwa kō, as the natives call it, is as green and almost as beautiful as a Swiss lake. It is named after the musical instrument called a *biwa*, because shaped like it. Tradition says that in one night Fuji san rose out of the earth in Suruga, and in one night the earth sunk in Ōmi, and this lake, sixty miles long, was formed. The monotony of the voyage was broken at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the little boat swung to its moorings at the village of Hanoüra. The place reminded me of Kussnacht, at the end of Lake Lucerne. We stepped out into what seemed a village of surpassing poverty. The houses were more than ordinarily dilapidated. The streets were masses of slush and mud. The people seemed, all of them, dirty, poor, ragged. I had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with all of them, for every one quickly informed his neighbors that a foreigner was among them, and soon the color of his eyes and hair, his clothes and actions, were discussed, and himself made the nine days' wonder of the village.

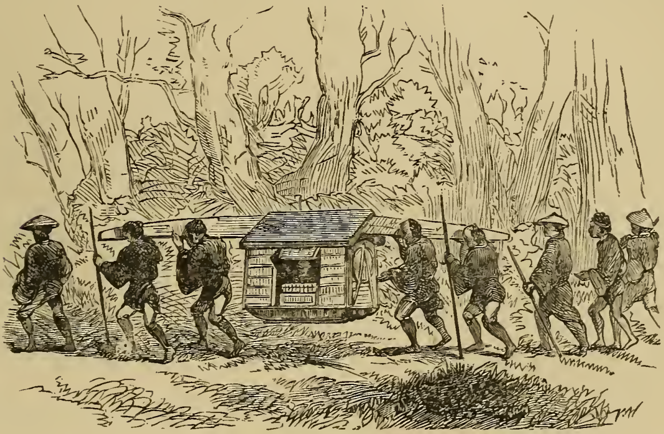
I began to realize the utter poverty and wretchedness of the people and the country of Japan. It was not an Oriental paradise, such as a reader of some books about it may have supposed. I had only a faint conception of it then. I saw it afterward, until the sight oppressed me like nightmare. At present, novelty lent its chromatic lenses, and tinged all my view. Then, too, I thought that the wretched weather and leaden sky had something to do with my feelings; and when the servant-maids brought water and waited on my companions, as they took off their wet boots, sandals, and socks, with such hearty cheer, merry smiles, and graceful skill, every thing looked as if sunshine had sifted through a cloud-rift.

I was quite restored to myself again by a sight that banished all disgust. A jolly-looking, fat girl was half hobbling, half staggering along on her clogs, her generous physique quivering like heaps of jelly. Her left hand grasped the cross-handle of a bucket of water, which was in a state of general splash, like herself. Her right arm, bared by her bag-like sleeves being bound to her armpits, was extended far over toward the ground to countervail gravity on the other side. I momentarily expected this buxom Gill to stumble and tumble; but not she. She knew her business too well. Her *tout ensemble*, her face reddened by exercise, her vigorous puffing, her belt flying in the wind, like Mr. Gough's coat-tails, were too funny to resist. My risibilities exploded; whereat hers did likewise. I cheerfully sat down, and let her wash my cold feet in warm water, which being over, I got up, entered the best room in the house, and curled up under a kotatsŭ.



Bringing Water to wash Travelers' Feet.
(Hokusai.)

We started off the next morning at eight o'clock. We were to walk eighteen miles before the end of our day's journey to Tsuruga, a sea-port town. Our party prepared for the journey over mountain-paths by taking off their riding sandals or heavy wooden clogs, and girding on the feet a pair of straw sandals, which they bought for eighty-five "cash" (less than one cent) per pair. For myself, a fine, large, and very handsome *norimono*, borne on the shoulders of two men, was provided. It was a fine, large box, like a palanquin, except that the pole by which it rested on the two men's shoulders passed through the top instead of being fastened at the centre, as in India. The one I rode in was gold-lacquered without, and richly upholstered and papered within, with neat curtains of bamboo split into fine threads. Once inside, there was room to sit down. If one does not mind being a little cramped, he can spend a day comfortably inside. For high lords and nobles four men are provided, and the long supporting bar is slightly curved to denote high rank. I entered the norimono in the presence of the entire village, including the small boys. The ride of a few hundred yards sufficed for me. The sights were too novel to miss seeing any thing, and so I got out and walked. I was not sorry for the change. The air was bracing, the scenery inspiring.


A Norimono.

A double pleasure rewards the pioneer who is the first to penetrate into the midst of a new people. Besides the rare exhilaration felt in treading soil virgin to alien feet, it acts like mental oxygen to look upon and breathe in a unique civilization like that of Japan. To feel that for ages millions of one's own race have lived and loved, enjoyed and suffered and died, living the fullness of life, yet without the religion, laws, customs, food, dress, and culture which seem to us to be the vitals of our social existence, is like walking through a living Pompeii.

Our path wound up from the village to a considerable height. On both sides of the mountain path and pass the ground was terraced into rice-fields, which were irrigated by the stream that is usually found flowing between two hills. During the day we went through valleys of ravishing beauty. In them the ground was divided into irrigated rice-fields, which were now bare, and dotted with the clumps of rice-stubble as it was left when cut by the reaper's hook. At intervals were small villages, surrounded by the universal and ever-beautiful bamboo. On both sides of the valley, bold hills, thickly clothed with pine and fir and solemn evergreen, rose to the clouds. And all along, with a frequency like that of mile-stones, stood the kosatsŭ (edict-boards), on which hung the slander and prohibition against Christianity. We were still in the province of Ōmi.

Frequently along the road I observed large, square posts of new wood, plentifully ornamented with Chinese characters, which marked the boundaries of the province, subdivision, or district. At noon we crossed the frontier of Ōmi and entered the province of Echizen, and at two o'clock that division of it which was under the jurisdiction of the Fukui Han. Being now within the dominions of "our prince," we expected evidences of it, in which we were not disappointed. At every village the *nanushi*, or head-men, arrayed in their best dress, came out to meet us, presenting their welcomes and congratulations. Sometimes they would salute us half a mile or more from the village, and after welcoming us, bowing literally to the earth, they would hasten on before and conduct us through the village to the extreme limit, and there take their adieu, with bows, kneelings, and *sayonara.* Toward evening, having lunched and rested two hours at noon, we arrived near Tsuruga, and were met by the officers of the city, and conducted to the best hotel in the place.

My eight companions were unusually merry that night, and, to add to their enjoyment, Melpomene, Terpsichore, and Hebe, or, in other words, two *geishas*, were present to dispense music, dancing, and saké. Several of the samurai danced what might be called stag-dances, from their novelty and vigor. I occupied myself in making notes of the day's trip. Iwabuchi had pointed out many places of historic interest, the lore of which I was not then, but was afterward, fully able to appreciate. I found in the room I occupied a work in Japanese, treating of the Opium War in China, with vivid illustrations of the foreign steamers, artillery, and tactics. It was well thumbed and dog-eared, having evidently been read and reread many times. It had been published in Japan shortly after the war in China, and prepared the Japanese mind for what they had to expect.

Tsuruga expects to become a great city some day.* It is to be the terminus of a railroad from Ōzaka and Kiōto. A canal is to connect its harbor with Lake Biwa—a scheme first proposed by Taira Shigémori, son of Kiyomori, in the twelfth century. It is to become the largest and wealthiest port on the west coast. I think there is good ground for these hopes. Its geographical position is every thing to be desired, and its harbor the best on the west coast.†

We made an early start. We were to reach Takéfu, a town about seventeen miles distant. We first walked down to the sea-shore, where I caught a splendid view of Tsuruga harbor, two-thirds of a circle of blue sea within rocky and timbered headlands. On the sandy strand were a dozen or more junks beached for the winter, propped and covered with straw mats. In one or two tall sheds made of poles and mats were the keels and frames of new junks, with new timber and copper lying near, and one nearly finished. They were all on the ancient model. Emerging into the road to Fukui, we came to the stone portal of a large Shintō temple.‡ Within a grove of grand old giant firs stood the simple shrine, without image, idol, or picture, save only the strips of white paper and the polished mirrors. My guards stopped, clapped their hands three times, placed them reverently together, bowed their heads, and uttered a prayer. The act was as touching as it was simple.

About seven-eighths of Echizen is mountain-land, and to-day was one of climbing. The snow lay eight and ten feet deep on each side the hard line of path. The path itself was only such as is made by the tramping of human feet and by horses. We were now in full force—foreigner, interpreter, guards, servants, and porters, about forty of whom carried our baggage. We were strung out over the white landscape in Indian file, numbering fifty-four persons in all. One coolie, the pioneer, had a can of kerosene on his back; another, my wraps and hand-baggage; another had his head under the seat of a rocking-chair, the space between the rockers being well packed. Others bore miscellaneous packages. When a box was too heavy for one man, it was slung on a pole and carried by two. The valleys were evidently, judging from their tracks, well stocked with rabbits and foxes, and in the rice-fields flocks of fat wild geese and ducks offered tempting marks, on which one of the samurai, who had a revolver, spent much vain powder. The white heron were plentiful, and occasionally we saw the huge storks, six feet high, stalking along the streams. On the hills where the path wound through the woods the snow had been disturbed by the wild boar. We stopped to rest at the house of a noted hunter, on whose floor lay three huge carcasses and tusked heads. He showed us his long, light spear, with which he had transfixed one hundred and thirteen wild hogs that winter. It had a triangular, bayonet-like blade. The village bought the meat of him, and what he had left over he sent to Tsuruga and Fukui. Monkeys were also plentiful in the woods.

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* Tsuruga was made the capital of Tsuruga *ken*, including the province of Echizen, in 1873; thus becoming an official seat, leaving Fukui in the background.

† A Japanese gazetteer or cyclopedia, in describing a city, is especially minute in regard to the history and traditions. It describes fully the temples, shrines, customs, and local peculiarities, and usually winds up by recounting the "famous scenes" or "natural beauties" of the place, whether it be Kiōto or Fukui. Thus the "Echizen Gazetteer" says: "The ten fine scenes ('sceneries,' as the beginners in English put it) of Tsuruga are—1st, the red plum-trees in the temple grounds of Kei; 2d, the full moon at Amatsutsu; 3d, the white sails of the returning junks seen from Kiōmidzŭ; 4th, the evening bells at Kanégasaki; 5th, the tea-houses at Iro; 6th, the dragon's light (phosphorescence) on the sea-shore; 7th, the verdure at Kushikawa; 8th, the evening snow on Nosaka; 9th, the travelers on Michinokuchi; 10th, the evening glow at Yasudama."

‡ The gods worshiped at these shrines are—Jingu Kōgō, mother of Ōjin Tennō; Ukémochi, the goddess of cereals and food; Yamato Daké, conqueror of the Kuantō; Ōjin Tennō, or Hachiman, god of war; Takénouchi, prime minister of Jingu; and Tamahimé, sister of the latter. The large granite *tori-i* was erected by Hidéyasŭ, first of the Tokugawa daimiōs of Echizen. Near the city are the ruins of old fortifications of Nitta Yoshisada, and Asakura Yoshikagi, the foe of Nobunaga.

In all the villages the people were on the lookout for the coming foreigner. The entire population, from wrinkled old men and stout young clowns, to hobbling hags, girls with red cheeks and laughing black eyes, and toddling children, were out. The women, babies, and dogs seemed especially eager to get a sight of the *tō-jin*, and see what sort of an animal he was. The village houses were built of a frame of wood, with wattles of bamboo smeared with mud, and having a thatched roof. Within, the floor was raised a foot or so above the ground, and covered with mats. When the rooms had partitions, they were made of a frame of wood covered with paper, and made to slide in grooves. In the middle of the floor was the fire-place. From the ceiling hung pot-hooks, pots, and kettles—one for tea, one for rice, another for radishes, beans, or bean-cheese. In these villages good-nature and poverty seemed to be the chief characteristics of the people. The old faces were smoke-dried and wrinkled, and the skin seemed to be tanned on the inside by long swilling of strong tea.

Village in Echizen.

Amidst this monotony of ugliness, I was glad to see the merry, twinkling black eyes, and red cheeks of pretty girls, and the sweet faces of children, rosy and chubby, spite of dirt and slush, as they paused in their work of making snow-men, to gaze upon the stranger. Most of the people, in addition to the usual Japanese dress, wore long, high boots of plaited straw, admirable for walking in the snow, called "Echizen boots," the worth of which I proved.

Our route for the next day lay through a lovely valley formed by a river. The rate of traveling had not been severe. The record of each day was very much like a page of the "Anabasis," and from two to four of Xenophon's parasangs were our daily journey. Long before I arrived at my place of destination, I found the way the Japanese have of doing things was not that of America, and that life in Japan would be a vastly different thing from the split-second life in New York. It took us three days and a half to do what I afterward accomplished easily, by the same means, in a day and a quarter. That large bodies move slowly is true, to an exasperating extent, in Japan. A journey of ten Japanese samurai means unlimited sleep, smoking of pipes, drinking of tea, and drowsy lounging. A little more tea, one more smoke, and the folding of the legs to sit, is the cry of the Japanese *yakunin.* Such things at first were torture, and a threat of insanity to me, when I found that time had no value, and was infinitely cheaper than dirt in Japan. Finally, I became, under protest, used to it. On this occasion I rather enjoyed it. My eyes were not full of seeing yet, and, though impatient to reach my field of labor, yet this was the grand manner of traveling, and best for heart and eye and memory. Besides, it would be undignified to make haste in the prince's own dominions, and the porters, under their heavy loads, must not be hurried. It also gave me opportunity to learn from my interpreter every thing of historic, local, and legendary interest, and thus fit myself to appreciate what I afterward had read to me from the "Gazetteer of Echizen."

Twelve miles from Fukui, I found an officer of the daimiō, who had been sent to meet and welcome me. After being introduced, he offered me presents of a duck, and a box, handsomely wrapped in white paper, and tied in cord of red and white, and filled with gorgeously colored red, green, and yellow sweetmeats. We were to rest at Takéfu for the night, and next morning take horses and ride to Fukui. Meanwhile there was to be a grand dinner. Iwabuchi and I sallied out to see the town.

It was a poor place. It had formerly been of more importance, and named Fuchiu,* but had declined. It numbered probably twelve thousand people, having thirty-four streets, and two thousand eight hundred and forty-nine houses, and, being a post-relay town, twenty-five houses were kept for hire to travelers. The streets were broad, and a stream of water flowed between stone banks in the middle of the street. There were many iron-workers; and broad knives, hoes, scissors, the rude plow-coulters, and the most useful articles of Japanese domestic cutlery were special productions. One of Nobunaga's most famous arrow-makers came from Takéfu. Macaroni and vermicelli, hemp and hempen cloth, were also staples. The Government edicts were posted up conspicuously on a stone platform, with imposing roofed frame of substantial timber. Two or three temples, with spacious grounds and lofty trees, the stone path flanked by two immense stone or bronze lanterns, were among the adornments of the place.

Familiarity, like a leaven, was breeding contempt, as I began to see what actual Japanese life was. I thanked God I was not of the race and soil. Was it Pharisaical?

We returned to the hotel—not very inviting without, but attractive within. In two fine large rooms brilliant screens of gold and silver spangled paper, or depicted with battle-scenes, such as the destruction of the Mongol fleet in 1281, and the capture of Kamakura by Nitta in 1333, and of Kiōtō court life, were ranged along the wall, and braziers of figured bronze shed a genial glow through the mellow-lighted room. They had placed a new-made table for the foreigner to eat by himself. The officers, now twelve in number, and the chief men of the town sat round the floor in an oval. Four girls, all of them good-looking, brought in, not the dishes, but each time a tableful of dishes, and set one before each guest. Forthwith the meal began.

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* Fuchiu, was formerly the general name of the capital of a province. The word means "interior of the government." After the Restoration, in 1868, the mikado's government changed the names of the many towns all over the empire, named Fuchiu, among which were those in Echizen and Suruga, the latter being called Shidzŭōka (peaceful hill).

On fourteen little tables, each a foot square, four inches high, made of wood lacquered black, and lustrous as jet, were as many pairs of chopsticks made of new, clean wood, ready bifurcated but unsplit, to show they had not been used. The maids attended, with full tubs of steaming rice and pots of tea, to replenish the rapidly emptied bowls. Fish, boiled eggs, lobster, and various made-dishes were served on enormous porcelain plates the size of the full moon. The nimble tapering fingers of the laughing girls handed out their contents. Then came the warm saké. The tiny cups circulated around, the girls acting as Hebes. Smoking and story-telling followed after the candles were brought in. In the evening, after each had enjoyed his hot bath, the quilts were spread, and the top-knotted heads were laid on their wooden pillows and paper pillow-cases, and sleep, dreams, and snores had attained their maximum of perfection before nine o'clock. In my dream, I was at home in America, but failed to catch the train to get back to Japan.

Twelve horses, saddled and bridled, were ready next morning, which was the 4th of March. After the last pipe had been smoked, the last cup of tea drank, and the last joke cracked, with swords thrust in girdle, wooden helmet tied on head under the chin, and straw sandals in stirrup, the cavalcade moved. We started off slowly through the town and crowded streets, and out into the valley toward Fukui. It was a day of wind, light showers, and fitful flakes of snow, alternating with rifts of sunlight that lent unearthly grandeur to the wrinkled hills. A brisk ride of two hours brought us within sight of Fukui. We were in a level plain between two walls of mountains. Just as Nakamura cried out, "Yonder is Fukui," a burst of sunshine threw floods of golden glory over the city.

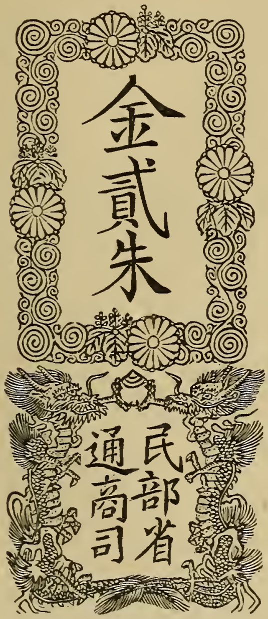
I shall never forget my emotions, in that sudden first glimpse of the city embowered in trees, looming across the plain, amidst the air laden with snow-flakes, and seen in the light reflected from storm-clouds. There were no spires, golden-vaned; no massive pediments, façades, or grand buildings such as strike the eye on beholding a city in the Western world. I had formed some conception of Fukui while in America: something vaguely grand, mistily imposing—I knew not what. I now saw simply a dark, vast array of low-roofed houses, colossal temples, gables, castle-towers, tufts of bamboo, and groves of trees. This was Fukui.

As usual, officers came out at the city limits to meet us. We rode through the streets, thronged with eagerly curious people. The thoroughfares were those of an ordinary Japanese town, not of my ideal Fukui. In a few minutes we crossed a bridge over a river, suddenly stopped, entered the gate of a handsome court-yard lined with trees, and before the door of a fine large old house dismounted and entered. I was welcomed by several officers, all in their best silks, swords, sandals, and top-knots, with bows, and such awkward but hearty handshakings as men unused to it might be supposed to achieve.

I then entered my future abode. It was a Japanese house, foreignized by American comforts. All the partitions and windows were of glass. A Peekskill stove, with pipe and fire, was up, and glowing a welcome. I found a handsome bedstead, wash-stand, and good furniture. How did all this come here? I soon understood it, for one merry-eyed officer told me, in broken English, "I been in New York. I understand. You like?" I immediately seized the speaker's hand, and made him my friend. Sasaki (well named Tree of Help) was afterward my right-hand man. Then followed the dinner. This feature of foreign civilization was specially attractive to the Japanese. To sit at a huge table on chairs, with plates, knives, forks, casters, and *épergne;* to experience the pomp and circumstance of soup, fish, vegetables, flesh, and fowl, with the glittering gastronomic tools; to tickle the palate and gorge the stomach with meat and wine and luscious sweets, seemed to them a sure proof of the superiority of foreign civilization. Eight of us sat down to a foreign dinner of manifold courses of fluid and solid fare, my own cook having arrived in Fukui the day before. The officers left me, and I spent the day in unpacking trunks, and adorning my room so as to give an American home-look to my quarters.

In the evening I had a call from an officer who came to pay his respects to the foreign instructor. I invited him to stay to supper. He did so. Fortunately he understood a little English, having spent some time in Yokohama. He gave me much useful information. He invited me to make his home a place of daily resort. He offered to assist me in the choice of a good servant, a good horse, the best flowers, pictures, curiosities, and whatever I might wish to buy. He also taught me the value, symbols, and denominations of the local paper money of Fukui. I was already familiar with the national kinsatsŭ (money cards). A fac-simile of a *nishiu* piece, worth about twelve cents, is given in the cut. The ten and one riō (dollar), and bu (quarter) pieces are much larger. The dragons with horns, hair, scales, claws, and mustaches, jewel and mikado crests, are very conspicuous. The Chinese characters read "Money, nishiu," and "Mim Bu Shō, Currency Office."

For centuries past, every great daimiō has issued paper money current only in his *han*. There are over one hundred local varieties in the empire, of varied colors, values, and sizes. The Fukui denominations were one-tenth, one-fifth, one-half: one, three, five, ten, and fifty cents. The designs on them are the God of Wealth, the treasure-ship which every Japanese hopes to have "come in," the pile of kobans (oval gold coins) which he expects to "raise," bags of rice—the standard of value—dragons, flowers, birds, and the zoölogy of the zodiac.



Fac-simile of Kinsatsŭ. Issue of 1869.

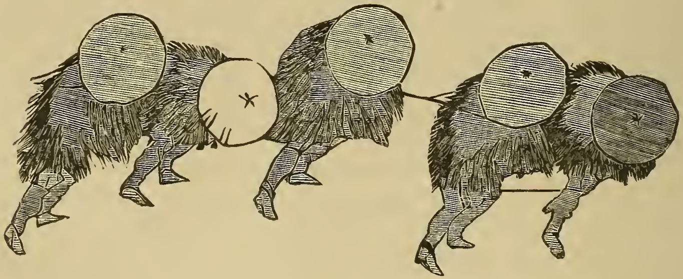
The officer further said I must have relaxation. He offered to show me the fairest and brightest maiden, whom I might bring to my house, and make my playmate. I thanked him, and accepted all his offers but the last.

The night was clear and cold. The same familiar stars glittered overhead as those seen in the home sky. The wild geese sailed in the bright air, the moon bathing their plumage in silver. The temple-bell boomed solemnly as I lay down to rest.

VIII.

RECEPTION BY THE DAIMIŌ.—MY STUDENTS.

THE next day was a Sabbath in a Sabbathless land. I awoke to find a perfect day—a heaven of cloudless blue, and every thing quiet and still. How should I spend Sunday here? There were no church-bells pealing, no church, no pews, no pulpit, no street-cars, no pavement, no Sunday-school, no familiar friends. I walked to the gate of the court-yard and looked out upon the street. Business and traffic were going on as usual. The samurai on clogs, in his silk and crested coat, swords in girdle and cue on clean-shorn crown, was walking on, in his dignity, as the lord of society. The priest, in his flowing crape and brocade collar, with shaven head, and rosary on wrist, was on his way to the temple. The merchant, in his plain, wadded cotton clothes, tight breeches, and white-thonged sandals of straw, was thinking of his bargains. The laborer, half naked and half covered in the fabrics of Eden, in sandals of rice-straw, tunic, and hat, making himself a fulcrum for his scale-like method of carrying heavy burdens, passed staggering by. A file of his brethren, with hats in the shape of inverted wash-bowls, engaged on some heavy work at the river-side, were resting on a log, looking, in the distance, like a row of exaggerated toad-stools. The seller of fish, vegetables, oil, and



On the Tow-path. (Hokusai.)

bean-cheese, each uttering his trade-cry, ambled on. On the opposite shore, with ropes over their shoulders, a gang of straw-clad men—not mules—were towing a boat up stream, against the current.

I returned indoors. Breakfast over, I sought the companionship of my dear, silent friends, which I had brought with me, and which had not yet been arranged, though I had already made my plans for a book-case. It was about half-past nine, when the gate at the end of the court-yard opened, and in rode Nakamura, my guard of yesterday. Behind him came three of the daimiō's grooms, one of them leading a gorgeously caparisoned horse. The grooms were dressed in only one garment, a loose blue coat coming to a little below the hips, with socks on his feet, and the usual white loin-cloth around his waist. On the back of his coat was the crest of his prince. The horse was the most richly dressed. It was decked as if for a tournament or ball. Its tail was incased in a long bag of figured blue silk, which was tied at the root with red silk cord and tassels. The hair of the mane and top-knot was collected into a dozen or more tufts bound round with white silk, and resembling so many brushes or pompons. The saddle was an elaborate piece of furniture, lacquered and gilded with the crests of Tokugawa. The saddle-cloths and flaps were of corrugated leather, stamped in gold. The stirrups were as large as shovels, and the rider, removing his sandals when he mounted, rested the entire soles of his feet in them. The material was bronze, ornamented with a mosaic of silver and gold. The bridle was a scarf of silk, and the bit and halter different from any I had seen elsewhere. From the saddle, crupper, and halter depended silken cords and tassels. Altogether, it reminded me of one of the steeds on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The horse had been sent to convey me to meet the prince and his chief officers, who were to receive me in the main room of the Han Chō, or Government Office. Nakamura was to escort me, and Iwabuchi was to be present, to speak for us.

We mounted and rode along the wide street facing the castle-moat, which was lined on one side by the yashikis of the chief men of the clan, and called Daimiō Avenue. A few minutes' ride brought us to one of the gates called Priests' Gate, and, riding inside of another wall and moat, we reached the main entrance to the Han Chō, and dismounted. The gate was the same as that seen in front of all large yashikis and official places in Japan, like two massive crosses with their arms joined end to end. We passed up the broad stone path through a yard covered with pebbles. Before the door was a large raised portico or vestibule. Kneeling pages waited to receive us, and an officer in rustling silk came out to welcome us.

We removed our shoes and entered. Passing along a corridor of soft and scrupulously clean mats, we reached the hall of audience, into which we were ushered with due ceremony. The pages and attendants kneeled down, while the daimiō and his six ministers rose to receive us. Tables, chairs, and hand-shakings were new things then, yet they were there. I advanced and bowed to the prince, who approached me and extended his hand, uttering what I afterward learned were words of welcome. After shaking hands, he put an autograph letter in my hand. Iwabuchi from the first had fallen down on his hands, knees, and face, and talked with uplifted eyes. I was next introduced to his long-named high retainers, and then we all sat down to the table. It was piled up with tall pyramids of half-peeled oranges and sliced sponge-cake—the usual orthodox Japanese refreshments. In the centre was a huge bouquet, composed entirely of twigs of plum blossoms and the steely, silver-glossy shoots of a wild plant, surrounded at the base with camellias of many tints, both single and double. The little pages—pretty boys of ten or twelve—brought us tiny cups of tea in metal sockets. As we lifted out the cups, they bowed low, and slid away.

The prince and his ministers handed me their cards, imposing slips of white paper, inscribed with their names and titles in Chinese characters. They were as follows:

Matsudaira Mochiaki, Governor of the Fukui Han; Ogasawara Morinori, *Daisanji* (Great Minister); Murata Ujihisa, *Daisanji* (Great Minister); Sembon Hisanobu (Vice-great Minister); Otani (Minister); Omiya Sadakiyo (Chamberlain).

Then followed a lively conversation, which kept Iwabuchi's two tongues busy for nearly an hour. Icy etiquette melted into good-humor, and good-humor flowed into fun. At the end of that time we had made the mutual discovery that we could get along together very well. American freedom and Japanese ease made strangers friends. Education and culture easily bridge the gulf that lies between two races, religions, and civilizations. I felt perfectly at home in the presence of these courtly and polished gentlemen, and an hour passed very pleasantly.

The daimiō's autograph letter ran as follows:

"It is a matter of congratulation that the President of your country is in good health.

"I greatly rejoice and am obliged to you that you have arrived so promptly from so great distance over seas and mountains, to teach the sciences to the youth of Fukui.

"Concerning matters connected with the school and students, the officers in charge of education will duly consult you.

"As Fukui is a secluded place, you will be inconvenienced in many respects. Whenever you have need of any thing, please make your wants known without ceremony.

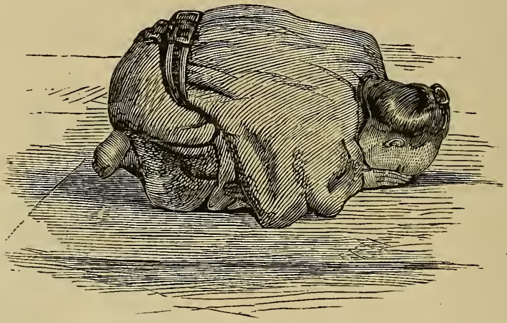
"MATSUDAIRA, *Fukui Han-Chiji.*"

These words struck the key-note of my whole reception in Fukui. During the entire year of my residence, unceasing kindnesses were showered upon me. From the prince and officers to the students, citizens, and the children, who learned to know me and welcome me with smiles and bows and "Good-morning, teacher," I have nothing to record but respect, consideration, sympathy, and kindness. My eyes were opened. I needed no revolver, nor were guards necessary. I won the hearts of the people, and among the happiest memories are those of Fukui.

Among those whom I learned to love was the little son of the daimiō, a sprightly, laughing little fellow, four or five years old, with snapping eyes, full of fun, and as lively as an American boy. Little Matsudaira wore a gold-hilted short sword in his girdle; while a lad of thirteen, his sword-bearer, attended him, to carry the longer badge of rank. His head was shaved, except a round space like a cap, from which a tiny cue projected. The photograph which his father gave me and the wood-cut do but scant justice to the exquisitely delicate brown tint of his skin, flushed with health, his twinkling black eyes, his rosy cheeks, and his arch ways, that convinced his mother that he was the most beautiful child ever born of woman. I often met him in Fukui and, later, in Tōkiō. He is to be educated in the United States.

A Little Daimiō. (From a photograph.)

As yet I had seen little of the city in which I expected to dwell for three years. I had reached the goal of my journeyings. Hitherto, in all my travels, Fukui loomed up in my imagination, and, spite of my actual experience of Japanese towns, the ideal Fukui was a grand city. All the excitement of travel was now over, and I was to see the actual Fukui. I rode around the castle circuit, and out into the city, and for a long distance through its streets. I was amazed at the utter poverty of the people, the contemptible houses, and the tumble-down look of the city, as compared with the trim dwellings of an American town. I rode through many streets, expecting at last to emerge into some splendid avenue. I rode in vain; and, as I rode, the scales fell from my eyes. There was no more excitement now to weave films of glamour before my vision. I saw through the achromatic glasses of actuality. I realized what a Japanese—an Asiatic city—was. All the houses of wood, the people poor, the streets muddy, few signs of wealth, no splendid shops. Talk of Oriental magnificence and luxury! What nonsense! I was disgusted. My heart sunk. A desperate fit of the blues seized me. I returned home, to chew the cud of gloomy reflections.



Servant before his Master.

Fukui was the home of Kusakabé, my former student, who died in New Brunswick. His father had heard of my coming. In the afternoon he called to see me. A lacquered trayful of very fine oranges, on which lay the peculiarly folded paper, betokening a gift, and a slip of paper written with Chinese characters—the visiting-card—was handed me by Sahei, who, as usual, fell down on all fours, with face on his hands, as though whispering to the floor. It was the Oriental way of visiting with a gift in the hand. He had come to the house by way of the rear instead of the front gate, in token of humility on his part and honor to me. I bid my servant usher him in, and a sad-looking man of fifty or more years entered. Through Iwabuchi his story was soon told. His wife had died of grief on hearing of her son dying a stranger in a strange land. Two very young sons were living. His other children, five in number, were dead. His house was left unto him desolate. I gave him the gold key of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Rutgers College, into which his son had been elected, he having stood at the head of his class. His father received the emblem reverently, lifting it to his forehead.

On the next day my regular work was to begin. Horses were sent again, and I rode to the school, a building which was the citadel of the castle, and was once the residence of the old prince. I was met by the officers of the school in the room I was to occupy. On the table were sponge-cake, oranges, and plum-blossom bouquets, as usual, while the omnipresent tea was served, and the tiny pipes were smoked. It was very evident that the men who had been desirous of a teacher of chemistry had very nebulous ideas about what that science was. However, they were ready, with money and patience, to furnish the necessary apparatus and lecture-room; and our preliminaries being agreed on, I was conducted through the other rooms to see the sights of the school.

I was surprised to find it so large and flourishing. There were in all about eight hundred students, comprised in the English, Chinese, Japanese, medical, and military departments. A few had been studying English for two or three years, under native teachers who had been in Nagasaki. In the medical department I found a good collection of Dutch books, chiefly medical and scientific, and a fine pair of French dissection models, of both varieties of the human body. In the military school was a library of foreign works on military subjects, chiefly in English, several of which had been translated into Japanese. In one part of the yard young men, book, diagram, or trowel in hand, were constructing a miniature earthwork. The school library, of English and American books—among which were all of Kusakabé's—was quite respectable. In the Chinese school I found thousands of boxes, with sliding lids, filled with Chinese and Japanese books. Several hundred boys and young men were squatted on the floor, with their teachers, reading or committing lessons to memory, or writing the Chinese characters. Some had already cut off their top-knots.*

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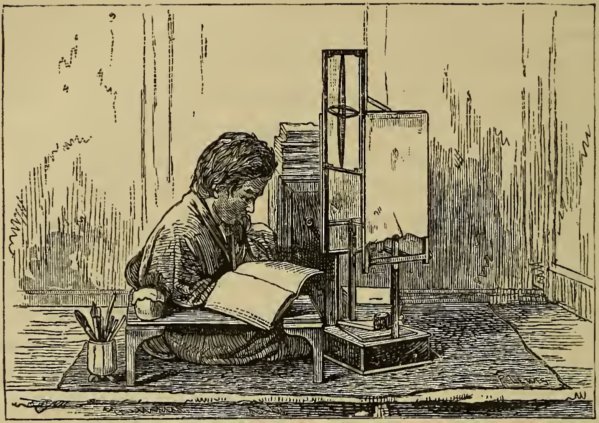
* In one of the popular street-songs hawked about and sung in the streets of



Student burning the Midnight Oil. (Photograph from life.)

At one end of the buildings were large, open places devoted to physical exercise. Several exhibitions of trials of skill in fencing and wrestling were then made for my benefit. Six of the students repaired to the armory and put on the defensive mail, to shield themselves in the rough work before them—as Japanese swords are for use with both hands, having double-handed hilts without guards. The foils for fencing are made of round, split bamboo, and a good blow will make one smart, and bruise the flesh. So the fencing-master and students first donned a corselet, with shoulder-plates of hardened hide padded within, and heavily padded gauntlets. On their heads were wadded caps, having a barred visor of stout iron grating. Taking their places, with swords crossed, they set to. All the passes are cut-

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Fukui, Ōzaka, and Tōkiō, at this time was a stanza satirizing the three fashions of wearing the hair: in Western style; in the fashion of the Ōsei, or ante-feudal era; and the orthodox samurai mode. One's political proclivities were thus expressed by his hair. An unshaven head with all the hair worn, but made into a top-knot cue, marked the wearer as a "mikado-reverencer," or believer in the principles of the Ōsei era. A head shaven on the mid-scalp and temples, with cue, denoted one who clung to the mediæval ideals of feudalism. A short-haired head, clipped and cueless, like a Westerner, was a sign of foreignizing tendencies. The students led this fashion. The cut represents one at night, studying by the light of his paper lantern, inside which is a dish of oil, with pith wick. To the right of his little study-table are his brush-pens, in their usual porcelain receptacle; and behind him is his library or book-case, in which the books are ranged, with their edges outward. In a Japanese library, the titles of all works are marked on their edge as well as the cover.

ting blows, thrusting being unknown. Pretty severe whacks are given, and some bruising done, spite of armor. Foils are used up like lances in a tournament. The young men kept up the mimic battle for fifteen minutes, or as long as their wind and muscle lasted, and the severe ordeal was over, the victory being won by those who had given what would have been disabling wounds had swords been used. Then followed, by another set of students, the spear exercise. Long spears were used first, and several fine passes in carte and tierce were made; the offensive and defensive were tried alternately, to show me all the various thrusts and foils of the science.

The party having short spears succeeded, the manœuvres being different. So far it was mere scientific display, no one being severely punched. At a signal of the clappers another set took blunt spears, leaped into the arena, and a sham fight began, the thrusts being real lunges that knocked down and bruised the limbs or damaged the breathing apparatus of the man put *hors du combat* quite badly. In about five minutes half the party were down, and the remainder, all crack lances, continued the battle for several minutes longer, with some fine display, but no mortal thrusts. They were called off, and the men with sword and cross-spear began a trial of skill. The cross-spear is long, like a halberd, with a two-edged blade set at right angles across it within six inches from the top. It is intended especially for defense against a sword, or a horse soldier. In this instance, one or two of the swordsmen were jerked to the floor or had their helmets torn off; while, on the other side, the halberdiers suffered by having their poles struck by severing blows of their opponents' swords or actually received the "pear-splitter" stroke which was supposed to cleave their skulls.

Next followed wrestling. Though a cold day in winter, the students were dressed only in coarse sleeveless coats of hemp cloth. Approaching each other, they clinched and threw. The object seemed to be to show how an unarmed man might defend himself. Wrestlings and throwings were followed by sham exhibitions that bore a frightful resemblance to real choking, dislocation of arm, wringing of the neck, etc. Throughout the exhibition, the contestants, while attacking each other, uttered unearthly yells and exclamations. I was highly impressed with the display, and could not fail to admire the splendid, manly physique of many of the lads.

I waited to see the school dismissed, that I might see my pupils in the open air. At the tapping of the clapperless bell, the students put away their brushes, ink-stones, and sticks of ink, wrapped up their books and portable matter in square pieces of silk or calico, making neat bundles; put their short swords, which lay at their sides, in their girdles; and each and all bowing low, with face to the floor, to their teachers, rose up and went, first, to the sword-room to put on their long swords. This was a large apartment near the entrance, in which were rows of numbered racks, containing seven hundred or more swords. Each student presented his check or ticket of branded pine wood, and his sword was handed him by one of the keepers. Thrusting it in his girdle, and adjusting the pair, each scholar passed to the clog-room, where seven hundred pairs of clogs or sandals were stowed in numbered order. These set on the ground, and the owner's toes bifurcating into the thong, the student added a half-cubit to his stature, and trudged homeward. The scraping and clatter of hundreds of wooden clogs over the long stone bridge were deafening. All were bare-headed, with the top-knot, cue, and shaven mid-scalp, most of them with bare feet on their clogs, and with their characteristic dress, swagger, fierce looks, bare skin exposed at the scalp, neck, arms, calves, and feet, with their murderous swords in their belts, they impressed upon my memory a picture of feudalism I shall never forget.

As I walked, I wondered how long it would require to civilize such "barbarians." Here were nearly a thousand young samurai. What was one teacher among so many? Could it be possible that these could be trained to be disciplined students? These were my thoughts then. A few months later, and I had won their confidence and love. I found they were quite able to instruct me in many things. I need fear to lose neither politeness nor sense of honor among these earnest youth. In pride and dignity of character, in diligence, courage, gentlemanly conduct, refinement and affection, truth and honesty, good morals, in so far as I knew or could see, they were my peers. Love is always blind, they say. Was it so in this case?

IX.

LIFE IN A JAPANESE HOUSE.

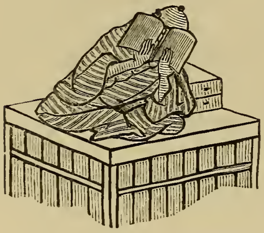
Now that the excitement of travel was over, I settled down to my duties, to survey the place and surroundings, and to try and understand the life around me. I first examined my quarters.

The old mansion assigned to me was one hundred and ninety-seven years old. It had been in possession of the same family during that period. The house had been built on part of the site of Shibata's old castle, in which he and his band committed *hara-kiri* and underwent voluntary cremation. Across the river rose Atago yama. On this hill, Hidéyoshi encamped with his army. A few score feet to the west of my gate was a stone on which tradition says Shibata stood when he drew an arrow to the head, and shot it into his enemy's camp, splitting the pole of the canopy, or mammoth umbrella, under which Hidéyoshi sat. The moat which bounded the north side of my estate was part of the old fortress, and a few rods eastward stood a gate-way still intact, though no "harsh thunder" could be grated from its hinges, which rust had long united together. My whole estate was classic soil, and I suspect more than one old conservative growled to see the foreigner on the spot made sacred by Echizen's greatest hero, whose devotion to Yamato damashi ideals had been attested in blood, fire, and ashes.

It was a grand old house of solid timber, with spacious rooms, and long, well-lighted corridors. It was sixty feet broad, by one hundred feet deep. Though of one story, it had an immense and lofty sloping roof and shaggy eaves. The rooms numbered twelve in all. The floors were laid with soft neat mats, and the paper sliding screens could all be taken out, if need were, to make a hall of vast area with many square columns. The corridors, which were ten feet wide, passed outside the rooms, yet were part of the house. The walls, where solid, were papered. The ceiling, of fine grained wood, was twelve feet from the floor. In the rear were the kitchen and servants' quarters.

The entire estate comprised about ten acres, the sides of which, extending inward to a depth of thirty feet, were lined with the dwellings of the former retainers and servants. In the central area had been gardens and stables.

All these accessories to the mansion were in the rear. The front of the house looked out upon a long, beautiful garden. To the left was a wall of tiles and cement, too high for any inquisitive eyes to peep over, which extended all around the inclosure. Along the inner side was a row of firs. These trees had been planted by the first ancestor of the family that had followed Hidéyasŭ to Fukui in the sixteenth century. They were now tall and grave sentinels, of mighty girth and wide-spreading limbs, that measured their height by rods and their shadows by furlongs. By day they cast grateful shade, and at night sifted the moonbeams, over the path. Near the end of the court-yard was the main gate, made of whole tree-trunks, and crowned by an imposing roof. Just within it was the porter's lodge, where a studious old *mom-ban* (gate-keeper) kept watch and ward over the portal, through which none could enter except men of rank and office. He usually had his nose inside a book when I saw him, for he was a great reader, and near-sighted. Near the lodge was a clump of trees, and beneath their shadow and protection had been the family shrine. It was an ark cut out of solid stone, four feet high. Within it had been the sacred vases, mirror, and white paper, all holy symbols of the Shintō faith, which the family professed. All around the now neglected garden were blossoming camellias, red as maiden blushes, or white as unstained innocence. On another hillock, tufted here and there with azaleas and asters, were several dwarfed pines. The rockery and fish-pond, long neglected, were overgrown and scarcely perceptible. Evidently it had been a charming place of great beauty, for the traces were yet to be seen of former care and adornment. To the right was an arm of one of the castle moats, full of running water. Beyond its banks and mossy and flower-decked stone walls were the gardens of several samurai families, in which sweet rosy-cheeked children played, or boys fished, or pretty girls came down to look at the lotus-flowers. The echo of their merry laugh often reached me. In the deep parts of the stream, clear as crystal, darted the black, silvery, or speckled fish; while in the shallower portions great turtles crawled and stuck their


The Studious Gate-keeper.

wedge-like noses above the water. In summer the lotus-flowers grew and bloomed, slowly rising from the long roots in the ooze, unfolding their first emerging tips into glorious concave shields of green, two feet in diameter, corded beneath like the veins of a gladiator, and holding on their bosses translucent pebbles of dew. Then rose the closed bolls, like a clasped hand that trembled with the trembling water, giving no sign of the beauty within — the mighty flower in its bosom. Then, as the sunshine of summer fell aslant the cool water, the boll, tenderly and shyly, as if afraid, unfolded day by day until the splendid revelation of the lotus was complete. Massive shield and glorious flower made a picture of unearthly loveliness to the child who strove to pluck the remote beauty, or to the adult to whom the lotus-flower is the emblem of eternal calm. The little Japanese child who first, with the glorifying eyes of childhood, looks upon its purity, finds in it an object of unspeakable delight. The mature believer in Buddha sees in it shadowed forth creative power, universe, and world-growth. The "lotus springs from the mud" is ever the answer of the Asiatic to him who teaches that the human heart is corrupt, and unable to cleanse itself. The calyx of the lotus is a triangle whose base is a circle—symbols of spirit and form, of eternity and triunity. In Nirvana, Buddha sits on a lotus-flower. As the mortal body of the believer approaches the cremation house, that the borrowed elements of his body may be liberated from their fleshly prison and returned to their primordial earth and air, a stone carved to represent a lotus-flower receives the bier. To the Buddhist the lotus is a thing of beauty, a joy forever, because the constant symbol of poetic and religious truth.

I was glad they had put me in this old mansion. It was full of suggestive history. It had been a home. Pagan, heathen, Asiatic—it mattered not; it was a home. Here in this garden the infant had been carried until a child—growing up, the playmate of the flowers and birds, amidst Nature, until it knew her moods, and loved her with the passionate fondness for her which is so intense in the people of these islands. Here children played among the flowers, caught their first butterflies, began their first stratagem by decoying the unwary fish with the hook, and picked off the lotus petals for banners, the leaves for sun-shades, and the round seeds to eat, or roll like marbles. Then, as the boys grew up, they put on the swords, shaved off their fore-hair, and progressed in the lore of Chinese sages and native historians, and were fired with the narratives of the exploits of Taikō and Yoritomo and Iyéyasŭ; while the girls grew in womanly grace and beauty, and perfected themselves in household etiquette and studied the "Woman's Great Learning." Then had come the marriage ceremonial, with no spoken vows, and made without priest or official, followed by festal cheer, wine, music, dance, and exchange of presents. Here the bride became mother. Hence, after one hundred days, she went with her child to the temple, where the robed and shaven bonze wrote a name-charm, and put it in the child's prayer-bag. In this house had been celebrated many a household festival. These rooms had echoed with merry laughter, or resounded with the groans and sobs of grief. Hence had gone out the funeral procession, when the bodies of loved parents were borne to the grave or the cremarium. The funeral cortége, with lanterns, and hearse of pure white wood borne on four men's shoulders, with robed bonzes and men in ceremonial dress and muffled swords, and women in pure white robes and half-moon-like caps of floss silk,

The Wedding Party. (From a Japanese painting on silk.)

had passed out this gate. Prayers had been read, candles lighted, bells tinkled, the corpse laid on the pyre, and the fire lighted by the brother of the deceased, and the ashes deposited in the vase in the family monument in that cemetery beside the mountain yonder. In this family oratory a new black tablet, gilt-lettered, was set among the ancestral names, to be honored through coming generations.

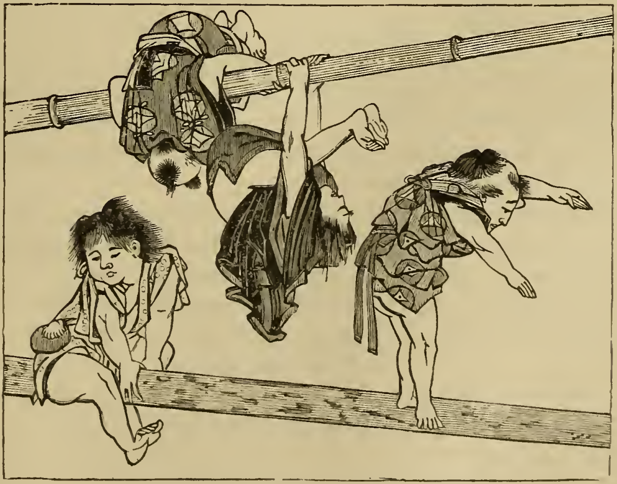
Every day some new discovery showed me that this had been a home. Birth, marriage, death, sickness, sorrow, joy, banquet—all the fullness of life, though not like ours, had sanctified it. I thought of the many journeys to Yedo and Kiōto of the father on business, the sons on travel for culture and education, and the daughter for religion's sake, or to the distant home of her husband. I pictured the festival days, the feast of dolls for the girls, when the great nursery-room was decked with all the rich toys with which girls delight to mimic the real life of motherhood and housekeeping, which is but a few years off. There stood the bamboo poles on which was hung the huge paper carp, to show that a boy had been born during the year, or that the heir of the house would rise in the world and surmount all difficulties, like a carp leaps the water-fall. New-year's-day had come to this house, the only time when profound Sabbath reigns in Japan. Then the servants and retainers pledged anew their loyalty, congratulated their master, and received gifts of money and clothes. I thought of the religious festivals when the mansion and all the tenantry of the estate hung out gay lanterns, and the master's household, like a great heart, sympathized in the birth, death, marriage, sorrow, or joy of the tenantry. Thus, for centuries in this dwelling, and on this ancestral estate, lived the family in peace and prosperity.

Then came foreigners and many troubles—civil war, revolution, the overthrow of the shōgun, the restoration of the mikado, the threatened abolition of the feudal system. Great changes altered the condition of Fukui. The revenues of the estate were reduced, the family moved to humbler quarters, the retainers and tenantry dispersed, and now the foreigner was here.

All this I found out gradually, but with each bit of revelation the old mansion wore new charms. I loved to walk in the grand old garden at night, shut in from all but the stars and the faint murmur of the city, and the few glimmering lights on the mountain across the river, or when the moon sifted her beams through the tall firs, or bathed her face among the lotus-flowers in the moat, or silvered the ivy on the wall. I had come hither to be a builder of knowledge, to help bring the new civilization that must destroy the old. Yet it was hard to be an iconoclast. I often asked myself the question—Why not leave these people alone? They seem to be happy enough; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. The sacredness of human belief and reverence had consecrated even the old shrine, and other hands than mine must remove the stones of the deserted fane What vulgarity to make a dining-room of the family oratory, where the ancestral tablets once stood, and the sacred lights and incense burned! I found tied to the front of the house a case of light wood, containing an amulet, written in Sanskrit and Chinese, for the protection of the house. I took it down, for I had no faith in its protection; but I kept it carefully as a curious memento, because others had trusted in it, and every thing human is sacred, even faith, if our own is. I found nailed on the inner lintel of the great gate a pile of charms of thin wood, to ward off disease and evil. One had been added every year, like strata upon strata, until the deposit was a half-foot thick. They had on them the name and seal of the temple in which they had been written, and were inscribed with Sanskrit quotations from the sacred books.

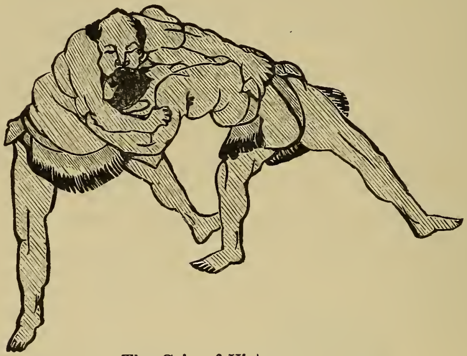
Under the new administration, the *personnel* of my establishment was as follows: My interpreter, Iwabuchi, occupied a pleasant little house in the rear and within call, so as to be ready to assist me when visitors came, though most of them went first to Iwabuchi's house. I found that even in the kitchen the feudal spirit of grades and ranks was strictly observed. My cook had an assistant, who himself had a small boy, who often hired other small boys to do his work. My "boy," or body-servant, had another man to help him. Even the bettō, or groom, employed an underling to do all the actual manual work. Theoretically, it required a large force of men to guard and wait on the foreigner, and I was amazed to find myself so famous and surrounded.

To begin at the height of rank and honor: first, there was the daimiō's officer, who had been appointed to look after my wants. He had an office for daily use in one of the distant rooms of the building. Under him was a subofficial, and also a clerk. These three men were considered necessary, as foreigners were known to have many wants, to require troublesome attention. Then, the foreigner was a stranger in the city and neighborhood, and as the people were unfamiliar with men of his strange breed, some of them might insult him, or a wandering *jo-i* (foreigner-hater) might kill him, in which case an indemnity of fifty thousand dollars would have to be paid by the Government. Hence, four stalwart samurai, each with their two swords, were set apart for my protection. These escorted me to and from school, and went with me in my walks and rides, and at first were very serviceable guides, until my familiarity with the language and people, and my perception of their perfectly harmless character, made these armed men bores. They performed duty on alternate days, and occupied a part of the long house to the left. Then, there were five or six of the larger students, who wished to live near their teacher. They occupied another room under the same roof with the four guards. At the rear entrance to the inclosure of my house was another gate and porter's lodge, in which a man kept watch and ward, admitting none but the privileged, though all who entered here were of much lower rank than those who came to the front gate. To man the two gates—front and rear—a corps of eight men were appointed, who did duty alternately. Their duties were not onerous. They consisted in reading, eating, sleeping, drinking tea, bowing to me as I passed, and keeping out stragglers. The long house, stretching away to the eastward, was full of folks of the humbler sort, with many children and babies, and of dogs not a few. These youngsters, with their quaint dress, curiously shaved heads, and odd ways, were often a source of great amusement to me. The fun reached its climax when they attempted to walk bamboo poles or turn somersaults on them.



Boys playing on Bamboo Bars. (Hokusai.)

often in the latter motion becoming real gymnasts, in the etymological sense of the word. In imitating wrestling-matches, they made a small arena of sand ringed by twisted rice-straw, and then the nude little dumplings of humanity, some of them less than four years old, stamped their feet, eat their salt, rinsed their mouths, slapped their knees, and then clinched in mimic rage, tugging away until victory was declared for one or the other, by the Lilliputian judge with fan in hand. Even the applause, to the casting in the ring of fans and garments to be redeemed, as in the real triumph of the elephantine fat fellows, who look as though stuffed with blubber by means of a sausage-blower, were given with comical accuracy of imitation. When the infant Hercules got hold of his antagonist's clout — the master-grip of the game, which put the unlucky one "in chancery," a shout went up from the spectators like the Roman "*habet*" or the modern prize-fighter's cheers. Even the dogs seemed to enjoy the fun, while mothers and nurse-maids, with babies strapped on their backs, overflowed in a new stream of palaver.



The Grip of Victory.

Of the inmates of my house I must not omit mention. My servant was selected and brought to me on the first day of my arrival, and shown his future master. Falling down upon his hands and knees, and bowing his forehead to the floor, he murmured something which was meant to be a promise of good and faithful service. Then, raising his body, he sat upon his knees and heels, and waited further orders. I own I was not prepossessed. Sahei was less than sixty inches high, with a remarkably ugly phiz, thick protruding lips, flat nose—not always scrupulously attended to—and eyes of the dull, alligator hue so common among the lower classes. His skin was of the most unsatisfactory tint. His motions were ungraceful. His hands and feet, for a Nihonese, were clumsy. His scalp and cue—strong points in the *tout ensemble* of a handsome native — were not attractive. My first sight of him awakened regrets that Sasaki had not selected a handsomer specimen of his people to wait on me. When one has a stranger daily under his nose and eyes, the æsthetics of physical form and face assume a vast degree of importance. I yearned for a more comely form, more attractive face, and more delicately tinted skin. I thought of the pretty pages in the prince's palace, and the fine-looking boys with smooth, *café-au-lait* skins and rosy cheeks in school. "I shall keep Sahei a few weeks in deference to the official who recommended him; then I shall get a handsomer boy," thought I, as I dismissed him for a while. I was also at first disappointed in my new servant, supposing him to be single. I had intended to have a married man with a family, that I might be able to see more of actual Japanese life under my own roof. A bachelor's quarters afford a poor field for the study of the home life of a people. I was greatly and pleasantly disappointed. Sahei was not from the rice-fields. He had traveled to Tōkiō, had been in the war as a page, and was intelligent and fit to wait on a gentleman. He had once been a carpenter by trade, and could do handy jobs about the house, and he did help me greatly to make things comfortable when it would cost too much time and trouble to set the whole official machinery of Fukui in motion to drive a nail, or put up a shelf for flower-vase, or a little Paris clock. Sahei was more comely in character than in person. Cheerful, faithful, diligent, careful of his master, quick to answer his call, tender of him as to a child, and though a heathen, Sahei was, according to Pope's definition, the noblest work of God. He was not only honest in handling his master's money, but as alert as a watch-dog to guard against imposition, or loss through ignorance. Furthermore, Sahei had a family —wife, baby, and child's maid. This I did not learn until a week afterward, when he came to announce with shame, and as if expecting my displeasure, that he had a wife; she waiting behind the entry door-way to hear what the *danna san* (master) would say. Might he present her to me? His delight at my pleased surprise betrayed itself in a broad grin, and in a moment more he was leading his baby by the hand, while his wife waddled forward, accompanied by her little maid. Mother, baby, and maid, in succession, fell on their knees, and polished their foreheads on their hands laid prone on the matting. Then, sitting on their heels, they bashfully looked up at their new master. I bid them all stand up, and took their photograph in my eye. The imposing physique of Mrs. Sahei utterly dwarfed her insignificant lord, and suggested a contrast between a pudding and a tart. She was of healthily tinted skin of lighter shade, with black eyes that sparkled as though her head were a voltaic battery and her eyes the terminals. Closer acquaintance confirmed my impressions of her. She was an affectionate mother, and a jealous and careful wife. Continually bubbling over with fun, she reminded me, when laughing, of a bowl full of jelly when well shaken. She was a diligent worker. Her tongue was as sharp as a freshly honed razor, especially after her liege lord had spent too much money on *geishas* and saké; for the otherwise exemplary Sahei had two weaknesses, which were evident even to his master. He would occasionally make his throat a funnel for saké, and he delighted to spend an occasional evening amidst the fascinations of the singing girls, coming home late at night, with flushed veins and a damaged purse, to meet with a Caudle lecture on his return. Here was the bakufu, or "curtain government," of a sort quite different from that we read of at Kamakura. I always knew, by Sahei's sheepish looks and the general flavor of demoralization in his appearance next morning, when he had been eating forbidden and costly fruit.

The baby was as pretty and bright-eyed a morsel of flesh as one could wish to see. His name was Satarō (first-born darling of Sahei). He was two years old, just able to keep his centre of gravity, and voyage across the rooms and through the house, with only an occasional sprawl on the matting. Baby, on his first introduction, bobbed his head in adult style, and chirped out, "*Ohaio, sensei*" (good-morning, teacher), his baby talk making it sound like "chen-chey." I immediately dubbed him "Chenkey." Let me give his photograph. Chenkey was a chubby boy, with rosy cheeks, sparkling black eyes, skin almost as light in tint and as soft and smooth as an American mother's darling. His head was shaved entirely, except a round spot on the back part; his mother shaved his diminutive pate once a week, and usually kept him so sweet and wholesome that a romp with him rarely involved damage from sticky lips or soiled baby hands.

I must not forget Obun (tea-tray), the little maid who attended to Chenkey, carried him about, dressed him, and made her back a seat for him. Obun was eleven years old, a thin, frail, sad-looking child, that freshened up under a kind word like a wilted flower when touched by rain-drops. Obun evidently had heard the dreadful stories about the foreigners, and believed them. Timidly, and with suppressed fear, she had come to greet the *sensei*, and only after days and weeks of familiar intercourse and serving me at table could she lay aside her fears. Even then she was a sad-eyed, dreamy child, always looking down deeply and solemnly into flowers, or gazing at the blue sky or the distant mountains, or watching the stars at evening. Obun had had a hard life of it. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and the orphan was then bandied about among nurses and relatives until she was old enough to take care of a baby, when she was given as a servant to Sahei for her food and clothes.

The *personnel* of Sahei's establishment did not end with wife, baby, and maid. It was not for the lord of the kitchen to draw water, clean fish, and do the work of the scullery. Not he. For this he must have a boy. "That boy" was Gonji. Gonji's wages were his rice and robes—two of the latter per annum. He was scarcely worth his full rations. Lazy, and uniquely stupid in some things, and bright enough in others, the keenness of his appetite kept pace with the capacity of his stomach. His favorite occupations were worrying dogs, playing with Chenkey, on whom he doted, and amusing himself at watching the *sensei*, whose very existence was a profound mystery to him, and whose every motion was a subject of wondering cogitation. Sometimes, when spruced up, he enjoyed the honor of waiting on the *danna san*. To see the white man eat, threw Gonji in a brown study at once, as on knees and heels, with waiter before him, he anticipated my wants.

Gonji in a Brown Study.

Every day of my life in the old mansion was full of novelty. Every trivial event was a chink to let in a new ray of light upon Japanese life, character, or ideas. One day Obun came into the dining-room after dinner, looking around for something, and answering my inquiring eye with the words "*O mama.*" "What do you mean, child? Do you think your mother is alive, and where did you learn that English?" While I was pondering the problem of the possible affinity of the Japanese with the Aryan languages, the little maid seized an empty plate, appearing surprised at its emptiness, and went out. I afterward found that *o mama* meant "boiled rice," which I had used to feed a flock of sacred pigeons belonging to the big temple near by, which sometimes flew into my garden.

Sahei's family had no sooner comfortably installed themselves in the servants' quarters than their evening bath must be got ready. The old mansion, like all Japanese houses, was provided with a huge caldron and furnace quite near the house, for heating water for the bath taken daily by every member of every Japanese family. Although somewhat familiar with the sight of Eves, innocent of fig-leaves, tubbing themselves in the open street in broad daylight, I had supposed the presence of the foreigner and stranger would deter any exhibition of female nudity in or about my house in Fukui. Vain thought! The good wife innocently disrobed, unmindful of the cold air, immersed and made her bath and toilet, with Chenkey in her arms. Having finished, she was followed by Obun, then by her husband, brother, uncle, and Gonji, in succession, who had been about and around, heating and carrying the water. I can not call them spectators, for they took no interest whatever, except as assistants, in the spectacle, which to them was an ordinary sight, awakening no other emotions than those we feel in seeing a female face or hand.

Night came — glorious moonlight nights they were in Fukui. In the kitchen the servants lighted their lamps—a long slender wick of pith, in a dish of oil, set half-way up in a square paper-shaded frame, three feet high—a standing lantern, in the base of which were sulphur-tipped chips, or matches, and flint, steel, and tinder. Or, they set a hollow paper-wicked candle, made of vegetable tallow, in a copper, bronze, or wooden candlestick two feet high.

"These people have a theory of candles," thought I, "as Symmes had about the earth. Both theories are opposed to orthodoxy. Symmes's world and a Japanese candle both have a hole through them; but the former theory is representative of a fact, while the latter is not yet proved to be so." These hollow candles are stuck on a spike, not set in a socket like ours. The French and English buy this vegetable tallow in Japan, bleach it, and import the "wax" candles made from it, selling to the Japanese at an advanced price. It happened once, so I have read, that a Japanese junk drifted to the shores of California. A newspaper reporter announced in type, with sensational intent, next day, that the junk had been salt-water-logged so long that the wick had been entirely corroded by the action of the water, until the candle had a hole entirely through it!

In my own room, I had my Connecticut lamp, well fed with Pennsylvania petroleum.

The snow had begun to melt, and, at intervals, a heavy, thunderous noise overhead told of a huge snow-slide—the accumulation of winter sliding off. Over the castle and city and yashiki gates, and over the doors of houses, I had noticed a long timber bar riveted to the roof, which prevented the snow from falling on the heads of people below, while it slid freely in other places. Anon the whirring of wings, and the screaming of the flocks of wild geese as they clove the air, told how these restless birds enjoyed the night as well as the day. These geese were my nocturnal barometer. I could tell from the height or lowness of their flight, and the volume of sound of their throats, what were the "weather probabilities" for the morrow.

Night Scene on the River-flats. (Hokusai.)

A view from my garden-gate included the street, the river-flats, a few boats like black spots on the water, the bridge, and the masts rising spectrally beyond Atago yama with its twinkling lights, people returning home, and coolies hurrying along with belated travelers. The moon shone overhead, but yet, dimly seen, reminded me vividly of a sketch by one of the native artists, whose great merits and peculiarities I was then beginning to appreciate and distinguish. I could hear the voices outside, the women's chatting, the children's prattle, and the coolies' grunt.

The crows of Fukui were as numerous, merry, audacious, and absurd as their black brethren in the pine-roosts of New Jersey or the corn-fields of Pennsylvania. I wondered who it was who had lived in Japan three months, and then innocently asked if there were any crows in the country. These filthy feeders amused me daily with their noisy conventions, or their squabbles around the kitchen refuse. Occasionally they ventured on bolder raids. On one occasion a stately raven, seeing through the window a morsel of bread on the breakfast-table, meditated a theft. A Japanese crow of the olden time ought not, in the nature of things, to be expected to understand either the chemical composition or the physical properties of that familiar alkaline silicate called glass. Viewing with his raven eye from his eyrie in the firs that morsel of bread, and knowing well the virtues of wheat, our crow made a dash with outspread wings and beak at the bread. The result was a badly stunned bird with a bumped head and nearly broken beak. Nothing daunted, my "Nevermore" gathered himself up, and proceeded to survey the situation. Here was a new and puzzling subject of study. Glass was evidently a new phenomenon. It was transparent and hard, yet there was the bread, and the crow's craw was empty. What was it, this invisible and pervisual barrier? It was not water, nor yet air. Perhaps it was ice, and Mr. Crow laid his eye against the pane to test the temperature—flattening it like a child its nose on a rainy Sunday. Ah! happy thought! perhaps it would yield to blows.

Perseverantia omnia vincit. Tap, tap, tap, sounded the pick-like beak on the tough glass pane with a regularity less gentle than that of Poe's ebony visitor. All in vain, however; the pane yielded not, the tantalizing bread had to be yielded, and the black Tantalus flew off with its dismal "Nevermore," to report adversely to its comrades, and hold a debate on the subject of the unknowable. Despair brooded, not on wisdom, but on a pine-tree.

The black rascals were sometimes more successful. With impudence almost human, and with cheek quite as hard, they would even occasionally fly into the house. One day Chenkey was standing on the veranda next the garden, eating a rice-cracknel, called *kaminari sembei* (thunder-cake). A vigilant *karasu* (crow) hopped from a tree-branch to the fence, and, pretending to be asleep, calmly watched his opportunity with one eye. Chenkey had just taken a bite, and turned his head around for a moment. In a trice the black thief had swooped and stolen the cake. An incredible uproar of caws in the tree-tops, a few tears from Chenkey, and it was all over.

Strange to say, the natives, as their poetry attests, hear in the hoarse notes of this sable bird the plaintive sounds of love. "Concerning tastes," and associations also, "it is not to be disputed." With us a lamb is an emblem of mildness; with the Japanese, of stupidity, or even obstinacy. Should I call a native a goose (*gan*), he would see no more point in the allusion than if I called him a turkey or a pheasant. In Japan, sheep and tame geese are unknown, except from reading of them. The wild goose is one of the swiftest, most graceful, and alert birds. It is rather a compliment to be called a (Japanese) goose.

There was a goodly number of rats in the old mansion, though they rarely disturbed me in the day-time. Their favorite place of playing what seemed to be foot-ball, or Congress, was over the ceilings, running along the beams immediately above the rafters. The builder of the mansion had foreseen the future, and, with wise benevolence, had cut square holes through certain portions of the fine lattice-work that might be spoiled by irregular gnawing, and thus earned the gratitude of all rodent generations. I determined to be rid of these ancient pests, and went out in search of a cat. I saw a number of fat Tabithas and aldermanic Thomases which I asked for, or offered to purchase, in vain. I preferred a lean feline specimen that would seek the rats from motives of hunger, but I could get none. The people loved their pets too well. But one day, on passing a hemp shop, I saw a good-natured old lady sitting on her mats, with a fine tortoise-shell tabby, and instantly determined to get that cat. Accosting her with the usual bow, I said, in my best Japanese, "Good-morning, old lady. Will you sell me that cat? I should like to buy it." The American reader will question the propriety and my politeness in using the adjective *old*. Not so the Japanese. It is an honor to be addressed or spoken of as old. Every one called me "*sensei*" (elder-born, or teacher). One of the first questions which a Japanese will ask you is, "How old are you?" It is a question which American ladies do not answer very promptly. But the questioner masks no insult. It is not in the same spirit as that of the young men who refer to their maternal parent as the "old woman." The old lady was pleased. Concerning the sale of her cat, however, she demurred. Her *néko* was a polite, well-bred animal. I was a foreigner from some outlandish place beyond the sea. Could she trust Puss with me? With head inclining forty-five degrees over her left shoulder, she considered. Looking up, she said, "I will not sell you the cat; but if you *love* it, you can have it." Of course, I loved it on the spot. Taking the name of the street, and number of the house, I sent Sahei for it. Installed in my dwelling, it proved to be handsome and lazy, disturbing but little the ancient population, which, however, never troubled me except by their frisky noise. My repeated invitations to a banquet of arsenic were as often declined, with thanks and squeals; but on wrapping up a piece of seasoned meat in a small box in a tight bundle of paper, they partook luxuriantly and subsided. The old lady came occasionally to see her former pet, and found in the foreigner's house unlimited delight over photograph-album, stereoscope, and wall pictures, and endless food for wonder and subsequent gossip, at the home of her son and grandchildren—a very affectionate family, as I had occasion to witness, but with a weakness for saké.

Father and Children.

The most remarkable fact concerning the majority of cats in Japan is that they have no tails, or, at least, a mere stump or tuft, like a rabbit's. They resemble the Manx cat in this respect. Whether wholly natural, or the long result of art, I could never satisfactorily determine. It always struck me as a great feline affliction, since the chief plaything of a kitten is its tail. To run around after their caudal stumps was a sorry game in the Japanese cats, compared with the lively revolutions of those boasting twelve inches of tail. An American gentleman once took one of these bob-tailed cats to California. The creature had evidently never made the acquaintance of the long-tailed brethren of its species, and the unwonted sight of their terminal appendages seemed to incite the feline nature of Japan to the highest pitch of jealousy and rage. It was continually biting, scratching, howling, and spitting at other cats, invariably seizing their tails in its teeth when practicable.

My other dumb companion in Fukui was a black dog, with but one eye. It was an American dog that had strayed away from Yokohama, and had followed the daimiō's retinue across the country. Happening to pass some farmers, who, reversing the proverb "Love me, love my dog," and hating foreigners, whom they believed to be descendants of these brutes, one of them struck the poor creature in the eye with a grass-hook, and made him a Cyclops from that moment. He was an affectionate animal, and apparently fully understood, as I could tell from the language of his tail, that I was one of his own country creatures, concentrating all his affection in his remaining orb. I was most amused at the name given him by the people. The Japanese word for dog is *inu.* Some of the young men who had been to Yokohama had heard the "hairy foreigners" calling their dogs by cracking their fingers and crying "Come here." This the Japanese supposed to be the name of the dog. Frequently in Fukui those who wished to display their proficiency in the barbarian language would point to my canine Cyclops, and cry out "Look at that '*Come-here;*' how black he is!" "Oh! see how fast the American man's 'Come-here' is running!"

With a cat, a one-eyed dog, gold-fish,* home flowers, and plenty of human life behind and about me, the city in view, the mountains round about, and the lovely solitude of garden and trees in front of me, and my books, I was happy in my immediate surroundings.

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* These were the *kin-giyo* (gold-fish) with triple tails, like lace, and variegated brilliant colors, which have been recently introduced into the United States.

X.

CHILDREN'S GAMES AND SPORTS.*

THE aim of the Asiatic Society of Japan is, as I understand it, to endeavor to attain any and all knowledge of the Japanese country and people. Nothing that will help us to understand them is foreign to the objects of this society. While language, literature, art, religion, the drama, household superstitions, etc., furnish us with objects worthy of study, the games and sports of the children deserve our notice. For, as we believe, their amusements reflect the more serious affairs and actions of mature life. They are the foretastes and the prophecies of adult life which children see continually; not always understanding, but ever ready to imitate it. Hence in the toy-shops of Japan one may see the microcosm of Japanese life. In the children's sports is enacted the miniature drama of the serious life of the parents. Among a nation of players such as the Japanese may be said to have been, it is not always easy to draw the line of demarkation between the diversions of children proper and those of a larger growth. Indeed, it might be said that during the last two centuries and a half, previous to the coming of foreigners, the main business of this nation was play. One of the happiest phrases in Mr. Alcock's book is that "Japan is a paradise of babies;" he might have added, that it was also a very congenial abode for all who love play. The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese character in this respect is radical. It is laid down in one of the very last sentences in the Trimetrical Classic, the primer of every school in the Flowery Land, that play is unprofitable! The whole character, manners, and even the dress, of the sedate and dignified Chinamen, seem to be in keeping with that aversion to rational amusement and athletic exercises which characterizes that adult population.

In Japan, on the contrary, one sees that the children of a larger growth enjoy with equal zest games which are the same, or nearly the same, as those of lesser size and fewer years. Certain it is that the adults do all in their power to provide for the children their full quota of play and harmless sports. We frequently see full-grown and able-bodied natives indulging in amusements which the men of the West lay aside with their pinafores, or when their curls are cut. If we, in the conceited pride of our superior civilization, look down upon this as childish, we must remember that the Celestial, from the pinnacle of his lofty and, to him, immeasurably elevated civilization, looks down upon our manly sports with contempt, thinking it a condescension even to notice them.

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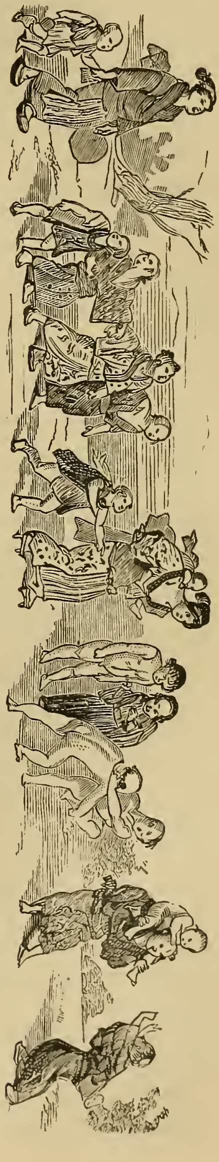
* Read by the author before the Asiatic Society of Japan, March 18th, 1874.

A very noticeable change has passed over the Japanese people since the modern advent of foreigners, in respect of their love of amusements. Their sports are by no means as numerous or elaborate as formerly, and they do not enter into them with the enthusiasm that formerly characterized them. The children's festivals and sports are rapidly losing their importance, and some now are rarely seen. Formerly the holidays were almost as numerous as saints' days in the calendar. Apprentice-boys had a liberal quota of holidays stipulated in their indentures; and as the children counted the days before each great holiday on their fingers, we may believe that a great deal of digital arithmetic was being continually done. We do not know of any country in the world in which there are so many toy-shops, or so many fairs for the sale of the things which delight children. Not only are the streets of every city abundantly supplied with shops, filled as full as a Christmas stocking with gaudy toys, but in small towns and villages one or more children's bazaars may be found. The most gorgeous



display of all things pleasing to the eye of a Japanese child is found in the courts or streets leading to celebrated temples. On a matsuri, or festival day, the toy-sellers and itinerant showmen throng with their most attractive wares or sights in front of the shrine or temple. On the walls and in conspicuous places near the churches and cathedrals in Europe and America, the visitor is usually regaled with the sight of undertakers' signs and grave-diggers' advertisements. How differently the Japanese act in these respects, let any one see by visiting Asakusa, Kanda Miōjin, or one of the numerous Inari shrines in Tōkiō on some great festival day.

We have not space in this chapter to name or describe the numerous street-shows and showmen who are supposed to be interested mainly in entertaining children; though in reality adults form a part, often the major part, of their audiences. Any one desirous of seeing these in full glory must ramble down Yanagi Chō (Willow Street), from Sujikai, in Tōkiō, on some fair day, and especially on a general holiday.

Among the most common are the street theatricals, in which two, three, or four trained boys and girls do some very creditable acting, chiefly in comedy. Raree-shows, in which the looker-on sees the inside splendors of a daimio's yashiki, or the fascinating scenes of the Yoshiwara, or some famous natural scenery, are very common. The showman, as he pulls the wires that change the scenes, entertains the spectators with songs. The outside of his box is usually adorned with pictures of famous actors or courtesans, nine-tailed foxes, devils of all colors, dropsical badgers, and wrathful husbands butchering faithless wives and their paramours, or some such staple horror in which the normal Japanese so delights. Story-tellers, posturers, dancers, actors of charades, conjurers, flute-players, song-singers are found on these streets; but those who specially delight the children are the men who, by dint of breath and fingers, work a paste made of wheat-gluten into all sorts of curious and gayly smeared toys, such as flowers, trees, noblemen, fair ladies, various utensils, the "hairy foreigner," the same with a cigar in his mouth, the jin-riki-sha, etc. Nearly every itinerant seller of candy, starch-cakes, sugared pease, and sweetened beans, has several methods of lottery by which he adds to the attractions on his stall. A disk having a revolving arrow, whirled round by the hand of a child, or a number of strings which are connected with the faces of imps, goddesses, devils, or heroes, lends the excitement of chance, and, when a lucky pull or whirl occurs, occasions the subsequent addition to the small fraction of a cent's worth to be bought. Men or women itinerants carry a small charcoal brazier under a copper griddle, with batter, spoons, cups, and shoyu sauce, to hire out for the price of a cash each to the little urchins, who spend an afternoon of bliss making their own griddle-cakes and eating them, The seller of sugar-jelly exhibits a devil, taps a drum, and dances for the benefit of his baby-customers. The seller of mochi does the same, with the addition of gymnastics and skillful tricks with balls of dough. The fire-eater rolls balls of camphor paste glowing with lambent fire over his arms, and then extinguishes them in his mouth. The bug-man harnesses paper carts to the backs of beetles with wax, and a half-dozen in this gear will drag a load of rice up an inclined plane. The man with the magic swimming birds tips his tiny water-fowl with camphor, and floats them in a long narrow dish full of water. The wooden toys, propelled from side to side and end to end by the dissolving gum, act as if alive, to the widening eyes of the young spectators. In every Japanese city there are scores, if not hundreds, of men and women who obtain a livelihood by amusing the children.

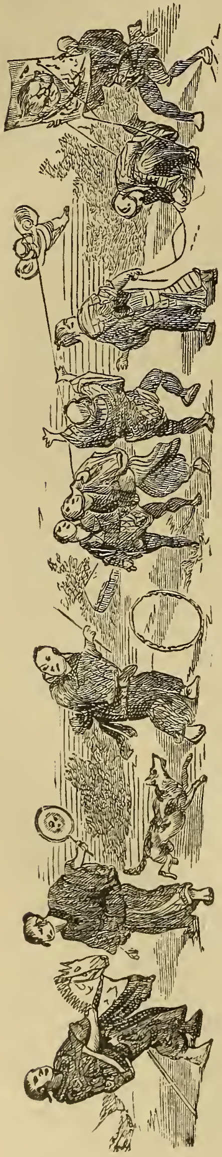
Some of the games of Japanese children are of a national character, and are indulged in by all classes. Others are purely local or exclusive. Among the former are those which belong to the special days, or matsuri, which in the old calendars enjoyed vastly more importance than under the new one. Beginning with the first of the year, there are a number of games and sports peculiar to this time. The girls, dressed in their best robes and girdles, with their faces powdered and their lips painted, until they resemble the peculiar colors seen on a beetle's wings, and their hair arranged in the most attractive coiffure, are out upon the street, playing battledore and shuttlecock. They play, not only in twos and threes, but also in circles. The shuttlecock is a round seed, often gilded, stuck round with feathers arranged like the petals of a flower. The battledore is a wooden bat; one side of which is of bare wood, while the other has the raised effigy of some popular actor, hero of romance, or singing-girl in the most ultra-Japanese style of beauty. The girls evidently highly appreciate this game, as it gives abundant opportunity to the display of personal beauty, figure, and dress. Those who fail in the game often have their faces marked with ink, or a circle drawn round their eyes. The boys sing a song that the wind may blow; the girls sing that it may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may fly straight. The little girls, at this time, play with a ball made of cotton cord, covered elaborately with many strands of bright varicolored silk.

Inside the house, they have games suited, not only for the day-time, but for the evenings. Many foreigners have wondered what the Japanese do at night, and how the long winter evenings are spent. On fair and especially moonlight nights, most of the people are out-of-doors, and many of the children with them. Markets and fairs are held regularly at night in Tōkiō, and in the other large cities. The foreigner living in a Japanese city, even if he were blind, could tell, by stepping out-of-doors, whether the weather were clear and fine or disagreeable. On dark and stormy nights, the stillness of a great city like Tōkiō is unbroken and very impressive; but on a fair and moonlight night, the hum and bustle tell one that the people are out in throngs, and make one feel that it *is* a city that he lives in. In most of the castle towns in Japan, it was formerly the custom of the people, especially of the younger, to assemble on moonlight nights in the streets or open spaces near the castle-gates, and dance a sort of subdued dance, moving round in circles and clapping their hands. These dances often continued during the entire night, the following day being largely consumed in sleep. In the winter evenings, in Japanese households the children amuse themselves with their sports, or are amused by their elders, who tell them entertaining stories. The samurai father relates to his son Japanese history and heroic lore, to fire him with enthusiasm and a love of those achievements which every samurai youth hopes at some day to perform. Then there are numerous social entertainments, at which the children above a certain age are allowed to be present. But the games relied on as standard means of amusement, and seen especially about New-year's, are those of cards. In one of these, a large, square sheet of paper is laid on the floor. On this card are the names and pictures of the fifty-three post-stations between Tōkiō and Kiōto. At the place Kiōto are put a few coins, or a pile of cakes, or some such prizes, and the game is played with dice. Each throw advances the player toward the goal, and the one arriving first obtains the prize. At this time of the year also, the games of cards called, respectively, Iroha Garuta (Alphabet Cards), Hiyaku Nin Isshiu Garuta (One-Verse-of-One-Hundred-Poets Cards), Kokin Garuta, Genji, and Shi Garuta are played a great deal. The Iroha Garuta (Karŭta is the Japanized form of the Dutch *Karte*, English *card*) are small cards, each containing a proverb. The proverb is printed on one card, and the picture illustrating it upon another. Each proverb begins with a certain one of the fifty Japanese letters, *i*, *ro*, *ha*, etc., and so on through the syllabary. The children range themselves in a circle, and the cards are shuffled and dealt. One is appointed to be reader. Looking at his cards, he reads the proverb. The player who has the picture corresponding to the proverb calls out, and the match is made. Those who are rid of their cards first win the game. The one holding the last card is the loser. If he be a boy, he has his face marked curiously with ink. If a girl, she has a paper or wisp of straw stuck in her hair.

The Hiaku Nin Isshiu Garuta game consists of two hundred cards, on which are inscribed the one hundred stanzas, or poems, so celebrated and known in every household. A stanza of Japanese poetry usually consists of two parts, a first and second, or upper and lower clause. The manner of playing the game is as follows: The reader reads half the stanza on his card, and the player having the card on which the other half is written calls out, and makes a match. Some children become so familiar with these poems that they do not need to hear the entire half of the stanza read, but frequently only the first word.

The Kokin Garuta, or the game of Ancient Odes, the Genji Garuta, named after the celebrated Genji (Minamoto) family of the Middle Ages, and the Shi Garuta are all card-games of a similar nature, but can be thoroughly enjoyed only by well-educated Chinese scholars, as the references and quotations are written in Chinese, and require a good knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese classics to play them well. To boys who are eager to become proficient in Chinese, it often acts as an incentive to be told that they will enjoy these games after certain attainments in scholarship have been made. Having made these attainments, they play the game frequently, especially during vacation, to impress on their minds what they have already learned. The same benefit to the memory accrues from the Iroha and Hiakunin Isshiu Garuta.

Two other games are played which may be said to have an educational value. They are the Chiye no Ita and the Chiye no Wa, or the "Wisdom Boards" and the "Ring of Wisdom." The former consists of a number of flat, thin pieces of wood, cut in many geometrical shapes. Certain possible figures are printed on paper as models, and the boy tries to form them out of the pieces given him. In some cases, much time and thinking are required to form the figure. The Chiye no Wa is a ring-puzzle, made of rings of bamboo or iron on a bar. Boys having a talent for mathematics, or those who have a natural capacity to distinguish size and form, succeed very well at these games, and enjoy them. The game of checkers is played on a raised stand or table, about six inches in height. The number of *go*, or checkers, including black and white, is three hundred and sixty. In the Sho-gi, or game of chess, the pieces number forty in all. Backgammon is also a favorite play, and there are several forms of it. About the time of the old New-year's, when the winds of February and March are favorable to the sport, kites are flown; and there are few sports in which Japanese boys, from the infant on the back to the full-grown and the over-grown boy, take more delight. I have never observed, however, as foreign books so often tell us, old men flying kites, and boys merely looking on. The Japanese kites are made of tough paper pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and are usually of a rectangular shape. Some of them, however, are made to represent children or men, several kinds of birds and animals, fans, etc. On the rectangular kites are pictures of ancient heroes or beautiful women, dragons, horses, monsters of various kinds, or huge Chinese characters. Among the faces most frequently seen on these kites are those of Yoshitsuné, Kintarō, Yoritomo, Benké, Daruma, Tomoyé, and Hangaku. Some of the kites are six feet square. Many of them have a thin tense ribbon of whalebone at the top of the kite, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud, humming noise. The boys frequently name their kites Genji or Heiké, and each contestant endeavors to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose, the string, for ten or twenty feet near the kite end, is first covered with glue, and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the string becomes



covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position, and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, the severed kite falls, to be reclaimed by the victor.

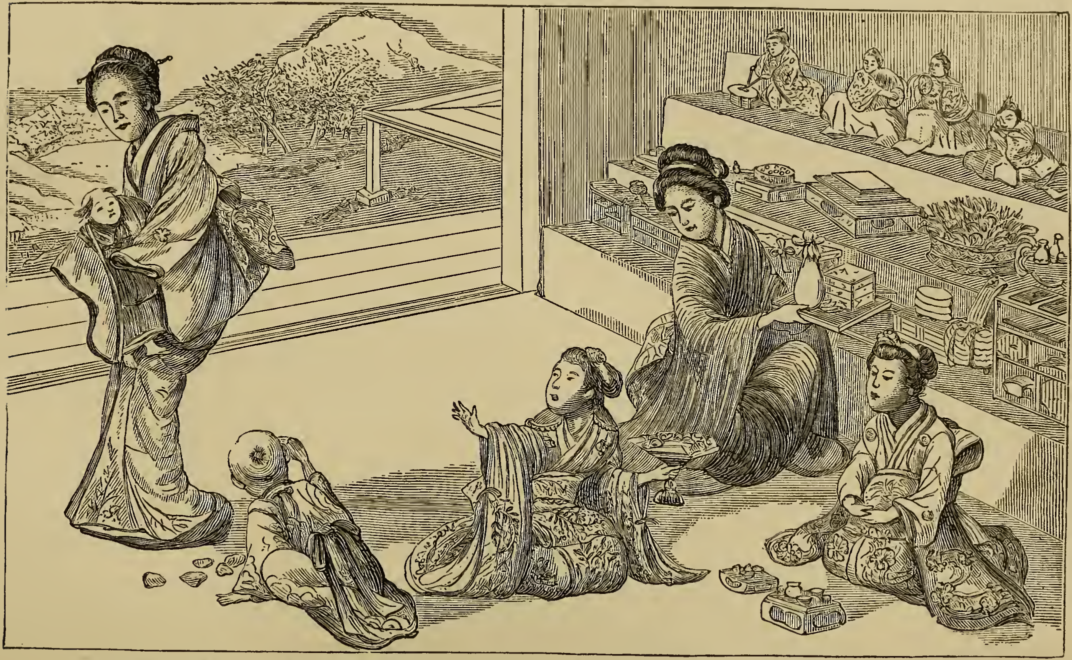
The Japanese tops are of several kinds; some are made of univalve shells, filled with wax. Those intended for contests are made of hard wood, and are iron-clad by having a heavy iron ring round as a sort of tire. The boys wind and throw them in a manner somewhat different from ours. The object of the player is to damage his adversary's top, or to make it cease spinning. The whipping-top is also known and used. Besides the athletic sports of leaping, running, wrestling, slinging, the Japanese boys play at blind-man's-buff, hiding-whoop, and with stilts, pop-guns, and blowguns. On stilts they play various games and run races.

In the Northern and Western coast provinces, where the snow falls to the depth of many feet and remains long on the ground, it forms the material of the children's playthings, and the theatre of many of their sports. Besides sliding on the ice, coasting with sleds, building snow-forts, and fighting mimic battles with snow-balls, they make many kinds of images and imitations of what they see and know. In America the boy's snow-man is a Paddy with a damaged hat, clay pipe in mouth, and the shillalah in his hand. In Japan the snowman is an image of Daruma. Daruma was one of the followers of Shaka (Buddha) who, by long meditation in a squatting position, lost his legs from paralysis and sheer decay. The images of Daruma are found by the hundreds in toy-shops, as tobacconists' signs and as the snow-men of the boys. Occasionally the figure of Geiho, the sage with a forehead and skull so high that a ladder was required to reach his pate, or huge cats and the peculiar-shaped dogs seen in the toy-shops, take the place of Daruma.

Many of the amusements of the children indoors are mere imitations of the serious affairs of adult life. Boys who have been to the theatre come home to imitate the celebrated actors, and to extemporize mimic theatricals for themselves. Feigned sickness and "playing the doctor," imitating with ludicrous exactness the pomp and solemnity of the real man of pills and powders, and the misery of the patient, are the diversions of very young children. Dinners, tea-parties, and even weddings and funerals, are imitated in Japanese children's plays.

Among the ghostly games intended to test the courage of, or perhaps to frighten, children, are two plays called respectively "Hiyaku Monogatari" and "Kon-daméshi," or the "One Hundred Stories" and "Soul-examination." In the former play a company of boys and girls assemble round the hibachi, while they, or an adult, an aged person or a servant, usually relate ghost-stories, or tales calculated to straighten the hair and make the blood crawl. In a distant dark room, a lamp (the usual dish of oil), with a wick of one hundred strands or piths, is set. At the conclusion of each story, the children in turn must go to the dark room and remove a strand of the wick. As the lamp burns down low, the room becomes gloomy and dark, and the last boy, it is said, always sees a demon, a huge face, or something terrible. In the "Kon-daméshi" or "Soul-examination," a number of boys, during the day plant some flags in different parts of a graveyard, under a lonely tree, or by a haunted hill-side. At night, they meet together, and tell stories about ghosts, goblins, devils, etc.; and at the conclusion of each tale, when the imagination is wrought up, the hair begins to rise and the marrow to curdle, the boys, one at a time, must go out in the dark and bring back the flags, until all are brought in.

On the third day of the third month is held the "Hina matsuri." This is the day especially devoted to the girls, and to them it is the greatest day in the year. It has been called, in some foreign works on Japan, the "Feast of Dolls." Several days before the matsuri, the shops are gay with the images bought for this occasion, and which are on sale only at this time of year. Every respectable family has a number of these splendidly dressed images, which are from four inches to a foot in height, and which accumulate from generation to generation. When a daughter is born in the house during the previ-



The Feast of Dolls. A Japanese Home on the Third Day of the Third Month. (Drawn by Naukoku Ōzawa.)

ous year, a pair of hina, or images, are purchased for the little girl, which she plays with until grown up. When she is married, her hina are taken with her to her husband's house, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases. The images are made of wood or enameled clay. They represent the mikado and his wife; the Kiōto nobles, their wives and daughters, the court minstrels, and various personages in Japanese mythology and history. A great many other toys, representing all the articles in use in a Japanese lady's chamber, the service of the eating-table, the utensils of the kitchen, traveling apparatus, etc., some of them very elaborate and costly, are also exhibited and played with on this day. The girls make offerings of saké and dried rice, etc., to the effigies of the emperor and empress, and then spend the day with toys, mimicking the whole round of Japanese female life, as that of child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother. In some old Japanese families in which I have visited, the display of dolls and images was very large.

The greatest day in the year for the boys is on the Fifth day of the Fifth month. On this day is celebrated what has been called the "Feast of Flags." Previous to the coming of the day, the shops display for sale the toys and tokens proper to the occasion. These are all of a kind suited to young Japanese masculinity. They consist of effigies of heroes and warriors, generals and commanders, soldiers on foot and horse, the genii of strength and valor, wrestlers, etc. The toys represent the equipments and regalia of a daimiō's procession, all kinds of things used in war, the contents of an arsenal, flags, streamers, banners, etc. A set of these toys is bought for every son born in the family. Hence, in old Japanese families, the display on the Fifth day of the Fifth month is extensive and brilliant. Besides the display indoors, on a bamboo pole erected outside is hung, by a string, to the top of the pole, a representation of a large fish in paper. The paper being hollow, the breeze easily fills out the body of the fish, which flaps its tail and fins in a natural manner. One may count hundreds of these floating in the air over the city.

The *nobori*, as the paper fish is called, is intended to show that a son has been born during the year, or, at least, that there are sons in the family. The fish represented is the carp, which is able to swim swiftly against the current and to leap over water-falls. This act of the carp is a favorite subject with native artists, and is also typical of the young man, especially the young samurai, mounting over all difficulties to success and quiet prosperity.

One favorite game, which has now gone out of fashion, was that in which the boys formed themselves into a daimiō's procession, having forerunners, officers, etc., and imitating, as far as possible, the pomp and circumstance of the old daimiō's train. Another game which was very popular was called the "Genji and Heiké." These are the names of the celebrated rival clans, or families, Minamoto and Taira. The boys of a town, district, or school ranged themselves into two parties, each with flags. Those of the Heiké were red, those of the Genji white. Sometimes every boy had a flag, and the object of the contest, which was begun at the tap of a drum, was to seize the flags of the enemy. The party securing the greatest number of flags won the victory. In other cases, the flags were fastened on the back of each contestant, who was armed with a bamboo for a sword, and who had fastened, on a pad over his head, a flat, round piece of earthenware, so that a party of them looked not unlike the faculty of a college. Often these parties of boys numbered several hundred, and were marshaled in squadrons, as in a battle. At the given signal, the battle commenced, the object being to break the earthen disk on the head of the enemy. The contest was usually very exciting. Whoever had his earthen disk demolished had to retire from the field. The party having the greatest number of broken disks, representative of cloven skulls, was declared the loser. This game has been forbidden by the Government as being too severe and cruel. Boys were often injured in it.

There are many other games, which we simply mention without describing. There are three games played by the hands, which every observant foreigner, long resident in Japan, must have seen played, as men and women seem to enjoy them as much as children. One is called "Ishiken," in which a stone, a pair of scissors, and a wrapping-cloth are represented. The stone signifies the clenched fist, the parted fore and middle finger the scissors, and the curved forefinger and thumb the cloth.

In the "Kitsuné-ken," the fox, man, and gun are the figures. The gun kills the fox, but the fox deceives the man, and the gun is useless without the man. In the "Osama-ken," five or six boys represent the various grades of rank, from the peasant up to the great daimiōs, or shōgun. By superior address and skill in the game, the peasant rises to the highest rank, or the man of highest rank is degraded.

From the nature of the Japanese language, in which a single word or sound may have a great many significations, riddles and puns are of extraordinary frequency. I do not know of any published collections of riddles, but every Japanese boy has a good stock of them on hand. There are few Japanese works of light, perhaps of serious, literature in which puns do not continually recur. The popular songs and poems are largely plays on words. There are also several puzzles played with sticks, founded upon the shape of certain Chinese characters. As for the short and simple story-books, song-books, nursery-rhymes, lullabys, and what, for want of a better name, may be styled Mother Goose literature, they are as plentiful as with us; but they have a very strongly characteristic Japanese flavor, both in style and matter. In the games, so familiar to us, of "Pussy wants a Corner" and "Prisoner's Base," the *oni*, or devil, takes the place of Puss or the officer.

I have not mentioned all the games and sports of Japanese children, but enough has been said to show their usual character. In general, they seem to be natural, sensible, and in every sense beneficial. Their immediate or remote effect, next to that of amusement, is either educational or hygienic. Some teach history, some geography, some excellent sentiments or good language, or inculcate reverence and obedience to the elder brother or sister, to parents or to the emperor, or stimulate the manly virtues of courage and contempt for pain. The study of the subject leads one to respect more highly, rather than otherwise, the Japanese people for being such affectionate fathers and mothers, and for having such natural and docile children. The character of the children's plays and their encouragement by the parents have, I think, much to do with that frankness, affection, and obedience on the part of the children, and that kindness and sympathy on that of the parents, which are so noticeable in Japan, and which form one of the good points of Japanese life and character.

XI.

HOUSEHOLD CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Household, as distinct from religious, superstitions may be defined as beliefs having no real foundation of fact and a narrower range of influences. They act as a sort of moral police, whose rewards and punishments are confined entirely to this life. Religious superstitions affect all mankind alike; those of the household may be said to influence mainly women and children, and to have no connection with religion or the priests. Screened from criticism, humble in their sphere, they linger in the household longer than religious superstitions. Every nation has them; and according to the degree of intelligence possessed by a people will they be numerous or rare. In most cases they are harmless, while many have a real educational value for children and simple-minded people, who can not, by their own intelligence, foresee the remote good or bad results of their conduct. These persons may be influenced by the fear of punishment or the hopes of reward, embodied in a warning told with gravity, and enforced by the apparently solemn belief of him who tells it. As children outgrow them, or as they wear out, those who once observed will laugh at, and yet often continue them through the force of habit. Others will be retained on account of the pleasure connected with the belief. Others, again, become so intrenched in household customs that religion, reason, argument, fashion, assault them in vain. Thus, among many of us, the upsetting of a salt-cellar, the dropping of a needle that stands upright, the falling of a looking-glass, the accidental gathering of thirteen people around the dinner-table, will give rise to certain thoughts resulting in a course of action or flutter of fear that can not be rationally explained. I once heard of a Swedish servant-girl who would not brush away the cobwebs in her mistress's house, lest she should sweep away her beaux also. As in our own language, the fancies, poetry, or fears of our ancestors are embalmed in the names of flowers, in words and names, so the student of the picture-words of the Japanese language finds in them fragments of poems, quaint conceits, or hideous beliefs.

So far as I could judge, in Japan, the majority of the lower classes implicitly believe the household superstitions current among them; and though, in the upper strata of society, there were many men who laughed at them, the power of custom enslaved the women and children. The greater number of those I give below are believed by the larger portion of the people, particularly in the country. In this, as in others of a more serious nature, the belief varies with the mood and circumstances of the individual or people. Many of them I have seen or heard referred to in conversation or in my reading; others I have had noted down for me by young men from various parts of Japan. I find that a few of them are peculiar, or local, to one province; but most of them form the stock of beliefs common to mankind or the Japanese people. From hundreds, I give a few. Some have an evident moral or educational purpose—to inculcate lessons of tidiness, benevolence, and to form good habits of cleanliness, nicety in housekeeping, etc. Some are weather prognostics, or warnings intended to guard against fire or other calamities.

They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, or to be absent for a time. This would sweep out all the luck with him.

At a marriage ceremony, neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage-tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. It would be as if a couple from New Jersey would go to Indiana to spend their honey-moon.

If, while a person is very sick, the cup of medicine is upset by accident, they say it is a sure sign of his recovery. This looks as though the Japanese had faith in the dictum, "Throw physic to the dogs."

There are some curious ideas in regard to cutting the finger-nails. The nails must not be trimmed just previous to going on a journey, lest disgrace should fall upon the person at the place of his destination. Upon no account will an ordinary Japanese cut his nails at night, lest cat's nails grow out from them. Children who cast the clippings of their nails in the brazier or fire are in danger of calamity. If, while any one is cutting the nails, a piece springs into the fire, he will die soon. By burning some salt in the fire, however, the danger is avoided.

It seems that the bore is not unknown in Japan, and the Japanese are pestered with visitors who sit their welcome out, and drive their hosts into a frenzy of eagerness to get rid of them. The following is said to be a sure recipe to secure good riddance: Go to the kitchen, turn the broom upside down, put a towel over it, and fan it lustily. The tedious visitor will soon depart. Or, burn a moxa (Japanese, *mō-gŭsa*) on the back of his clogs. A Japanese, in entering a house, always leaves his clogs or sandals outside the door. The American host, bored by tedious callers, is respectfully invited to try his method of hastening departures.

Japanese papas, who find, as other fathers do, how much it costs to raise a large family, will not let an infant, or even a young child, look in a mirror (and thus see a child exactly like itself, making apparent twins); for if he does, the anxious parent supposes the child, when grown up and married, will have twins.

When small-pox prevails in a neighborhood, and parents do not wish their children attacked by it, they write a notice on the front of their houses that their children are absent. This is said to keep out the disease.

Many have reference to death or criminals. A Japanese corpse is always placed with its head to the north and feet to the south. Hence, a living Japanese will never sleep in that position. I have often noticed, in the sleeping-rooms of private houses, where I was a guest, and in many of the hotels, a diagram of the cardinal points of the compass printed on paper, and pasted on the ceiling of the room, for the benefit of timid sleepers. Some Japanese, in traveling, carry a compass, to avoid this really natural and scientific position in sleep. I have often surprised people, especially students, in Japan, by telling them that to lie with the head to the north was the true position in harmony with the electric currents in the atmosphere, and that a Frenchman, noted for his longevity, ascribed his vigorous old age mainly to the fact that he slept in a line drawn from pole to pole. I used to shock them by invariably sleeping in that position myself.

The plaintive howling of a dog in the night-time portends a death in some family in the vicinity of the animal.

The wooden clogs of the Japanese are fastened on the foot by a single thong passing between the largest and next largest toe. The stocking, or sock, is a "foot-glove," with a separate compartment for the "thumb of the foot," and another mitten-like one for the "foot-fingers." This thong, divided into two, passes over the foot and is fastened at the sides. If, in walking, the string breaks in front, it is the sign of some misfortune to the person's enemies; if on the back part, the wearer himself will experience some calamity.

When, by reason of good fortune or a lucky course of events, there is great joy in a family, it is customary to make *kowaméshi*, or red rice, and give an entertainment to friends and neighbors. The rice is colored by boiling red beans with it. If, for any cause, the color is not a fine red, it is a bad omen for the family, and their joy is turned to grief.

When a person loses a tooth, either artificially at the hands of the dentist (Japanese, "tooth-carpenter"), or by forceps, or by accident, in order that another may grow in the empty socket, the tooth, if from the upper jaw, is buried under the foundation of the house; if from the lower jaw, it is thrown up on the roof of a house.

Many are founded upon puns, or word-resemblances, making the deepest impression upon the native mind. There are many instances in Japanese history in which discreet servants or wise men gave a happy turn to some word of sinister omen, and warded off harm.

At New-year's-day, paterfamilias does not like any one to utter the sound *shi* (death), or any word containing it. This is a difficult matter in a household, since the syllable *shi* has over a dozen different meanings, and occurs in several hundred Japanese words, some of them very common. Thus, let us suppose a family of husband, wife, child, and servant, numbering four (*shi*). A visitor calls, and happens to use the words *Shiba* (a city district in Tōkiō), *shi* (teacher, poem, four, to do, etc.). The host, at first merely angry with the visitor who so forcibly uses the sinister words, is incensed when the latter happens to remark that his host's household consists of four (*shi*), and wishes him gone. Moodily reflecting on his visitor's remark, he resolves to dismiss his servant, and so make his household three. But the shrewd servant, named Fuku, remonstrates with his master for sending away *fuku* (blessing, luck) from his house. The master is soothed, and keeps his "boy."

Many Japanese worship the god Kampira for no other reason than that the first syllable of his name means gold.

If a woman steps over an egg-shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. A girl who bites her finger-nails will, when married, bring forth children with great difficulty. Children are told that if they tell a lie, an *oni*, or an imp, called the *tengu*, will pull out their tongues. Many a Japanese urchin has spoken the truth in fear of the *oni* supposed to be standing by, ready to run away with his tongue. No such watchman seems to be set before the unruly member of the scolding wife. Of these "edge-tools that grow sharper by constant use" there is a goodly number in Japan. When husband and wife are quarreling, a devil is believed to stand between them, encouraging them to go on from bad to worse.

Salt is regarded as something so mysterious in its preservative power, that it is the subject of several household superstitions. A housewife will not, on any account, buy salt at night. When obtained in the day-time, a portion of it must first be thrown in the fire to ward off all dangers, and especially to prevent quarreling in the family. It is also used to scatter around the threshold and in the house after a funeral, for purificatory purposes.

Many are the imaginary ways of getting rich, so numerous in every land. One of the most important articles of Japanese clothing, in both male and female, is the *obi*, or girdle. If, in dressing, the *obi* gets entangled, and forms a knot or knob, the wearer never unties it himself, but proposes to some one else to do it for him, promising him a great sum, as the wearer is sure to be rich. There is usually a great deal of laughing when this "superstition" is observed.

All Japanese seem to have a desire to attain full stature. Stunted growth is a great grief to a man, and every thing of ill-omen calculated to restrain growth must be avoided. If a boy rests a gun on the top of his head, he will grow no taller. Children must not carry any kind of basket on their heads, nor must they ever measure their own height. Such a sight as men or women carrying burdens on their heads, so common in Europe, is rarely seen in Japan.

If a man, while going to fish, meets a bonze on the road, he will catch no fish, as the [strict] bonzes eat no fish.

A person who, when eating, bites his tongue, believes that somebody begrudges him his food.

It often happens that boys and girls like to eat the charred portions of rice that sometimes remain in the pot when the rice has been burned. Young unmarried people who persist in this are warned that they will marry persons whose faces are pock-marked.

Many people, especially epicures, have an idea that by eating the first fruits, fish, grain, or vegetables of the season, they will live seventy-five days longer than they otherwise would.

It is an exceedingly evil omen to break the chopsticks while eating. Children are told that if they strike any thing with their chopsticks while at their meals, they will be struck dumb.

People who drink tea or water out of the spout of the vessel, instead of out of a cup, are told that they will have a child with a mouth shaped like the spout of the vessel. This terror is kept fresh before the mind by masks and pictures of human beings with spout-shaped mouths.

In Japan the dwellings are universally built of wood, and conflagrations very frequently destroy whole towns or villages in a single day or night, leaving nothing but ashes. Hence it is of the greatest importance to provide against the ever-ready enemy, and every "sign ' is carefully heeded. The following prognostics are deemed unfailing: When the cocks crow loudly in the evening; when a dog climbs up on the roof of a house or building of any kind. If a weasel cries out once, fire will break out: to avert it, a person must pour out three dipperfuls of water, holding the dipper in the left hand. A peculiar kind of grass, called *hinodé* (sunrise), grows on many Japanese houses: this must not be pulled up, otherwise the house will take fire.

In regard to visitors, they believe the following: In pouring tea from the tea-pot, it sometimes happens that the stem of a leaf comes out with the tea, and stands momentarily upright. From whatever direction the stem finally falls, they expect a visitor. If a bird, in flying, casts its shadow on the partition or window (which is of paper, and translucent), a visitor will surely call soon. A person, when abstracted or in trouble, while eating, will often pour out his tea from the back of the tea-pot, instead of through the spout. In such case it is a sure sign of the near visit of a priest to the house.

Many are intended to teach the youth to imitate great, good, or wise men.

If the rim (*fuchi*, also meaning "salary") of a cup is broken (*hanaréru*, also meaning is "lost") in presence of an official while he is eating, he will be unhappy, for he will understand it to mean that he will lose his office or salary.

Even among the educated samurai, with whom the maintaining of the family name and dignity is all-important, there are many dangerous seasons for travelers, and the number of lucky and unlucky days is too numerous to be fully noted here.

Many people of the lower classes would not wash their head or hair on "the day of the horse," so named after one of the signs of the zodiac, lest their hair become red. Any other capillary color than a deep black is an abomination to a Japanese.

During an eclipse of the sun or moon, people carefully cover the wells, as they suppose that poison falls from the sky during the period of the obscuration. Seeds will not germinate if planted on certain days. Many people will not build a house fronting to the north-east, else it will soon be destroyed: this is the quarter in which especial evil lurks; it is called the "Devil's Gate." Young men must not light their pipes at a lamp: it should be done at the coals in the brazier. If they persist in violating this precaution, they will not get good wives. Many people even now, in the rural districts, think it wrong to eat beef, and believe that a butcher will have a cripple among his descendants.

When a maimed or deformed child is born, people say that its parents or ancestors committed some great sin. After 5 P.M. many people will not put on new clothes or sandals. There are several years of life called the *yaku-doshi* (evil years), in which a person must be very careful of himself and all he does. These critical years are the seventh, twenty-fifth, forty-second, and sixty-first in a man's, and the seventh, eighth, thirty-third, forty-second, and sixty-first in a woman's life.

In Japan, as with us, each baby is the most remarkable child ever seen, and wondrous are the legends rehearsed concerning each one; but it is a great day in a Japanese home when the baby, of his own accord, walks before his first birthday, and mochi (rice pastry) must be made to celebrate the auspicious event.

Young girls do not like to pour tea or hot water into a cup of *kawaméshi* (red rice), lest their wedding-night should be rainy.

The common belief in Japan is that the dream is the act of the soul. As soon as a person falls asleep, the soul, leaving the body, goes out to play. If we wake any one suddenly and violently, he will die, because his soul, being at a distance, can not return to the body before he is awakened. The soul is supposed to have form and color, and to be a small, round, black body; and the adventures of the disembodied soul, *i. e.*, the black ball apart from its owner, form a standard subject in Japanese novels and imaginative literature.

In general, dreams go by contraries. Thus, if one dreams that he was killed or stabbed by some one with a sword, the dream is considered a very lucky one. If a person dreams of finding money, he will soon lose some. If he dreams of loss, he will gain. If one dreams of Fuji no yama, he will receive promotion to high rank, or will win great prosperity. If on the night of the second day of the First month one dreams of the *takara-buné* (treasure-ship), he shall become a rich man. In order to dream this happy dream, people often put beneath their pillows a picture of it, which operates like bridal-cake.

All these beliefs and hundreds of others that I noted in Japan are comparatively harmless. The Japanese fancy does not seem to have reached that depth of disease, to have suffered with that *delirium tremens* of superstition, such as inthralls and paralyzes the Chinese, and prevents all modern progress. *Feng Shuey* is not a national curse in Japan, as it is in China; and whereas, in the latter country, telegraph poles and wires are torn down because they cast a shadow over the ancestral tombs, and railroads can not be built because they traverse or approach grave-yards, in Japan both these civilizers are popular.

In a few years many of the household superstitions I have enumerated will be, in the cities of Japan, as curious to the Japanese as they are to us. Among these are the following, with which this long chapter may be closed:

All over the country, in town or city, are trees specially dedicated to the kami, or gods. Those around shrines also are deemed sacred. They are often marked by a circlet of twisted rice-straw. Several times in the recent history of the country have serious insurrections broken out among the peasantry, because the local authorities decided to cut down certain trees held in worshipful reverence by the people, and believed to be the abode of the tutelary deities. Nature, in all her forms, is as animate and populous to the Japanese imagination as were the mountain stream and sea to the child and peasant of ancient Greece. Many a tale is told of trees shedding blood when hewed down, and of sacrilegious axe-men smitten in death for their temerity. In popular fiction—the mirror as well as nurse of popular fancy—a whole grove of trees sometimes appears to the belated or guilty traveler as a whispering council of bearded and long-armed old men.

In Fukui and Tōkiō, and in my numerous journeyings, many trees were pointed out to me as having good or evil reputation. Some were the abodes of good spirits, some of ghosts that troubled travelers and the neighborhood; while some had the strange power of attracting men to hang themselves on their branches. This power of fascinating men to suicide is developed in the tree after the first victim has done so voluntarily. One of these, standing in a lonely part of the road skirting the widest of the castle moats in Fukui, was famous for being the elect gallows for all the suicides by rope in the city. Another tree, near the Imperial College in Tōkiō, within half a mile of my house, bore a similar sinister reputation; and another, on the south side of Shiba grove, excelled, in number of victims, any in that great city.

A singular superstition, founded upon the belief that the kami will visit vengeance upon those who desecrate the sacred trees, or for whom they are desecrated, is called the "*Ushi toki mairi*"—literally, "to go to the shrine at the hour of the ox." Let us suppose that a man has made love to a woman, won her affections, and then deserted her. In some cases, sorrow culminates in suicide; usually, it is endured and finally overborne; in rare cases, the injured woman becomes a jealous avenger, who invokes the gods to curse and annihilate the destroyer of her peace. To do this, she makes a rude image of straw, which is to represent her victim. At the hour of two o'clock in the morning, *ushi toki* (the hour of the ox), she proceeds (*mairi*) to the shrine of her patron god, usually the *Uji-gami* (family or local deity). Her feet are shod with high clogs, her limbs are lightly robed in loose night-dress of white, her hair is disheveled, and her eyes sparkle with the passion within her. Sometimes she wears a crown, made of an iron tripod reversed, on which burn three candles. In her left hand she carries the straw effigy; in her right she grasps a hammer. On her bosom is suspended a mirror. She carries nails in her girdle or in her mouth. Reaching the sacred tree, which is encircled with a garland of rice-straw, before the shrine, and near the torii, she impales upon the tree with nails, after the manner of a Roman crucifier, the straw effigy of her recreant lover. While so engaged, she adjures the gods to save their tree, impute the guilt of desecration to the traitor, and visit him with their deadly vengeance. The visit is repeated nightly, several times in succession, until the object of her incantations sickens and dies. At Sabaë, which I visited, a town twenty-five miles from Fukui, before a shrine of Kampira stood a pine-tree about a foot thick, plentifully studded with nails, the imperishable parts of these emblems of vicarious vengeance. Another, and a smaller, tree hard by, wounded unto death by repeated stabs of the iron nails driven home by arms nerved to masculine strength, had long since withered away. It stood there, all scarred and stained by rust, and guttered into rottenness, a grim memorial of passions long since cooled in death, perchance of retribution long since accomplished. What tales of love and desertion, anguish, jealousy, and vengeance could each rusty cross of iron points tell, were each a tongue! It seemed but another of many proofs that the passions which thrill or torment the human soul are as strong in Japan as in those lands whose children boast that to them it is given to reach the heights of highest human joy, and to sound the depths of deepest human woe. In Japan, also, "Love is as strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

The Jealous Avenger. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

XII.

THE MYTHICAL ZOOLOGY OF JAPAN.

As if to make amends for the poverty of the actual fauna in Japan, the number and variety of imaginary creatures in animal form are remarkably great. Man is not satisfied with what the heavens above and the waters under the earth show him. Seeing that every effect must have a cause, and ignorant of the revelations of modern science, the natural man sees in cloud, tempest, lightning, thunder, earthquake, and biting wind the moving spirits of the air. According to the primal mold of the particular human mind will the bodying of these things unseen be lovely or hideous, sublime or trivial. Only one born among the triumphs of modern discovery, who lives a few years in an Asiatic country, can realize in its most perfect vividness the definition of science given by the master seer—" the art of seeing the invisible."

The aspects of nature in Japan are such as to influence the minds of its mainly agricultural inhabitants to an extent but faintly realized by one born in the United States. In the first place, the foundations of the land are shaky. There can be no *real* estate in Japan, for one knows not but the whole country may be ingulfed in the waters out of which it once emerged. Earthquakes average over two a month, and a hundred in one revolution of the moon have been known. The national annals tell of many a town and village ingulfed, and of cities and proud castles leveled. Floods of rain, causing dreadful land-slides and inundations, are by no means rare. Even the ocean has, to the coast-dweller, an added terror. Not only do the wind and tempest arise to wreck and drown, but the tidal wave is ever a possible visitor. Once or twice a year the typhoons, sometimes the most dreadful in the dreadful catalogue of destructive agencies, must be looked for. Two-thirds of the entire surface of the empire is covered with mountains—not always superb models of form like Fuji, but often jagged peaks and cloven crests, among which are grim precipices, frightful gulches, and gloomy defiles. With no religion but that of paganism and fetichism, armed without by no weapons of science, strengthened within by no knowledge of the Creator-father, the Japanese peasant is appalled at his own insignificance in the midst of the sublime mysteries and immensities of nature. The creatures of his own imagination, by which he explains the phenomena of nature and soothes his terrors, though seeming frightful to us, are necessities to him, since the awful suspense of uncertainty and ignorance is to him more terrible than the creatures whose existence he imagines. Though modern science will confer an ineffable good upon Japan by enlightening the darkened intellect of its inhabitants, yet the continual liability to the recurrence of destructive natural phenomena will long retard the march of mind, and keep alive superstitions that now block like bowlders the path of civilization.

Chief among ideal creatures in Japan is the dragon. The word dragon stands for a genus of which there are several species and varieties. To describe them in full, and to recount minutely the ideas held by the Japanese rustics concerning them, would be to compile an octavo work on dragonology. The merest tyro in Japanese art—indeed, any one who has seen the cheap curios of the country—must have been impressed with the great number of these colossal wrigglers on every thing Japanese. In the country itself, the monster is well-nigh omnipresent. In the carvings on tombs, temples, dwellings, and shops—on the Government documents—printed on the old and the new paper money, and stamped on the new coins—in pictures and books, on musical instruments, in high-relief on bronzes, and cut in stone, metal, and wood—the dragon (*tatsu*) everywhere "swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail," whisks his long mustaches, or glares with his terrible eyes. The dragon is the only animal in modern Japan that wears hairy ornaments on the upper lip.

I shall attempt no detailed description of the Japanese dragon, presuming that most foreign readers are already familiar with its appearance on works of art. The creature looks like a winged crocodile, except as to the snout, which is tufted with hair, and the claws, which are very sharp. The celebrated Japanese author, Bakin, in his masterpiece of *Hakkenden* ("The Eight Dog Children"), describes the monster with dogmatic accuracy. He says: "The dragon is a creature of a very superior order of being. It has a deer's horns, a horse's head, eyes like those of a devil, a neck like that of a snake, a belly like that of a red worm, scales like those of a fish, claws like a hawk's, paws like a tiger's, and ears like a cow's. In the spring, the dragon lives in heaven; in the autumn, in the water; in the summer, it travels in the clouds and takes its pleasure; in winter, it lives in the earth dormant. It always dwells alone, and never in herds. There are many kinds of dragons, such as the violet, the yellow, the green, the red, the white, the black, and the flying dragon. Some are scaly, some horned, some without horns. When the white dragon breathes, the breath of its lungs goes into the earth and turns to gold. When the violet dragon spits, the spittle becomes balls of pure crystal, of which gems and caskets are made. One kind of dragon has nine colors on its body, and another can see every thing within a hundred ri; another has immense treasures of every sort; another delights to kill human beings. The water dragon causes floods of rain; when it is sick, the rain has a fishy smell. The fire dragon is only seven feet long, but its body is of flame. The dragons are all very lustful, and approach beasts of every sort. The fruit of a union of one of these monsters with a cow is the *kirin;* with a swine, an elephant; and with a mare, a steed of the finest breed. The female dragon produces at every parturition nine young. The first young dragon sings, and likes all harmonious sounds, hence the tops of Japanese bells are cast in the form of this

The Rain Dragon. (From a Japanese drawing, by Kano.)

dragon; the second delights in the sounds of musical instruments, hence the *koto*, or horizontal harp, and *suzumi*, a girl's drum, struck by the fingers, are ornamented with the figure of this dragon; the third is fond of drinking, and likes all stimulating liquors, therefore goblets and drinking-cups are adorned with representations of this creature; the fourth likes steep and dangerous places, hence gables, towers, and projecting beams of temples and pagodas have carved images of this dragon upon them; the fifth is a great destroyer of living things, fond of killing and bloodshed, therefore swords are decorated with golden figures of this dragon; the sixth loves learning and delights in literature, hence on the covers and title-pages of books and literary works are pictures of this creature; the seventh is renowned for its power of hearing; the eighth enjoys sitting, hence the easy-chairs are carved in its images; the ninth loves to bear weight, therefore the feet of tables and of hibachi are shaped like this creature's feet. As the dragon is the most powerful animal in existence, so the garments of the emperor or mikado are called the 'dragon robes,' his face the 'dragon countenance,' his body the 'dragon body,' the ruffling of the 'dragon scales' his displeasure, and his anger the 'dragon wrath.'"

Whence arose the idea of the dragon? Was the pterodactyl known to the early peoples of the East? Did the geologic fish-lizard wander at night, with teeth unpicked and uncleansed of phosphorescent fragments of his fish-diet, and thus really breathe out fire, as the artists picture him?

The kirin, referred to above, is an animal having the head of a dragon, the body of a deer, and the legs and feet of a horse, with tail and streaming hair or wings peculiar to itself, though native poets never bestride it, nor is it any relative of Pegasus. On its forehead is a single horn. It is found carved on the wood-work of the tombs of the shōguns and other defunct worthies in Japan. It is said that the kirin appears on the earth once in a thousand years, or only when some transcendently great man or sage, like Confucius, is born. It never treads on a live insect, nor eats growing grass. The kirin is of less importance in Japan than in China, whence its origin, like that of so much of the mythology and strange notions current in Japan.

There is another creature whose visits are rarer than those of angels, since it appears on the earth only at millennial intervals, or at the birth of some very great man. This fabulous bird, also of Chinese origin, is called the *howo*, or phenix. The tombs of the shōguns at Shiba and Nikkō have most elaborate representations of the howo, and the new and old paper currency of the country likewise bears its image. It seems to be a combination of the pheasant and peacock. A Chinese dictionary thus describes the fowl: "The phenix is of the essence of water; it was born in the vermilion cave; it roosts not but upon the most beautiful tree (Wu-tung, *Elœococcus oleifera*); it eats not but of the seeds of the bamboo; it drinks not but of the sweetest spring; its body is adorned with the Five Colors; its song contains the Five Notes; as it walks, it looks around; as it flies, the hosts of birds follow it." It has the head of a fowl, the crest of a swallow, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish. Virtue, obedience, justice, fidelity, and benevolence are symbolized in the decorations on its head, wings, body, and breast.

Some of the ultra-conservatives, who cherish the old superstitions, and who look with distrust and contempt on the present *régime* in Japan, await the coming of the kirin and the howo with eagerness, as the annunciation of the birth of the great leader, who is, by his preeminent abilities, to dwarf into insignificance all the pigmy politicians of the present day. This superstition in Japan takes the place of those long in vogue in Europe, where it was supposed that such leaders as Charlemagne, Alfred, and Barbarossa were sleeping, but would come forth again at the propitious moment, to lead, conquer, and reign.

The *kappa* is a creature with the body and head of a monkey and the claws of a tortoise. There are various representations of it, gravely figured in native works on reptilology. In some of these, the monkey type seems to prevail; in others, the tortoise. There is a peculiar species of tortoise in the waters of Japan, called by the natives *sŭppon.* Its shell is cartilaginous, its head triangular, and its proboscis elongated and tapering. Imagine this greenish creature rising up, shedding its shell, and evolving into a monkey-like animal, about the size of a big boy, but retaining its web-footed claws, and you have the kappa. It is supposed to live in the water, and to seize people, especially boys, who invade its dominions. It delights in catching well-favored urchins, and feasting upon choice tidbits torn out of certain parts of their bodies.

The kappa, fortunately, is very fond of cucumbers, and parents having promising sons throw the first cucumbers of the season into the water it is supposed to haunt, to propitiate it and save their children. In Fukui, I was warned not to bathe in a certain part of the river, as the kappa would infallibly catch me by the feet and devour me; and more than one head was shaken when it became known that I had defied their warnings.

A woman was riding in a jin-riki-sha, and the coolie was coursing at full speed on the road at the side of the castle-moat, where the water is four feet deep. Suddenly, and, to the coolie, unaccountably, he and his vehicle were upset, and the precious freight was thrown into the moat. She was fished out in a condition that might have helped even a passing foreigner to believe in the existence of the mermaid. The coolie was puzzled to account for the capsizing of his machine, and immediately attributed it to the agency of the kappa. By venturing insultingly near the domain of this local Neptune, he had been punished by his muddy majesty. Though the woman had no mark of claw or teeth, she doubtless congratulated herself on her lucky escape from the claws of the monster.

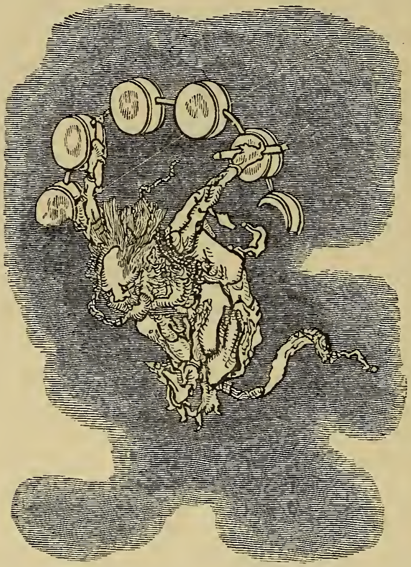
I have heard, on several occasions, of people in Tōkiō seeing a kappa in the Sumida-gawa, the river that flows by the capital. Numerous instances of harm done by it are known to the orthodox believers, to whom these creations of diseased imagination are embodied verities. The native newspapers occasionally announce reported cases of kappa mischief, using the incidents as texts to ridicule the superstition, hoping to uproot it from the minds of the people.

Among the many ideal creatures with which the native imagination has populated earth and air is the *kama-itachi*, believed to be a kind of weasel, that, in the most wanton sport, or out of mere delight in malignity, cuts or tears the faces of people with the sickle which it is supposed to carry. This creature is not known to trouble any animal except man. Every one knows that at times, in moments of excitement, cuts or scratches are received which are discovered only by the appearance of blood. In Japan, where the people universally wear clogs—often high, heavy blocks of wood, the thong of which is liable to break—and the ground is covered with loose pebbles or sharp stones, falls and cuts are very frequent. The one thought, to the exclusion of every other, in an instance of this kind, is about the failing thong or the outslipping support. The pedestrian, picking himself up, with probably a malediction on the thong or the clog-maker, finds, on cooling off, that his face is cut. Presto! "*Kama-itachi ni kiraréta*" ("cut by the sickle-weasel"). The invisible brute has passed and cut his victim on the cheek with his blade. I have myself known cases where no cut appeared and no blood flowed, yet the stumbler who broke his clog-string fell to cursing the kama-itachi for tripping him. This creature is also said to be present in whirlwinds. It is a most convenient scape-goat for people who go out at night when they ought to stay at home, and who get cuts and scratches which they do not care to account for truly. A case recently occurred in the port of Niigata, which illustrates both the mythical and scape-goat phases of this belief. A European doctor was called to see a native woman, who was said to be suffering from the kama-itachi. The patient was found lying down, with a severe clean cut, such as might have been caused by falling on some sharp substance; but to all questions as to how she got the wound, the only answer was, "Kama-itachi." By dint of questioning the servants, it appeared that there was more in the facts than had met the doctor's ears. It seemed that, during the night, she had risen and passed out of the house, and had been absent for a considerable time. Whether there was a "love-lorn swain in lady's bower" awaiting her coming was not developed during the pumping process she was subjected to by the student of imaginary zoology, who was the catechist of the occasion. Japanese gardens are nearly always paved with smooth stones, which often have sharp edges. These might easily have inflicted just such a wound in case of a fall on

Futen, the Wind-imp. (From a Japanese drawing.)

their slippery surfaces, especially if the fall occurred in the darkness. For reasons of her own, most probably, the blame was laid on the kama-itachi.

The wind and the thunder, to a Japanese child or peasant, are something more than moving air and sound. Before many of the temples are figures, often colossal, of the gods of the wind and of thunder. The former is represented as a monstrous semi-feline creature, holding an enormous bag of compressed air over his shoulders. When he loosens his hold on one of the closed ends, the breezes blow; when he partly opens it, a gale arises; when he removes his hand, the tornado devastates the earth. At times, this imp, as the fancy seizes him, sallies forth from his lair away in the mountains, and chases terrified travelers or grass-cutters; often scratching their faces dreadfully with his claws. Sometimes, invisibly passing, he bites or tears the countenance of the traveler, who, bearing the brunt of the blast, feels the wound, but sees not the assailant. There are not wanting pictures and images representing the deliverance of pious men, who, trusting in the goddess Kuanon, have, by dint of nimbleness and prayer, escaped, as by a hair-breadth, the steel-like claws of Futen, the wind-imp.



Raiden, the Thunder-drummer. (From a native drawing.)

The "thunder-god" is represented as a creature that looks like a human dwarf changed into a species of erect cat. His name is Raiden. He carries over his head a semicircle of five drums joined together. By striking or rattling these drums, he makes thunder. With us it is not the thunder that strikes; but in Japanese popular language, the thunder not only strikes, but kills. According to Russian superstition, thunder kills with a stone arrow. Among the Japanese, when the lightning strikes, it is the thunder-cat that leaps upon, or is hurled at, the victim. Often it escapes out of the cloud to the ground. A young student from Hiuga told me that in his native district the paw of a thunder-imp that fell out of the clouds several centuries ago is still kept, and triumphantly exhibited, as a silencing proof to all skeptics of the actual occurrence of the event asserted to have taken place. Tradition relates that a sudden storm once arose in the district, and that, during a terrific peal of thunder, this monster leaped, in a flash of lightning, down a well. Instead, however, of falling directly into the water, its hind paw happened to get caught in a crack of the split timber of the wooden well-curb, and was torn off by the momentum of the descent. This paw was found after the storm, fresh and bloody, and was immediately taken to be preserved for the edification of future generations. It is not known whether any of the neighbors missed a cat at that time; but any suggestions of such an irreverent theory of explanation would doubtless be met by the keepers of the relic with lofty scorn and pitying contempt.

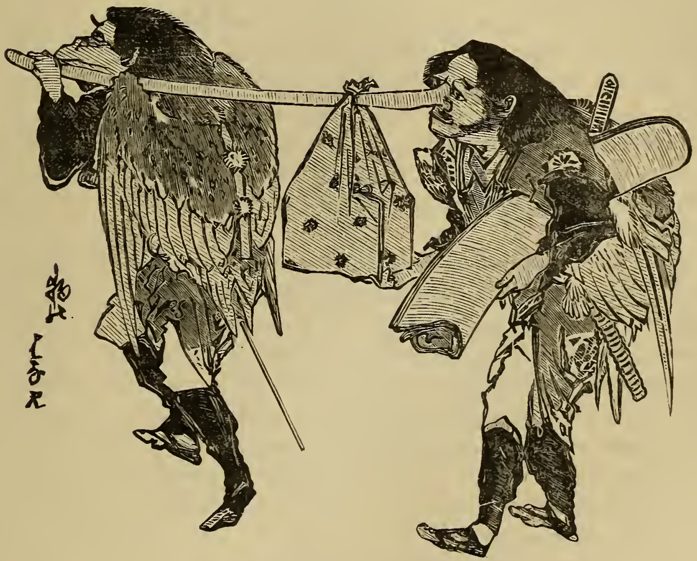
One of the miracle figures at Asakŭsa, in Tōkiō, until 1874 represents a noble of the mikado's court, with his hand on the throat, and his knee planted on the back of the thunder-imp that lies sprawling, and apparently howling, on the ground, with his drums broken and scattered about him. One hairy paw is stretched out impotently before him, and with the other he vainly tries to make his conqueror release his hold. The expression of the starting eyes of the beast shows that the vise-like grip of the man is choking him; his nostrils gape, and from his mouth extrude sharp teeth. His short ears are cocked, and his body is hairy, like a cat. On each of his paws are several triangular bayonet-shaped claws. The human figure is life-size; the thunder-cat is about three feet from crown to claws. The creature does not appear to have any tail. This, however, is no curtailment of his feline dignity, since most of the Japanese pussies have caudal appendages of but one or two inches in length, and many are as tailless as the Darwinian descendants of the monkey. This tableau is explained as follows by the guide-book to the exhibition:

"In the province of Yamato, in the reign of Yuriyaku Tennō, when he was leaving his palace, a sudden thunder-storm of terrific violence arose. The mikado ordered Sugaru, his courtier, to catch the thunder-imp. Sugaru spurred his horse forward and drove the thunder-god to the side of Mount Abé, where the creature, leaping high into the air, defied the attempts of his pursuer. Sugaru, gazing at the sky, cried out to the imp, 'Obey the emperor!' But the roll of the thunder ceased not for a moment. Then Sugaru, turning his face to the temple, prayed earnestly to Kuanon, and cried out, 'Dost thou not hear and protect thy faithful ones when they cry unto thee?' Immediately, as the prayer ended, a splendor of radiant light shot out from the temple, and the thunder-imp fell to the earth. Sugaru seized him in a trice, bound him securely, and took him to the emperor's palace. Then all men called him the 'god-catcher.'"

Decidedly, the animal of greatest dimensions in the mythical menagerie or aquarium of Japan is the *jishin uwo*, or "earthquake fish." Concerning the whereabouts and haunts of this monster, there are two separate opinions or theories, held respectively by the dwellers on the coast and those inland. The former believe that the jishin-uwo is a submarine monster, whose body is from half a ri to one ri in length. This fish strikes the shore or ocean-bottom in its gambols or in its wrath, and makes the ground rock and tremble. In times of great anger it not only causes the solid earth to quiver and crack, leveling houses in ruin, and ingulfing mountains, but, arching its back, piles the waters of the ocean into that sum of terror and calamity—a tidal wave. Among the people in the interior, however, the theory obtains that there exists a subterranean fish of prodigious length. According to some, its head is in the northern part of the main island, the place of fewest and lightest earthquakes, and its tail beneath the ground that lies between Tōkiō and Kiōto. Others assert that the true position is the reverse of this. The motions of the monster are known by the tremors of the earth. A gentle thrill means that it is merely bristling its spines. When shocks of extraordinary violence are felt, the brute is on a rampage, and is flapping its flukes like a wounded whale.

The limits of this chapter forbid any long description of the less important members of that ideal menagerie to which I have played the showman. Not a few instances have fallen under my own immediate notice of the pranks of two varieties of the genus *tengu*, which to the learned are symbolical of the male and female essences in

Chinese philosophy. These are in the one case long-nosed, and in the other long-billed goblins, that haunt mountain places and kidnap wicked children. Their faces are found in street shows, in picture-books, on works of art, and even in temples, all over the country. The native caricaturists are not afraid of them, and the funny artist has given us a sketch of a pair who are putting the nasal elongation to a novel use, in carrying the lunches. One is being "led by the nose," in a sense even stronger than the English idiom. The scrap of text, "*hanami*" ("to see the flowers"), is their term for junketing in the woods; but the hindmost tengu is carrying pleasure to the verge of pain, since he has to hold up his lunch-box with his right, while he carries his mat to sit on and table-cloth in his left hand. He of the beak evidently best enjoys the fun of the matter. I might tell of cats which do not exist in the world of actual observation, which have nine tails, and torment people, and of those other double-tailed felines which appear in the form of old women. A tortoise with a wide-fringed tail, which lives ten thousand years, is found portrayed on miscellaneous works of art, in bronze, lacquer-ware, carved work, and in silver, and especially represented as the emblem of longevity at

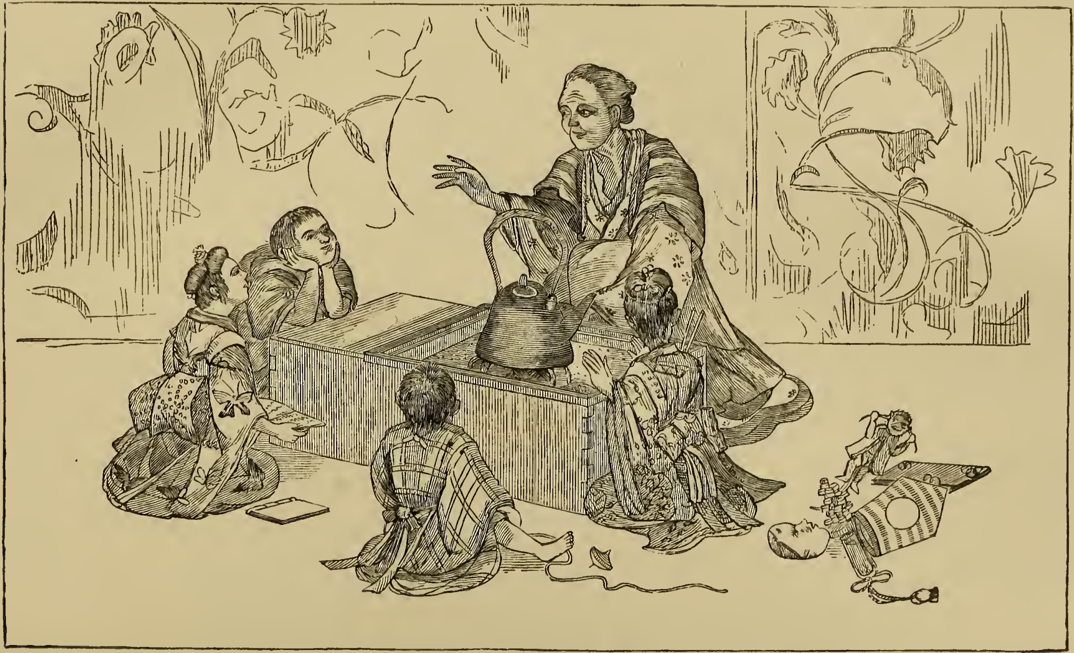


Tengu going on a Picnic. (Hokusai.)

marriage ceremonies. The mermaid is not only an article of manufacture by nimble-fingered native taxidermists, but exists in the belief of the Japanese fishermen as certainly as it does not exist in the ocean.

Among the miracle-figures or tableaux at Asakŭsa, to which we have already referred, is one representing a merman begging the prayers of a pious devotee. The Japanese guide-book says: "One day when a certain Jogu Taishi was passing the village of Ishidéra, a creature with a head like a human being and a body like a fish appeared to him out of the rushes, and told him that in his previous state of existence he had been very fond of fishing. Now, being born into the world as a merman, he eagerly desired Jogu Taishi to erect a shrine to the honor of Kuanon, that by the great favor and mercy of the goddess he might be reborn into a higher form of life. Accordingly, Jogu Taishi erected a shrine, and carved with his own hands a thousand images of Kuanon. On the day on which he finished the carving of the last image, a *ten-jin* (angel) appeared to him and said, 'By your benevolence and piety I have been born into the regions of heaven.'"

Little boys, tempted to devour too much candy, are frightened, not with prophecies of pain or threats of nauseous medicines, but by the fear of a hideous huge worm that will surely be produced by indulgence in sweets. The Japanese bacchanals are called shōjō. They are people who live near the sea, of long red hair, bleared eyes, and gaunt faces, who dance with wild joy before a huge jar of saké. On picnic boxes, saké cups, vases and jars of lacquered work, bronze, or porcelain, these mythical topers, with the implements of their mirth and excess, are seen represented. The associations of a Japanese child who first looks upon a man of red beard or hair may be imagined. So goes through all ages and ranks of life a more or less deep-rooted terror of non-existent monstrosities; and although many Japanese people in the cities and towns laugh at these superstitions, yet among the *inaka*, or country people, they are living realities, not to be trifled with or defied. In company, round the hearth, one fellow may be bold enough to challenge their existence; but at night, on the lonely road, or in the mountain solitudes, or in the presence of nature's more awful phenomena, the boor, the child, and even the grown men who reason, are awed into belief and fear. That they are fading away, however, year by year, is most evident. Science, the press, education, and Christianity are making these mythical animals extinct species in the geology of belief.



Grandmother telling Stories to the Children round the Brazier. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

XIII.

FOLK-LORE AND FIRESIDE STORIES.

The hibachi, or fire-brazier, is to the Japanese household what the hearth or fire-place is in an Occidental home. Around it friends meet, the family gathers, parents consult, children play, the cat purrs, and the little folks listen to the fairy legends or household lore from nurse or grandame.

I have often, in many a Japanese home, seen children thus gathered round the hibachi, absorbing through open eyes and ears and mouth the marvelous stories which disguise the mythology, philosophy, and not a little of the wisdom of the world's childhood. Even the same world, with its beard grown, finds it a delight to listen now and then to the old wives' fables, and I propose in this chapter to give a few of the many short stories with which every Japanese child is familiar, and which I have often heard myself from children, or from the lips of older persons, while sitting round the hibachi, or which I have had written for me. The artist Ōzawa, at my request, sketched such a scene as I have often looked upon. The grandmother has drawn the attention of her infantile audience to the highest tension of interest. Iron-bound top, picture-book, mask of Suzumé, jumping-jack, devil in a band-box, and all other toys are forgotten, while eyes open and mouths gape as the story proceeds. Besides the gayly colored little books, containing the most famous stories for children, there are numerous published collections of tales, some of which are centuries old. Among those current in Japan are some of Indian, Chinese, and perhaps of other origin.

The wonderful story of "Raiko and the Oni" is one of the most famous in the collection of Japanese grandmothers. Its power to open the mouths and distend the oblique eyes of the youngsters long after bed-time, is unlimited. I have before me a little stitched book of seven leaves, which I bought among a lot of two dozen or more in one of the colored print and book shops in Tōkiō. It is four inches long and three wide. On the gaudy cover, which is printed in seven colors, is a picture of Raiko, the hero, in helmet and armor, grasping in both hands the faithful sword with which he slays the ghoul whose frightful face glowers above him. The *hiragana* text and wood-cuts within the covers are greatly worn, showing that many thousand copies have been printed from the original and oft-retouched face of the cherry-wood blocks. The story, thus illustrated with fourteen engravings, is as follows:

A long while ago, when the mikado's power had slipped away into the hands of his regents, the guard at Kiōto was neglected. There was a rumor in the city that *oni*, or demons, frequented the streets late at night, and carried off people bodily. The most dreaded place was at the Ra-jō gate, at the south-western entrance to the palace. Hither Watanabé, by order of Raiko, the chief captain of the guard, started one night, well armed. Wearily waiting for some hours, he became drowsy, and finally fell asleep. Seizing his opportunity, the wary demon put out his arm from behind the gate-post, caught Watanabé by the neck, and began to drag him up in the air. Watanabé awoke, and in an instant seized the imp by the wrist, and, drawing his sword, lopped the oni's arms off, who then leaped into the cloud, howling with pain. In the morning Watanabé returned, and laid the trophy at his master's feet. It is said that an oni's limb will not unite again if kept apart from the stump for a week. Watanabé put the hairy arm in a strong stone box, wreathed with twisted rice-straw, and watched it day and night, lest the oni should recover it. One night a feeble knock was heard at his door, and to his challenge his old aunt's voice replied. Of course, he let the old woman in. She praised her nephew's exploit, and begged him to let her see it. Being thus pressed, as he thought, by his old aunty, he slid the lid aside. "This is my arm," cried the hag, as she flew westward into the sky, changing her form into a tusked and hairy demon. Tracing the oni's course, Raiko and four companions, disguised as *komusō* (wandering priests), reached the pathless mountain Oyé, in Tango, which they climbed. They found a beautiful young girl washing a bloody garment. From her they learned the path to the oni's cave, and that the demons eat the men, and saved the pretty damsels alive. Approaching, they saw a demon cook carving a human body, to make soup of. Entering the cave, they saw *Shu ten dōji*, a hideous, tusked monster, with long red hair, sitting on a pile of silken cushions, with about a hundred retainers around him, at a feast. Steaming dishes were brought in, full of human limbs, cooked in every style. The young damsels had to serve the demons, who quaffed saké out of human skulls. Raiko and his band pretended to join in the orgies, and amused the demons by a dance, after which they presented them with a bottle of saké which had been mixed with a narcotic. The chief drank a skullful and gave to his retainers. Soon all the demons were asleep, and a thunder-storm of snores succeeded. Then Raiko and his men threw off their disguise, drew sword, and cut off their heads, till the cave flowed blood like a river. The neck of the chief demon was wider than Raiko's sword, but the blade miraculously lengthened, and Raiko cut the monster's head off at one sweep. They then destroyed the treasure, released all the prisoners, and returned to Kiōto in triumph, exposing the huge head along the streets.

The red-haired, red-faced, or red-bearded aliens in Japan, who drink brandy out of tumblers, and then in drunken fury roam in the streets of Yokohama and Nagasaki, are not unfrequently compared to the intoxicated monster beheaded by Raiko. The Japanese child who sees his parents indulge in saké from a tiny cup, and to whom black eyes and hair, and the Japanese form, face, and dress constitute the true standard, is amazed at the great size of the mugs and drinking-glasses from which the men of red beards and faces drink a liquid ten times stronger than saké. Very naturally, to the Japanese imagination and memory the drunken sailor appears a veritable *shu ten dōji.* Nevertheless, the Yokohama coolie does not call him by so classic a name. He frames a compound adjective from the imprecation which most frequently falls from the sailor's lips. In the "Yokohama dialect," the word for sailor is *dammuraisŭ hitō* ("d—n-your-eyes" man).

The story of "The Monkey and the Crab" has as many versions as that of "The Arkansas Traveler." It is continually re-appearing in new dress and with new variations, according to the taste and abilities of the audience. Its flavor, as told by the chaste mother instructing her daughters, or by the vulgar coolie amusing his fellow-loafers while waiting for a job, is vastly different in either case. The most ordinary form of the story is as follows:

Once upon a time there was a crab who lived in a hole on the shady side of a hill. One day he found a bit of rice-cake. A monkey who was just finishing a persimmon met the crab, and offered to exchange its seed for the rice cracknel. The simple-minded crab accepted the proposal, and the exchange was made. The monkey eat up the rice-cake, but the crab backed off home, and planted the seed in his garden.

A fine tree grew up, and the crab was delighted at the prospect of soon enjoying the luscious fruit. He built a nice new house, and used to sit on the balcony, watching the ripening persimmons. One day the monkey came along, and, being hungry, congratulated the crab on his fine tree, and begged for some of the fruit, offering to climb and gather it himself. The crab politely agreed, requesting his guest to throw down some of the fruit that he might enjoy it himself. The ungrateful rascal of a monkey clambered up, and, after filling his pockets, eat the ripest fruit as fast as he could, pelting the crab with the seeds. The crab now determined to outwit the monkey, and, pretending to enjoy the insults as good jokes, he dared the monkey to show his skill, if he could, by descending head foremost. The monkey, to show how versatile were his accomplishments, accepted the friendly challenge, and turning flank—not tail—for Japanese monkeys have no tails—he began to come down head foremost. Of course, all the persimmons rolled out of his pockets. The crab, seizing the ripe fruit, ran off to his hole. The monkey, waiting till he had crawled out, gave him a sound thrashing, and went home.

Just at that time a rice-mortar was traveling by with his several apprentices, a wasp, an egg, and a sea-weed. After hearing the crab's story, they agreed to assist him. Marching to the monkey's house, and finding him out, they arranged their plans and disposed their forces so as to vanquish their foe on his return. The egg hid in the ashes on the hearth, the wasp in the closet, the sea-weed near the door, and the mortar over the lintel. When the monkey came home he lighted a fire to steep his tea, when the egg burst, and so bespattered his face, that he ran howling away to the well for water to cool the pain. Then the wasp flew out and stung him. In trying to drive off this fresh enemy, he slipped on the sea-weed, and the rice-mortar, falling on him, crushed him to death. Wasn't that splendid? The wasp and the mortar and sea-weed lived happily together ever afterward.

The moral against greedy and ungrateful people needs no pointing. In one of the recently published elementary works on natural philosophy, written in the vernacular of Tōkiō, I have seen the incident of the bursting egg utilized to illustrate the dynamic power of heat at the expense of the monkey. Another story, used to feather the shaft aimed at greedy folks, is that of the elves and the envious neighbor. The story is long, but, condensed, is as follows:

A wood-cutter, overtaken by a storm and darkness among the mountains, seeks shelter in a hollow tree. Soon he saw little creatures, some of a red color, wearing blue clothes, and some of a black color, wearing red clothes. Some had no mouth; others had but one eye. There were about one hundred of them. At midnight the elves, having lighted a fire, began to dance and carouse, and the man, forgetting his fright, joined them and began to dance. Finding him so jolly a companion, and wishing him to return the next night, they took from the left side of his face a large wen that disfigured it, as pawn, and disappeared. The next day, having told his story in high glee, an envious neighbor, who was also troubled with a wen on the right side of his face, resolved to possess his friend's luck, and went out to the same place. At night the elves assembled to drink and enjoy a jig. The man now appeared, and, at the invitation of the chief elf, began to dance. Being an awkward fellow, and not to be compared with the other man, the elves grew angry, and said, "You dance very badly this time. Here, you may have your pledge, the wen, back again." With that an elf threw the wen at the man. It stuck to his cheek, and he went home, crying bitterly, with two wens instead of one.

Stories of cats, rabbits, dogs, monkeys, and foxes, who are born, pass through babyhood, are nursed, watched, and educated by anxious parents with all due moral and religious training, enjoy the sports proper to their age, fall in love, marry, rear a family, and live happy ever afterward to a green old age, form the staple of the tiny picture-books for tiny people. When told by garrulous nurses or old grannies, the story becomes a volume, varied and colored from rich imagination or actual experience.

A great many funny stories are told about blind men, who are often witty wags. They go about feeling their way with a staff, and blowing a double-barreled whistle which makes a peculiarly ugly noise. They shave their heads, and live by shampooing tired travelers at hotels, or people who like to be kneaded like a sponge or dough. They also loan out money at high rates of interest, public sympathy being their sure guard against loss. Even among these men the spirit of caste and rank prevails, and the chief blind man of a city or town usually holds an official diploma. On the occasion of such an award the bald-pates enjoy a feast together. After imbibing freely, they sing songs, recite poetry, and crack jokes, like merry fellows with eyes, and withal, at them because having eyes, some can not see—to read. Here is a sample. An illiterate country gawk, while in the capital, saw a learned man reading with eyeglasses on. Thereupon, he hastened to an optician's, and bought a pair. He was both annoyed and surprised to find he could not make out a word.

A story is told of two men who were stone-deaf, who met together one morning, when the following dialogue took place:

First Post. "Good-morning. Are you going to buy saké?"

Second Post. "No. I am going to buy saké."

Third Post. "Oh, excuse me, I thought you were going to buy saké."

I heard the following story from one of my students from Fukui. It is a favorite with the professional story-tellers in Tōkiō. It reminds one of the Spaniard who is said to have put on magnifying spectacles while eating grapes, or the Yankee who strapped green eyeglasses on his horse while feeding him on shavings:

A very economical old fellow, named Kisaburo, once took lodgings near a shop to which the *élite* of the epicures of Yedo resorted daily for the delicacy of eels fried in soy. The appetizing odor was wafted into his quarters, and Kisaburo, being a man of strong imagination, daily enjoyed his frugal meal of boiled rice by his palate, and the savory smoke of eels through his olfactories, and thus saved the usual expense of fish and vegetables.

The eel-frier, on discovering this, made up his mind to charge his stingy neighbor for the smell of his eels, and paid him a visit with his bill made out. Kisaburo, taking it in good humor, called his wife, who brought out the cash-box. After jingling the bag of money, he touched it on the bill, and replacing it in the box under lock, ordered his wife to return it to its place. The eel-man, amazed at such financiering, cried out, "Well, are you not going to pay me?" "Oh no!" said Kisaburo, "you have charged me for the smell of your eels; I have paid you back with the sound of my money."

A story very similar to this, which I have transcribed as I heard it, is given by Rabelais, Third Book, thirty-seventh chapter.

Stories illustrating the freaks of absent-minded men are very numerous. Here is one, told me by a village lad from near Takéfu, in Echizen. A farmer's wife about to enjoy the blessing of addition to her family besought her husband to visit a famous shrine of Kuan-on, the Goddess of Mercy, and make an offering and pray for easy deliverance of her offspring. The good wife packed up a lunch for her husband in a box of lacquered wood, and took out one hundred cash (about one and a half cents) from their hoard, which was kept in an old bag made of rushes, in a jar under the floor, as a gift to be thrown into the temple coffer to propitiate the deity. At early morn the man prepared to start, but in a fit of absent-mindedness, instead of his lunch-box, he took the pillow (a Japanese pillow is often a box of drawers holding the requisites of a woman's coiffure, with a tiny bolster on the top), and, carefully wrapping it up, set off, and in due time arrived at the shrine. Now, the husband was less devout than his spouse, and, being ten miles away from her tongue and eye, he decided to throw but ten cash into the sacred coffers, and spend the remaining ninety on a bottle of saké, to be served by a pretty waiter-girl at the adjoining tea-house. So he divided his money into two packages, but in his absent-mindedness he unintentionally flung the larger amount into the temple box. Annoyed on discovering his bad luck, he offered his prayers in no very holy frame of mind, and then sat down to enjoy his lunch. Not being able to eat the hair-pins, pomatum, etc., in the pillow-box, he made his way to an eating-shop to buy a bit of *mochi* (rice-dough) to satisfy his hunger. Again his greed and absent-mindedness led him to grief, for, seeing a large round piece of what he thought was good dough for short-cake for only five cash, he bought it and hurried of, thinking the shop-girl had made a mistake, which she would soon discover at her cost. When he went to eat it, however, he found it was only a plaster show-piece for the dough. Chewing the cud of bitter reflections, the hungry man at dark reached, as he supposed, his home; and seeing, as he thought, his wife lighting a lantern, greeted her with a box on the ear. The woman, startled at such conduct, screamed, bringing her husband to her relief, and the absent-minded man, now recovering his senses again, ran for his life; but when beyond danger he relapsed into his old habits, and reaching his own dwelling, found himself begging pardon of his own amazed wife for having boxed her ears.

One of the many tales of filial revenge (see page 222) told to children is that of "the Soga boys." In the time of Yoritomo, while on a hunt in the mountains, one Kudo shot and killed Kawadzu. Of the slain man's two sons, one was sent to a monastery in the Hakoné mountains, to be educated for the Buddhist priesthood. There, as he grew up, he learned all about the death of his father, and who his murderer was. From that time, he thought of nothing but how to compass his death. Meanwhile, the other son was adopted by one Soga, and became a skillful fencer. At Ōiso, on the Tōkaidō, the two orphans finally meet, lay their plans, feast together, and prepare to join the great hunt of Yoritomo on the slopes of Mount Fuji. On the night after, they attack the quarters where the tired Kudo lies asleep. They beat down the servants who try to defend him, and sate their revenge by cutting off his head.

Of foxes and badgers I have written elsewhere. I have in this chapter of folk-lore, given only a few specimens from a great storehouse. This last is called "The Boy of Urashima."

In the reign of the Empress Suiko (A.D. 593–628) there lived, on a small island off the coast of Tango, a poor fisherman and his wife. Though too poor to provide more than the barest necessaries of life, they managed, being pious folks, to keep the lamp always burning in the shrine of Riu Jin, the sea-god, their patron. Night and morning they offered up their prayers, and, though their meals might be scanty, they never failed to burn a stick of incense at the shrine.

To this good couple a dear son was born, who grew up to be pious and dutiful, and to be the staff of his aged parents. When they were too old to go out to fish, Tarō, the son, caught enough fish to support himself and them. Now, it happened that one day in autumn Tarō was out, as usual, in his boat, though the sea was rough and the waves high. The increasing storm finally compelled him to seek shelter in his hut. He uttered a prayer to the sea-god, and turned his prow homeward. Suddenly there appeared, on the crest of the waves, a divine being, robed in white, riding upon a large tortoise. Approaching the wearied fisherman, he greeted him kindly, and said, "Follow me, and I will make you a happy man."

Tarō, leaving his boat, and mounting the tortoise with his august companion, the tortoise sped away with marvelous celerity; and on they journeyed for three days, passing some of the most wonderful sights human being ever beheld. There were ponds of perfectly transparent water filled with the fish he daily caught, and others with strange species. The roads were lined with rare and fragrant trees laden with golden fruit, and flowers more beautiful than he had ever seen or imagined. Finally, they came to a great gate of white marble, of rare design and imposing proportion. Richly dressed ladies and pages were waiting to welcome him. He entered a golden palanquin, and amidst trains of courtiers was borne to the palace of the king, and treated with honor and courtesy. The splendors of this palace it is not possible to describe in the language of earth. Tarō was assigned to one of the fairest apartments, and beautiful girls waited upon him, and a host of servants were ready to do his bidding. Feasts, music, songs, dancing, gay parties, were given in his honor. Many of the people around him seemed very remarkable beings. Some had heads made of shells, some of coral. All the lovely colors of nacre, the rarest tints which man can see beneath the deep-blue sea when the ocean's floor is visible, appeared on their dresses and ornaments. Their jewels of pearls and precious stones and gold and silver were profuse, but wrought in exquisite art. Tarō could scarcely tell whether the fascinating creatures were human or not; but he was very happy, and his hosts so kind that he did not stop to notice their peculiarities. That he was in fairy-land he knew, for such wealth was never seen, even in king's palaces, on earth.

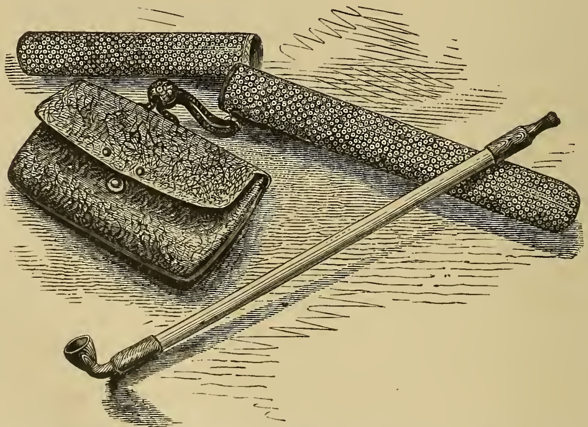
After Tarō had spent, as he supposed, seven days at the king's palace, he wished to go and see his parents. He felt it was wrong to be so happy when he was uncertain of their fate in the upper world. The king allowed his request, and, on parting with him, gave him a box. "This," said he, "I give you on condition that you never open it, nor show it to any one, under any circumstances whatever." Tarō, wondering, received it, and bid adieu to the king. He was escorted to the white marble gate, and, mounting the same tortoise, reached the spot where he had left his boat. The tortoise then left him.

Tarō was all alone. He looked round, and saw nothing on the strand. The mountains and rocks were familiar, but no trace of his parents' hut was seen. He began to make inquiries, and finally learned from an old gray-headed fisherman that, centuries before, the persons he described as his parents had lived there, but had been buried so long ago that their names could be read only by scraping the moss and lichens off the very oldest stones of the grave-yard in the valley yonder. Thither Tarō hied, and after long search found the tomb of his dear parents. He now, for the first time since he had left his boat—as he thought, a few days ago—felt the pangs of sorrow. He felt an irresistible longing to open the box. He did so. A purple vapor, like a cloud, issued and suffused his head for a moment. A cold shiver ran through him. He tried to rise; his limbs were stiff and bent. His face was wrinkled; his teeth dropped out; his limbs trembled; he was an old man, with the weight of four centuries on him. His infirmities were too great for flesh to bear; he died a few days afterward.

I have given the story as it was current in Echizen. I have also heard it told with the location on the shores of the Bay of Yedo. Another version makes the strand of a river in Shinano the place of Tarō's departure and return. In another form of the story, Tarō returns to find his parents dwelling in a glorious mansion. After greetings are over, the old folks are curious to know what the box contains. Tarō, persuaded, opens it, to find himself, alone and old, on a desolate shore. The story is undoubtedly very old. It is found in several books, and has been often made the subject of art. The fishermen in various parts of Japan worship the good boy of Urashima, who, even in the palaces of the sea-gods, forgot not his old parents.

The four following stories are a few of many told of a famous judge, named Ōka, who, for wisdom, shrewdness, and judicial acumen, may be called the Solomon of Japan. I first heard of his wondrous decisions when in Tōkiō, but there is a book of anecdotes of him, and a record of his decisions, called the *Ōka Jinseidan.* I suppose they are true narrations.

A certain man possessed a very costly pipe, made of silver inlaid with gold, of which he was very proud. One day a thief stole it. After some vain search, Ōka heard that a man in a certain street had such a pipe, but it was not certain whether it was his own or the stolen article. He found out the truth concerning the pipe in the following ingenious manner.



Japanese Pipe of Bamboo and Brass, Pipe-case, and Tobacco-pouch.

A Japanese pipe is usually made of a tiny bowl, or bowl-piece, fitted to a mouth-piece with a bamboo tube. Sometimes all the parts are in one, the material being metal or porcelain. The mild tobacco, cut into finest shreds, like gossamer, is rolled up in pellets, and lighted at a live coal in the brazier. After one or two whiffs, a fresh ball is introduced. A native will thus sit by the hour, mechanically rolling up these tobacco pills, utterly oblivious of the details of the act. Like certain absent-minded people, who look at their watches a dozen times, yet can not tell, when asked, what time it may be, so a Japanese, while talking at ease, will often be unable to remember whether he has smoked or not. After long mechanical practice, his nimble fingers with automatic precision roll the pellet to a size that exactly fills the bowl of the pipe.

The shrewd judge found an opportunity to see the suspected man a short time after the theft. He noticed him draw out the golden pipe, and abstractedly roll up a globule of tobacco from his pouch. It was too small. On turning to the brazier, and turning the mouth of the bowl sideward or downward, the pellet rolled out. Here was positive proof to Ōka that the golden pipe was not his own. The thief, on being charged with the theft, confessed his guilt, and was punished.

On another occasion a seller of pickled vegetables of various sorts, a miserly old fellow, being rich, and fearing thieves, kept his gold in a deep dish full of *dai-kon* (radishes), preserved in a liquid mixture composed of their own fermented juice, salt, and the skin of rice-grains. When long kept, the mass has a most intolerable odor, and to remove the smell from the hands after working in it stout scrubbing with ashes is necessary. Now, it so happened that one of the neighbors found out the whereabouts of the pickler's savings, and, when his back was turned, stole. The old pickler kept his heart at the bottom of his radishes, and on his return, on examination, found his treasure gone. Forthwith informing the judge, Ōka called in all the neighbors, and, after locking the doors, began, to the amazement of all and the horror of one, to smell the hands of those present. The unmistakable odor of dai-kon clung to one man, who thereupon confessed, disgorged, and received punishment.

Cases which other judges failed to decide were referred to Ōka. Often the very threat of bringing a suspected man before this Solomon secured confession after other means had failed.

A young mother, being poor, was obliged to go out to service, and to leave her little daughter at the house of another woman to bring up for her. When the child grew up to womanhood, the mother was able to leave service, expecting to live with her daughter, and enjoy her love. To her surprise, on going to the house of the woman who had charge of her daughter, the woman claimed the girl as her own child, and refused to give her up.

When brought before Ōka, there being no evidence but the conflicting testimony of the women, who both claimed maternity, the judge ordered them each to take hold of an arm of the young girl and pull. Whoever was the strongest should have her.

Not daring to disobey, the true mother reluctantly took gentle hold, while the other claimant seized a hand, and, bracing herself for the struggle, pulled with all her might. No sooner did the girl utter a cry of pain than the true mother dropped her hand, refusing to try again. Her friends urged her to continue the trial, and her antagonist dared her to go on, but the mother was firm. The judge, silent and attentive the while, then angrily addressed the cruel woman as a deceiver, void of all maternal feeling, who regarded not the pain of her pretended offspring. He then ordered the girl to be restored to her true mother. The false claimant was dismissed in disgrace. Mother and child were overjoyed, and the witnesses astonished at such judicial wisdom.

In another case, a rich merchant of Yedo went to Kiōto on business, and was absent thirteen months. On his return he found that his wife had been unfaithful to him. After fruitless efforts to extort her secret and find her paramour, he went to Ōka. On a certain day, all the male relations, friends, and neighbors assembled, and, one by one, were called into the judgment-hall, and questioned. Ōka told the husband to bring with him his cat, which had for years been a pet in the house. With the cat quietly nestled at his side, he leisurely questioned each person. No clue could be obtained, until one young man appeared and took his seat, as usual, on his heels and knees, on the matting. The cat, now interested, ran briskly up, rubbed itself against his knees, and, being stroked by the man, finally climbed up in his lap, and cuddled itself up as if perfectly familiar with that comfortable place. All this time the young man was looking in the judge's face, and answering his questions, forgetful of the cat. The questioning being finished, the judge ordered the officers to bind the man and conduct him to prison. The man, who was inwardly congratulating himself on his clever answers, and his freedom even from suspicion, thought Ōka was helped by the gods, and confessed his crime.

I have an ivory and a wood carving, both nitsuki, representing the Japanese form of the story of Rip Van Winkle, which is, perhaps, a universal myth. The ivory figure is that of an old man leaning on the handle of an axe. His hair is long and white, and his snowy beard sweeps his breast and falls below his girdle. He is intently watching two female figures playing a game of checkers. The story (of Chinese origin) is, as told by Japanese story-tellers, as follows:

Lu-wen was a pious wood-cutter, who dwelt at the base of the majestic and holy mountain Tendai, the most glorious peak of the Nanlin range, in China. Though he thought himself familiar with the paths, he for some reason one day lost his way, and wandered about, having his axe with him. He did not care, however, because the beauty of the landscapes, the flowers, and the sky seemed to possess his senses, and he gave himself up to the ecstasy of the hour, enjoying all the pleasant emotions of holy contemplation. All at once he heard a crackling sound, and immediately a fox ran out before him and into the thickets again. The wood-cutter started to pursue it. He ran some distance, when suddenly he emerged into a space where two lovely ladies, seated on the ground, were engaged in playing a game of checkers. The bumpkin stood still and gazed with all his sight at the wonderful vision of beauty before him. The players appeared to be unaware of the presence of an intruder. The wood-cutter still stood looking on, and soon became interested in the game as well as in the fair players. After some minutes, as he supposed, he bethought himself to return. On attempting to move away, his limbs felt very stiff, and his axe-handle fell to pieces. Stooping down to pick up the worm-eaten fragments, he was amazed to find, instead of his shaven face of the morning, a long white beard covering his bosom, while, on feeling his head, he discovered on it a mass of silken white hair.

The wrinkled old man, now dazed with wonder, hobbled down the mountain to his native village. He found the streets the same, but the houses were filled with new faces; crowds of children gathered round him, teasing and laughing at him; the dogs barked at the stranger; and the parents of the children shook their heads and wondered among themselves as to whence the apparition had come. The old man, in agony of despair, asked for his wife and children and relatives. The incredulous people set him down as a fool, knowing nothing of whom he asked, and treating his talk as the drivel of lunatic senility. Finally, an old grandam hobbled up, and said she was a descendant of the seventh generation of a man named Lu-wen. The old man groaned aloud, and, turning his back on all, retraced his weary steps to the mountain again. He was never heard of more, and it is believed he entered into the company of the immortal hermits and spirits of the mountain.

XIV.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

The proverbs of a nation are mirrors of its character. Not only the genius and wit, but the prejudices, the loves, the hates, the standards of actions and morals, are all faithfully reflected in the condensed wisdom of their pithy phrases. Most proverbs are of anonymous authorship. "The wisdom of many and the wit of one," a proverb is saved from death because clothed in brevity, rhythm, or alliteration. Every man hails it as his own, because he recognizes his own heart in it. Proverbs are often tell-tale truths, for a nation sometimes outgrows its prejudices and becomes ashamed of its own familiar beliefs. Proverbs thus become the labels of antiquities in the museum of speech. They are fossils which show how opinions which had life and force long ago are now defunct and forgotten. Unexplainable to latter generations, they, as the fossils of geology once were, are thought to be *lusus naturæ.*

The delver among the treasures of Japanese lore finds proverbs both new and old, and in them sees ancient landmarks and modern finger-posts.

The proverbs of a nation so long isolated from the world must needs have peculiar interest to the rest of that world. We shall see in most of them, however, the clear reflection of that human heart which beats responsive beneath the toga, the camel's-hair raiment, the broadcloth, and the silk *haori.*

It has often been a delightful feeling, when stumbling upon some untranslatable but tickling morsel of wisdom, to reach its heart by quoting one of our own homely and pretty proverbs. Many of our old friends may be recognized in Japanese costume. Nothing so touches the Japanese heart and nature as the unexpected quotation of one of their old proverbs. Especially in the lecture-room does it give point and clinching force to a statement or explanation. When before his class, the teacher sees no response or sympathy in the earnest but stolid faces of his Japanese pupils, and when every chosen arrow flies the mark, let a shaft feathered with one of their own proverbs be sent: instantly a gleam of intelligence, like a sunburst, or an assuring peal of merry laughter, proclaims the centre struck and success won.

I shall arrange together a few of the most familiar of Japanese proverbs. Lest some might think the Japanese plagiarize from us, or lest some "resemblance"-monger should catch a few to put in his "Index Rerum," or "familiar quotations," I would remark that, apparently, many of these proverbs were current in Japan before Cæsar was born or America discovered.

The following are expressions for what is impossible: To build a bridge to the clouds. To throw a stone at the sun. To scatter a fog with a fan. To dip up the ocean with the hand.

Like our "No rose without a thorn," is their There's a thorn on the rose.

Good doctrine needs no miracles, is the Japanese rationalist's arrow against the Buddhist bonzes.

The fly seeks out the diseased spot, as people do in their neighbors' character.

As different as the moon is from a tortoise. (Cheese, green or otherwise, is not made or eaten by the Japanese.)

The natives of the Islands in the Four Seas are better boatmen than cooks, too many of whom spoil the broth, but, With too many boatmen, the boat runs up a hill.

The universal reverence of youth for age is enjoined in this: Regard an old man as thy father.

The fortune-teller can not tell his own fortune.

The doctor does not keep himself well.

Some men can do more than Goldsmith's school-master: They can argue until a crow's head becomes white.

A narrow-minded man or bigot looks at the heavens through a reed, or a needle's eye.

Our "cat in a strange garret" is metamorphosed into the more dignified figure of A hermit in the market-place.

The dilatory man seeing the lion, begins to whet his arrows. The beaten soldier fears even the tops of the tall grass. Fighting sparrows fear not man.

Only a tidbit to a ravenous mouth. (Said when the little tidbit Denmark flies down the huge gullet of Prussia; or when Saghalin falls into Russia's maw.)

By losing, gain.

Give opportunity to genius.

To give an iron club to a devil is to give riches to a bad man.

While the hunter looks afar after birds, they fly up and escape at his feet.

The ignorant man is gentle.

Don't give a *ko-ban* to a cat.

Akin to "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" are The sage sickens; The beautiful woman is unhappy.

Every one suffers either from his pride or sinfulness.

Even a calamity, left alone for three years, may turn into a fortune.

No danger of a stone being burned.

Even a running horse needs the whip.

An old man's cold water—*i. e.*, out of place, unreasonable. The Japanese nearly always wash their hands and faces with hot water, and old men invariably do so. For an old man, then, to wash with cold water, or for one to bring him cold water, is decidedly *mal à propos.*

Birds flock on the thick branches.

The fox borrowed the tiger's power.

Giving wings to a tiger.

Dark as the lantern's base, while the light streams far abroad. (People must go to a distance to learn the news about things at home. This is emphatically true about residents in Japan who read home newspapers.)

Heaven does not kill a man. (No one is utterly crushed by calamity.)

A curse comes not from a god with whom one has no concern. (Men are not to be punished by a god of whom they have never heard.)

Like jumping into the fire with a bundle of wood. (Especially used of a small nation going to war against a large one, only to be "gobbled up.")

Having inquired seven times, believe the common report.

Even the worm that eats smart-weed, to his taste. ("Every one to his liking." "No accounting for taste.")

Was it a wife comparing the attentions of her husband before and after marriage who coined this proverb, or heaved it as a sigh? It tells a sad tale of a woman who has borne mother-pain and marriage cares only to be rewarded by coldness. In Japan, the unmarried girls only wear the red petticoat, which peeps out so prettily at times, or glistens through the summer dress of silken crape. After marriage, they doff this virginal garment; and as it was with Whittier's, so with the Japanese Maud Muller, "care and sorrow and childbirth-pain" leave their trace on the once blooming face and willowy form, in which her partner no longer delights. Alas! what a tale does this proverb tell: Love leaves with the red petticoat!

When people say "as ugly as sin," meaning thereby as ugly as Milton's hag, and suppose that the blind bard's conception of ugliness eclipses every other, they have, most evidently, never looked upon the face of the Japanese lord of Jigoku, or the hells, of which the Buddhists count one hundred and twenty-eight. To say that his face is hideous or describe it in adjectives, is to damn with faint praise the native imagination that could conceive such a terror. What I mean by reference to this demon, who is called Ema, is to give point to the Japanese version of our homely reference to the man who will have his fun, but "must pay the fiddler." The proverb by which every steady-going Japanese exults at the end of the fast and, perhaps fine-looking young man who sports on credit, is, When the time comes to settle up, you'll see Ema's face.

Which does the following recall — the ostrich, which, hiding its head, thinks itself safe, or the youth who reads ghost-stories till his blood curdles, but who, by covering up in the bedclothes, feels safe? The proverb, The head is concealed, but the back is exposed, is applied by the Japanese to all who, to flee from spooks, and to guard against lightning, hide in the dark or under their coverlets.

Here is an exquisite bit of philosophy, which shows that "travels at one's fireside," or what Emerson has taught of seeing at home all that travelers behold abroad, are not strange ideas in Japan: The poet, though he does not go abroad, sees all the renowned places.

Some one has said of the sage: "He keeps his child's heart." All know Wordsworth's line, which is approximated in this: The child of three years keeps his heart till he is sixty.

The idea contained in the saying, "Talk of an angel, and you will hear the rustling of his wings," or "Speak of the Devil," etc., is confined only to the genus *Homo* in the Japanese proverb: Talk of a person, and his shadow appears.

Sydney Smith condensed a volume of dietetic hygiene in his exact statement that "Some men dig their graves with their teeth." The complement of that is found in this: Disease enters by the mouth; or, The mouth is the door of disease.

The following are all in the form of a simile: Like walking on thin ice (like a politician before election-day). To give a thief a key. Like scratching the foot with the shoe on (can not reach the seat of trouble). Like placing a child near a well. One hair of nine oxen (small fraction). Like the crow that imitated the cormorant (he tried to dive in the water, and was drowned). Like spitting against the wind (said of a wicked slander against a good man). The decree of the mikado is like perspiration; it can never go back ("Firm as the laws of the Medes and Persians").

Proverbs, like certain kinds of money, vary in the amount and rapidity of their circulation. A class of Japanese proverbs, such as "The frog in the well knows not the great ocean," which lay almost forgotten in the national memory for centuries, has come forth, and is now the circulating medium of those who bandy the retorts applicable to old fogies and old fogyism. The conservatives who impede or oppose reform in Japan, claiming that Japan is all-sufficient in herself, are usually styled "frogs" by the young blades who have been abroad and seen the world beyond Japan, who also refer to the past as the time when that country was "in a well."

There are several other proverbs like that of the "well-frog;" but they depend for their interest upon references to things not easily explained by mere translation. The "great ocean," however, mirrors itself in the Japanese mind ever as the symbol of immensity. Thus: A drop of the ocean is our "drop in the bucket." To dam up the great ocean with the hand. The ocean does not mind the dust (a great man lives down slander). The ocean, being wide, can not be all seen at once (a great subject can not be treated fairly by a bigot). To dip out the water of the ocean with a small shell.

The Japanese have a lively sense of the iniquity of ingratitude: Better nourish a dog than an unfaithful servant. To have one's hand bitten by the dog it feeds.

That paternal solicitude is not unknown in the land of Great Peace, is evinced by these: Childbirth is less painful than anxiety about children. It is easier to beget children than to care for them. Catching a thief to find him your own son.

Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain. (Don't send one man to bring back another from a place of pleasure, lest he also be tempted.)

If in a hurry, go round. ("The longest way round is the shortest way home." "The more hurry, the less speed.")

The spawn of frogs will become but frogs.

By saving one cash (one one-hundredth of a cent) lose a hundred (one tempō). Cash wise, tempō foolish.

Only a tailor's (dyer's) promise.

The walls have ears. Pitchers have spouts.

Deaf men speak loudly.

There is no medicine for a fool.

You can not rivet a nail in potato custard.

He wishes to do both—to eat the poisoned delicacy and live.

By searching the old, learn the new.

Once I asked some of our students whether there was any Japanese proverb which answered to the old English one, "Happy is the man whose father has gone to the devil." Several of them answered with this familiar one: *Jigoku no sata mo, kané shidai*—the tortures of hell are graded according to the amount of money one has; or, briefly and literally, even hell's judgments are according to money.

The Buddhists, like the mediæval priests in Europe, sell their masses at a high price. Happy the dying rich man, but woe betide the poor! In most Japanese Buddhist temples, as in Roman churches in Europe, a box hangs up to receive cash for the mutual benefit of the damned and the priests—especially the latter.

The rat-catching cat hides her claws.

If you keep a tiger, you will have nothing but trouble.

An ugly woman shuns the looking-glass.

Poverty leads to theft.

To aim a gun in the darkness. In vain.

The more words, the less sense.

Like the peeping of a blind man through a hedge.

A charred stick is easily kindled.

Who steals money, is killed; who steals a country, is a king.

If you do not enter the tiger's den, you can not get her cub.

In mending the horn, he killed the ox.

The best thing in traveling is a companion; in the world, kindness.

To draw off water to his own field. (Most of the fields in Japan are irrigated rice-fields. Water is always a desideratum. This proverb is like our "Feather his own nest.")

Famous swords are made of iron scrapers.

Like learning to swim in a field.

Though the magnet attracts iron, it can not attract stone.

Here is something almost Shakspearian: The gods have their seat on the brow of a just man.

If you say to him "gently," he will say "slam."

A sixth-day camellia. (A great flower festival comes on the fifth of a certain month. To bring your flower on the sixth day is to bring it a day after the fair.)

Now sinking, now floating. ("Such is life.")

Poke a canebrake, and a snake will crawl out.

Like carrying a cup brimful.

To feed with honey; *i. e.*, to flatter.

Proof is better than discussion.

Use the cane before you fall down.

Like casting a stone at an egg.

A roving dog runs against a stick. (A man willing to work will surely find employment.)

To avoid the appearance of evil three proverbs are given: Don't wipe your shoes in a melon-patch. Don't adjust your cap while passing under a pear-tree. Don't stay long when the husband is not at home.

A bad report runs one thousand ri (two thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles).

Lust has no bottom.

The world is just as a person's heart makes it.

Send the child you love most on a journey. (To save him from being spoiled by indulgence.)

Cast the lion's cub into the valley. Let the pet son travel abroad.

Give sails to dexterity.

He conceals a sword under a laugh.

To make two enemies injure each other.

I have never heard of any Japanese "Samivel" receiving monitory advice concerning "vidders;" but Japanese fathers often throw out this caveat to their sons when contemplating marriage: Beware of a beautiful woman; she is like red pepper.

The good bonzes sometimes preach rather long sermons. Their shaven-pated hearers do not snap their hunting-case watches under the pulpit. Nevertheless, this is what they say and think. They often test a speaker's merit, and measure the soul of his wit, by his brevity. The unskillful speaker is long-winded; or, It takes a clever man to preach a short sermon.

The following is said by an educated idolater, who worships the deity beyond the image, the pious sculptor, or the sneerer at all idolatry. Making an idol, does not give it a soul.

If you hate any one, let him live.

As there are plenty of hypocrites in Japan, but no crocodiles, our zoölogical metaphor is altered. Lachrymal shams are called "a devil's tears."

A clumsy fellow commits *hara-kiri* with a pestle.

Live under your own hat, is the Japanese expression for "Be content," or "Let well-enough alone."

They extinguish meddlesome busybodies, or those who talk too much, by saying, "Make a lid for that fool; cover him up."

The women of Japan have tongues. I knew several old shrews who used their husbands as grindstones to sharpen a certain edge-tool which they kept in their mouth. Either a Japanese carpenter or one having an eye for metronomics first noticed this brilliant fact, that The tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high.

Give victuals to your enemy. (The word translated "victuals" means food for animals, such as beasts, birds, fishes, etc., or *bait;* and some Japanese say it should read, "Give bait to your enemy"—*i. e.*, revenge yourself on him skillfully, by stratagem.)

A cur that bravely barks before its own gate. (So that it may run inside, in case it catches a Tartar.)

Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.

To rub salt on a sore. ("Adding insult to injury.")

Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness.

A blind man does not fear a snake. ("Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.")

Poverty can not overtake diligence.

The heron can rise from the stream without stirring up the mud. (Delicacy, tact.)

Adapt the preaching to the hearer.

If you call down a curse on any one, look out for two graves. ("Curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost.")

As string for our bouquet, here is something which, whether proverb or not, has a meaning: When life is ruined for sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money.

There is no teacher of Japanese poetry. ("The poet is born, not made.")

Hearing is paradise; seeing is hell. (Description *v.* reality.)

When men become too old, they must obey the young. (Said especially of the old nations, such as Japan and China; they must, and ought to, accept the civilization of the younger Western nations.)

XV.

THE LAST YEAR OF FEUDALISM.

(LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.)

March 4th, 1871.—Arrived in Fukui.

March 11th.—Went by invitation to the Han stable, which contains fifty horses. I selected a fine coal-black horse, which is to be mine during my stay in Fukui. His name is Green Willow, from his supple and graceful form. He is gentle, and a perfect beauty. Other names of horses were Black Dragon, Willow Swamp, Typhoon, Thunder-cloud, Arrow, Devil's Eye, Ink-stone, Earthquake, Ghost, etc. I took a long ride through the villages lying to the eastward, along the Ashiwa (Winged-foot) River. Crowds of people were waiting in each place to see the white foreigner.

The dogs especially enjoy the excitement; my Mercury in bronze runs before my horse, clad in cuticle, socks, and waist-cloth, instead of winged cap and anklets. He is tattooed from neck to heels with red and blue dragons. Of his comrades, one has Yoshitsuné's face and bust punctured on his skin. On the back of another, evidently in love, blushes and pouts a pretty maiden with blossom-garnished hair. The bettōs, like other working-classes, form an hereditary guild. They are of very low social grade. The children speak of me as "tō-jin" (Chinaman);* the grown-up people, as "i-jin" (foreign man); the samurai, as "guai-koku-jin" (outside-country man), and a few who know exactly, "the America-jin," or "Bé-koku-jin."

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* For centuries Chinamen were the only foreigners of whom most Japanese children had heard or seen. So in Hanchow, China, the city over which Marco Polo was governor, where the Japanese regularly traded and a few resided, the Japanese were the only strangers the people there knew. When Rev. J. Liggins, an American missionary, first visited this city, the people called out after him, "Japanese! Japanese!" varying the cry from "Foreign devil," "Red-haired," etc., heard in other places. The Japanese lower classes do not indulge in the vile habit of calling foreigners abusive names, though *baka* (fool) is occasionally made use of. The American gentleman here referred to was the first Christian missionary in Japan in this century, residing at Nagasaki, where he, like all other foreigners, was called *Oranda jin* (Hollander).

March 18*th.*—Rode out to the gunpowder mills. We crossed a long bridge of about forty boats (*funa-bashi*), over a wide, swift river. The mills, in five buildings, with machinery, wholly of wood, and made by natives, are run by water-power. The establishment blew up only once, several years ago. Outside is an image of Buddha and a shrine in memory of the five men killed by the explosion. What a combination—gunpowder and Buddhism! The magazine stands among the hills near the city, defended by a lightning-rod. Echizen powder won a good reputation in Japan during the late civil war, especially at Wakamatsu and Hakodaté. I also visited a cotton-seed oil-press of simple construction, but very effective. The rifle factory is near the city, and has an American rifling and other machines, including one for weaving cloth. Most of them are Sasaki's purchases in New York.

March 21*st.*—A grand *matsuri* (festival) is being held at the temples, and the city is full of farmers and country folk. They have come to pray for good crops. I can usually distinguish a countryman from a citizen by the superior diameter of his eyes and mouth on beholding the white foreigner. Some of the old ladies look at me pitifully, so sorry that I am so bleached and pale, instead of the proper dark color of skin.

March 29*th.*—Some of the Buddhist sects bury, others cremate. In Fukui, cremation is the usual rule. The cremarium has four furnaces. Saw a funeral procession, and witnessed the ceremonies at the mortuary chapel by the priests of the Shin sect, in their canonical robes of gold, damask, and satin, with book, bell, and scores of candles. The corpse and cask, or coffin, were then set on the furnace. The flames under the corpse were lighted by a relative of the deceased. A sheet of flame instantly enveloped the body, making a shroud of fire, in which nothing revolting was visible. The reduction of the body of the deceased to ashes occupied nearly two hours. I witnessed most of it, at intervals. The soft parts were consumed and volatilized, and the skeleton left a glowing white mass of lime, and the skull a globe of live fire. I strolled off, toward the end of the process, over the mountain slopes, through the daimiō's cemetery, where, in fine stone tombs, the fifteen princes of the house of Echizen are buried.

Returning on the other side of the cremarium, I saw a great heap of skulls, bones, clothes, bowls, utensils, and other relics of the dead. It was the monument of a famine which ravaged Echizen some forty years ago, during which time the poor and the beggars died in such numbers that they could not be consumed or inhumed in the usual manner singly, but were cremated by scores on heaps of brush-wood. Railroads and improved means of intercommunication in the future will make great desolation by famine impossible. Nearer the house was a mound containing many thousand cubic feet of ashes and calcined bones, the refuse incineration of the furnaces during many generations. It was "ashes to ashes," instead of "dust to dust."

Passing in front of the house, two relatives were engaged in picking out with a piece of bamboo, and another of wood, the clean, hot white pieces of bone. I now understood the squeamishness, and even superstition, of the people, who will on no account eat with a pair of chopsticks one of which is of wood and the other of bamboo. Packed in a jar, the bones were then deposited in the family vault—the hollow pedestal of a large tombstone. The monuments are chiefly upright square shafts. Some are egg-shaped. Others, with a top having wings or eaves, are formed like a castle tower, or pagoda roof. Nearly all of them are inscribed with Buddhist texts and *homiō*, or posthumous names. Among many handsome ones are several made to represent a tub of saké, evidently those of tapsters who once dispensed the popular drink, and wished, even after death, to advertise the business as still sold by the family at the old stand. Fresh flowers are placed in the sockets cut into the pedestals of many of the tombs. Women are present here and there, engaged in cleansing the monuments of moss, lichens, or dust, or inserting camellias in the bamboo tubes which serve as bouquet-holders. Some are of the age of Old Mortality himself, but some of the young mortality were in the shape of rather pretty maidens.

April 1st.—The prince gave a dinner at his "summer palace," which stands on the banks of the serpentine river. A glorious view of snowy Hakuzan, from breast to crown, is afforded on one side, and of the valley stretching to the sea on the other. The immense, swelling white sails of the junks appear as if in the fields, the course of the river being hidden by the vegetation. Through my interpreter, who was in his best mood, we had a long talk on politics native and foreign, religion, and morals. The prince and his minister asked a great variety of questions about the government, people, laws, and customs of the United States, and invited unlimited expression of opinion. The prince informed me that the mikado had summoned a great council of the ex-daimiōs in Tōkiō to discuss national affairs, and that he would set out for the capital on the second day hence.

April 12th.—By Dr. Hashimoto's invitation I attended the theatre.

The house was crowded. The acting was fair. The play was full of love and murder, with many amusing incidents. A pretty woman of gentle blood loves a poor itinerant pipe mender and cleaner. Her father wishes her to marry the son of a nobleman. He succeeds in his purpose by means of a "go-between," who pretends to carry messages from the true lover to the duped girl. At the marriage ceremony, which is represented in detail on the stage, she lifts her silken hood, expecting to see her true love, but beholds her father's choice, whom she hates. She has to submit, and goes to housekeeping. Clandestine meeting of wife and old lover. Jealous husband detects paramours. Murder of the guilty pair. The husband finds that the pipe-mender is his dear friend in humble disguise. Remorse. Commits *hara-kiri.* Finale.

As the performances last all day, people bring their tea-pots and lunch-baskets. The interest centres in the bloody scene, when heads, trunks, blood, and limbs lie around the stage promiscuously. The deliberate whetting of the sword with hone, dipper, bucket, and water in sight of the frantic guilty pair, the prolongation of the sharpening and the bloody scene to its possible limit of time—twenty minutes by the watch—make it seem very ludicrous to me, though the audience look on breathless. During this time all talking, eating, and attention to infants cease. The repeated attempts of the husband to screw his courage to the sticking-point, and thrust the dirk in his abdomen, excite the loud laughter of the audience. The theatre is large, but of a rather primitive order of architecture, yet probably as good as some that Shakspeare played in. After the play, I went behind the scenes, and was politely shown the actors' wardrobe and dressing-rooms, and the assortment of wigs, heads, limbs, etc. Rice-chaff replaces sawdust in the shams used on the stage.

As a rule, the better class of Japanese people do not attend the theatres for moral reasons, and as examples to their children. The influences of the stage are thought to be detrimental to virtue. It is certain that the young girls become too much interested in the actors, and hence fathers do not allow their daughters to see the plays. The actors, however, are the idols of the lower classes. Women do not play on the stage, their parts being taken by men or boys.

April 15*th.*—All through the city, the rapid mountain streams, from three to eight feet wide, are led between stone banks in the centre of the streets. At certain hours of the day, the people wash their pots, pans, and dishes, and at others their clothes. The rising generation enjoy the constant treat of wading, splashing, sailing boats, or making dams, water-falls, and miniature mills. The kennel also affords a theatre for many a domestic drama, in which the chief actors are a soused baby and a frightened mother. While walking out to-day, one of the little girls who knew me, and had long ceased to feel afraid of me, came running along the edge of the water, crying, "*Tō jin san! Tō jin san!*" (Mr. Foreigner! Mr. Foreigner!) Not noticing the familiar cry, I suddenly heard a splash behind me, and, turning round, the child had disappeared. The water was rather deep at the point of immersion, and I managed, after much difficulty, to fish up the struggling child, and hand the dripping darling to her mother, who immediately ejaculated an "*Aru bĕki*" (Served you right) to her offspring, and, with a profound bow, an *Arigatō* (Thank you) to the rescuer.

May 1*st.*—During the past month I have made many excursions on horseback through the country round, staying overnight at the village inns. Sasaki and Iwabuchi have been my companions. I have seen the paper manufactories, oil-presses, the saké breweries, soy-vats, iron-foundries, and smelting-furnaces. I have entered the copper mines of Onō, and "prospected" the coal region, from which the coal I burn in my Peekskill stove comes.

While on one trip, as I was leading my horse, Green Willow, down a steep slope, being close behind Sasaki's horse, well-named Devil's Eye, the vicious brute, after squinting sideways at me, and seeing his opportunity, threw out his left hind hoof and kicked me. The soft part between the fetlock and hoof struck just above my knee, giving me a shock, but doing no serious injury. His hoof would have broken my leg. The incident has served to warp and prejudice my judgment of Japanese horses in general. I can not praise them highly; but Green Willow is my ideal of a noble animal.

The pack-horses, which I see daily, amuse me. They are ungainly, unkempt brutes, fed on the cheapest food. They carry about eight hundred pounds at a load. Of their moral character I can not speak in high terms. When led or driven tandem, or following each other in Indian file, these equine cannibals indulge in the vicious habit of pasturing on the haunches of the animal in front of them. This grazing process usually results in lively kicks, to the detriment of the teeth or chest of the offender, and the demoralization of the whole line.

May 2*d.*—The farmers are busy making seed-beds for the rice, and in hoeing up their fields. The valleys are full of flowers. The snow has melted from all the mountains except Hakuzan.

May 3d.—The presents I daily receive from my students and the officials are very varied. My table is not left unadorned for a single day. A leg of venison or wild-boar meat, a duck netted, or a goose shot in hunting; a fine fish, a box of eggs, a hamper full of pears or oranges, a bouquet of flowers, a piece of porcelain or lacquered work, a small carved ivory nitsuki or bronze piece, a book, pictures, specimens of paper, a box of sponge-cake, sugar-jelly, or sweet-potato custard, a tray of persimmons, candies, silk in napkins, rolls of various sizes, curiosities of all sorts, come to me. Every thing is daintily wrapped in red and white cord, with the *nosŭ*, or ceremonial folded paper, symbolizing friendship. The exquisite jointure and delicate grain of the wood of the boxes in which the cake, etc., are cased cause almost a pain when I throw them away. "Chenkey" and Obun get the candy and sweetmeats. The gifts are not generally of much value, but they show the sympathy and kindly nature of the people.

What follows a Meal on Horse-flesh.

Many of these offerings of friendship come from strangers. Many of the mothers and fathers of my students have called in person to thank me. After profound bows, head and knee on the floor, they offer the present, usually carried by their servant, saying, "This is a very mean thing to offer you, but I trust you will accept it for friendship's sake." The ladies, especially the old ones, are very talkative and friendly. I never fall on all fours before a man, but I frequently polish my forehead on the floor when a lady does the same for me. A photograph album interests them exceedingly, and gives occasion for many questions.

I find my students surprisingly eager and earnest in school. They learn fast, and study hard. When important or striking chemical experiments are made, the large lecture-room is crowded by officials as well as students. I spend six hours daily in the school. In the evening, at my house, I have special classes of young men, doctors, teachers, and a circle of citizens, who listen to talks or lectures on various subjects. My plan is to take a good text-book and explain, by talking, the use of maps, charts, diagrams, and the blackboard, allowing the auditors to ask questions freely at intervals. Physical and descriptive geography, geology, chemistry, physiology, microscopy, moral science, the science of government, the history of European countries, the various arts and manufactures, our social system, and, for those who wish it, a minority, the Bible and religion of Jesus Christ, are thus treated of—superficially, indeed, but, to a sufficiently encouraging extent, effectively, as is proved by the eager attention, note-taking, and intelligent questionings. I find many of them well versed in those questions for time and eternity which have been the conflict of ages. Many of my nocturnal auditors are middle-aged, and a few old men. My interpreter is usually able to second me, though I have often to prime him in the afternoon for the discharges of the evening.*

May 3*d*.—I have been to see the fan-makers to-day. Kiōto, Nagoya, and Tōkiō are the places most noted for the quality and quantity manufactured, but Fukui has a few shops where *ogi* (folding fans) and *uchiwa* (flat fans) are made. Again, I find that we foreigners do things upside down. With us, the large flat fans are for gentlemen's use, the folding fans for ladies'. In Japan, the gentleman carries at all times, except in winter, the *ogi* in his girdle, bosom, under his collar, or, in his merry mood, under his cue. It is a dire breach of etiquette to appear in the street with a flat fan, which is almost exclusively used by the Japanese women. Millions of these fans are being made for the foreign market, and sold in Europe and America. They are cheap editions of art in the land of the gods, for all the world to look at. They will probably do more to advertise Japan abroad than any other means.

As the principles of centralized capital, immense manufactories, and division of labor are as yet scarcely known in Japan, these fans, like other articles of art and handiwork, will be made by tens of thousands of independent workers all over the country. The Fukuians make fans of all sorts, and for all purposes: of water-proof paper for dipping in water — a sort of vaporizer for making extra coolness on the face by evaporation; of stout paper for grain-winnows, charcoal fire-blowers, or for dust-pans; double-winged fans, for the judges at wrestling-matches; gorgeous colored and gilt fans for the dancing-girl, who makes one a part of herself in her graceful motion and classic pose; for the juggler, who will make a butterfly of paper flutter up the edge of a sword. The splitting of the bamboo, the folding or pasting of the paper by the girls, the artist's work, the finishing and packing, are all done before my eyes. The manifold uses and etiquette of the fan I am gradually learning.

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* These evening *séances*, though intermitted during the hot weather, were continued until I left Fukui.

Kiōto Fan-makers.

I find a rack of silver hooks or a tubular fan-holder in every house, in which are several of these implements of refreshment, which are at once offered to the visitor on his arrival. I have received a stack of fans inscribed with poetry, congratulations, or with maps, statistical tables, pictures of famous places, classic quotations, or useful information of varied nature. Many depict life, manners, architecture, etc., in Yokohama and in Europe. They are thus the educators of the public. Many of the Fukui gentlemen have collections of fans with famous inscriptions or autographs, or pictures from noted artists. A scholar or author, in giving a party to his literary friends, has a number of *ogi* ready for adornment; and people often exchange fans as we do photographs. When I go into a strange house, especially in my trips to villages where the foreigner creates a sensation, I spend the whole evening writing in English on fans for my host, his wife, daughters, and friends. How far the excerpts from Shakspeare, Milton, or Longfellow may be appreciated or understood, I can not say.

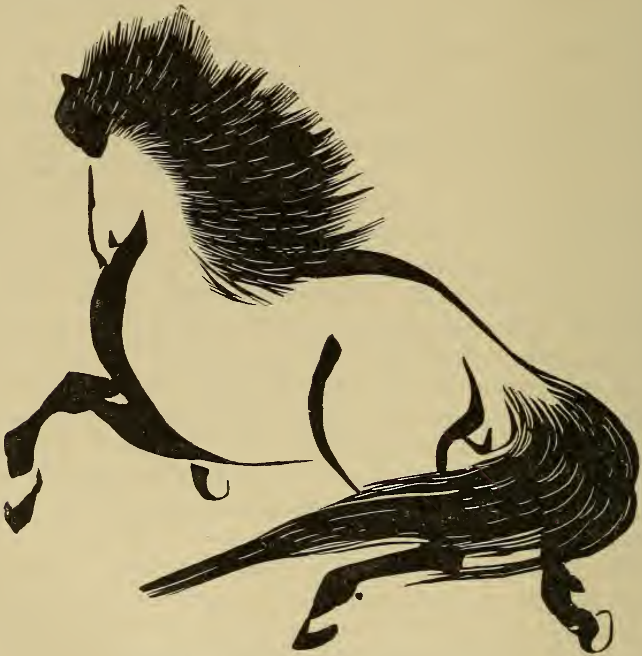
To make the pictures for common flat fans, the design is drawn by the artist on thin paper. This is pasted on a slab of cherry-wood and engraved. The pictures are printed by laying the fan-paper flat on the block and pressing it smooth. In the same manner, the Japanese have printed books for centuries. The various colors are put on, with sometimes as many as twenty blocks. This art is chromo-xylography, instead of chromo-lithography. The picture papers, sometimes with musk or other perfumes laid between them, are then pasted on the frame. The costly gold-lacquered, ivory-handled, and inlaid fans are made in Tōkiō and Kiōto.

May 4th.—The national festival in honor of the soldiers slain during the civil war of 1868–'70 was celebrated. This is "Decoration Day." The whole city kept holiday. In the morning a regiment of soldiers paraded in nondescript dress, a hybrid of native costume and foreign clothes, civil, military, and neither. Straw sandals and high boots, tight trowsers and the *hakama* petticoats, caps, wide-brimmed hats, chapeaux, and bare heads, top-knots with shaven scalps, and hair cut in foreign fashion, alternated confusedly. The variety made a burlesque that caused the only American spectator to almost crush his teeth in trying to choke down a laugh. Falstaff's regiment and the "Mulligan Guards" of popular song were utterly eclipsed.

Tens of thousands of people visited the cemetery called Shō Kon Sha (Soul-beckoning Rest), on the top of Atago yama. Many brought flowers to deck the tombs. In the afternoon, while I was there, the ladies of the prince's household were present, in their gorgeously embroidered silk gowns and girdles. Their hair was dressed in the fan-like coiffure characteristic of the maids of honor in the households of the Kiōto court nobles. One of them afterward sent me as presents, through the prince's physician, some very pretty specimens of needle-work from her own tapering fingers. They consisted of a lady's white satin letter-case, with a billet-doux folded up in it—only it was blank, though the day was not the 1st of April. The other gifts were a "currency-holder," or small paper-money wallet, in orange-yellow satin, bound in green and gold thread damask; a green silk book-mark, with autumn leaves painted on it; a case for holding chopsticks of many-shaded purple silk crape, and one or two other pretty conceits in silk, each a poem to the eye. These I put with the other mementoes of the handiwork of the sisters of students, or the daughters of the officials, which I have received.

In the afternoon, thousands of people in their gala dress, and with substantial refreshments and drinkables, gathered to witness the display of fire-works sent up from the parade-ground. The pyrotechnic pieces, in shape like a small paint-keg, were put in an immense upright cannon or mortar made of a stout wooden tube like a tree-trunk, bound with strong bamboo hoops. Exploding far up in air, the colors being white, black, red, and yellow, the resulting "fire-flowers" were interesting or comical. An old woman hobbled on a cane; an old man smoked a pipe whence issued a fox; a tea-kettle evolved a badger; a cuttle-fish sailed, with outspread suckers, in mid-air; a cat ran after mice; a peach blossomed into a baby; Pussy, with a mouse ("rat's baby") in her mouth, seemed to tread the air; a hideous dragon spouted fire; serpents ran after each other; a monkey blew soap-bubbles. These and other mid-air conceits amused both the little children and those of larger growth. The exhibition closed at dark. Every one was happy. A few were tipsy; but I saw no disorder. I had a seat in the family party of Mr. Nagasaki, whose chubby children and wife were present, making a lively circle around the picnic-box and tiny dishes.

May 13*th.*—Engaged a river-boat, with four stout rowers and polemen, and made a trip down the river to the sea. Spent from Saturday till Monday at Mikuni, the sea-port of Fukui, as the guest of the chief tea-merchant of the place, whose plantations extend over the hills for many acres. He sends seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of tea to Yokohama annually. The ocean scenery here is magnificent beyond description. A splendid natural sea-wall of columnar trap reminded me of the "Giant's Causeway." A lacquer-artist in Fukui has made sketches of the rock and shore scenery here, and is now making me a handsome stand for my glass-sponges (*Hyalonema mirabilis*). It will have a scene from Mikuni on it. Fleets of fishing-boats were out on the blue waters. The diving-girls, like mermaids, exhibited their pluck and skill by diving many fathoms down in the deep water of the rocky recesses; or, strapping a basket on their backs, they swam far out, knife in hand, to reap a submarine harvest from the rocks. They returned in a half-hour, heavily laden with *awabi* (sea-ears) and spiral univalves. These they afterward roasted in their own shells, and offered us. At the merchant's home, decked in their best robes and coifs, they danced and sung their wild fisher's songs for us. In the village I saw a famous sculptor in wood, who was carving a horse in life size for a Shintō shrine. Though faulty in some details of anatomy, the fire and grace of motion were wonderfully life-like. In Fukui, the week before, I had seen an artist dip his long, little finger-nail in ink and draw figures on a fan, and with astonishing rapidity furnished a very spirited design of a horse in motion, after Hokusai's style, with but seven strokes, and a few sweeps of a wide brush for the mane and tail.



Seven-stroke Sketch. Wild Horse of Nambu.

May 16*th*.—By orders received to-day from the Central Government of Tōkiō, two students are to be chosen from each *han*, and sent abroad to study. This will enable several hundred young men to see and live in Europe and America. It is also a political move to unite all parts of the empire together, and show even the people of the lately rebellious portions that they are to partake of the national benefits. In our *han*, one is to be elected by the officers and one by myself.

The choice of the former is Yamaoka Jiro.* I chose from a dozen or more, equally worthy, Kinaméra Shirato.† Over four hundred students will embark for America during this and the following month.

The rice-fields of the whole country are now lakes of rich mud-pulp, the paradise of polliwigs. An expanse of an exquisite light green covers many parts of the valley. All the rice is transplanted, having been first sown broadcast in seed-beds, which are under water. The husbandman casts his bread upon the waters. He will find it, after many summer days, in November. Picnic parties make the woods on Atago yama lively with music, fun, feasting, and merry laughter. The powdered girls in the archery galleries and tea-houses are reaping a harvest of small change. Every one enjoys the fine weather.

May 20th.—Four students arrived from Higo to-day, having come here to study, on the recommendation of my former pupil in America, Numagawa, a young samurai of Kumamoto. One I call "Bearded Higo," for he wears what is rare in Japan, a full beard. The Higo family is connected by marriage with the house of Echizen. My prince's beautiful wife is a Higo princess. Her face is of a perfect Yamato type.

July 4th.—Celebrated the "glorious Fourth" to-day by raising the American flag, and starting a new class in the school, composed of the brightest boys of the Shō Gakkō, or secondary school. Mail arrived from home, eight weeks from Philadelphia.

During the past month, a great many religious festivals and processions have been held. I attended a Buddhist sermon in the temple; a prayer-service in a private house; a grand concert of music by twenty-four bonzes in full sacerdotal costume, with wind and string instruments, in the monastery; and several private entertainments.

I find that both in houses and at picnics screens are an important article of furniture, and behind these couples who have whispering to do may enjoy a *tête-à-tête* undisturbed. Besides ornament, they serve the purpose of alcoves or bay-windows for temporary privacy. In the cut, the words "sasamé goto" (whispering) signify that something confidential is being told. Whether the pair are lovers is not certain, though the expression on the face of the man is that of a love-lorn swain; and the young lady, whose coiffure betokens that she is in the matrimonial market, seems to be paying very close attention, as her face, and hands drawn within her sleeve and to her neck, indicate.

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* He studied at Princeton, Troy, and Columbia School of Mines, in New York, and is now an officer in the Department of Education.

† He studied at Albany and Hoboken, and is now in the Imperial Government's service.

July 5th.—At a religious service in the hall of the castle, a band of sacred Shintō musicians played the national hymn, many centuries old, the strangest and most weird system of sounds I ever heard. Twelve Shintō priests, in white robes, offered up the fruits of the season, and solemnly read prayers written for the occasion. Over one thousand officials, in swords and ceremonial robes of hempen and silk cloth (*kami-shimo*), were present. Their salutations to each other, after the exercises, were fearful to behold. Much breath was sucked, exalted honorifics indulged in, congratulations spoken, and excruciating politeness manifested.

Whispering behind the Screen.

To all these private or official entertainments I receive very politely worded written invitations. On the day set apart in honor of Jimmu Tennō, all the officials, according to rank, assembled, in robes of ceremony, in the *han-chō*, and each, as his name was called, advanced to a stone lavatory, washed his hands, and offered a prayer to the gods for the prosperity of the empire. I was especially invited to attend, and given a seat of honor. Later, in answer to questions about great men, I took occasion to explain that the reverence of the American people for Washington was for his pure and high moral character as a man, and not as a military hero. He was not as Jimmu (Spirit of War). Some Japanese imagine that the Americans worship Washington as a god. This, I showed, was a mistake. Several of the people here have his picture in their houses.*

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* Three separate translations of Irving's "Life of Washington," one a scholarly production, have been made into Japanese, and several sketches of his life.

July 6*th.*—A typhoon (*tai-fu*) of frightful violence passed over the city last night. In the morning, the destruction of fences, roofs, and houses was awful to behold. My gardens of American flowers and vegetables are ruined by the sharp shingles, torn and hurled from the great roof by hundreds, as though by a tormentum or catapult. I learn that hundreds of junks have been wrecked, and lives lost along the coast.

Samurai, in Kami-shimo Dress, saluting.

July 11*th.*—The prince returned from Tōkiō to-day. Evidently, something more is in the political wind. The faces of the samurai and officials wear a solemn expression—"sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." What can it be? Some coming event is casting its shadow before.

July 16*th.*—This morning I met a Buddhist priest carrying a Yankee lamp and a can of Pennsylvania petroleum to the monastery. It seemed a symbol of more light. A man was drowned in the river to-day. The people say a kappa dragged him down.

To-day I saw a snake-charmer exhibit. A tortoise-tamer made his brood perform tricks: stand up on hind legs, march in various directions, advance, retreat, stop, and climb over each other, at the tap of a drum. A great many other tricks, such as breaking a cobble-stone with the fist, walking on the edge of a sword and then swallowing it, feats of strength, astonishing poises, jugglery, etc., were performed at the grand fair and show on the river flats. At night, the gayly illuminated refreshment booths and boats made the strand and river as lively as the imagination could well conceive. At the *matsuri* in honor of the patron deity of the city, the procession of people was probably four or five miles long. All the singing-girls, actors, guilds, trades, monasteries, and many temples were represented. Few or no samurai were in the procession. Immense images of idols were dragged by the crowds; and the historic and legendary personages and tableaux were largely represented. It was a scene of wild mirth, drunkenness, and paganism.

July 18*th.*—The thunder-bolt has fallen! The political earthquake has shaken Japan to its centre. Its effects are very visible here in Fukui. Intense excitement reigns in the homes of the samurai of the city to-day. I hear that some of them are threatening to kill Mitsŭōka, who receives income for meritorious services in 1868, and who has long been the exponent of reform and of national progress in Fukui.

At ten o'clock this morning, a messenger from Tōkiō arrived at the *han-chō.* Suddenly there was a commotion in the school. All the native teachers and officials were summoned to the directors' room. I saw them a few minutes afterward. Pale faces and excited nerves were in the majority. The manner in which some of them strode to the door, thrust their swords into their belts, stepped into their clogs, and set off with flowing garments and silk coat-tails flapping to the leeward, was quite theatrical, and just like the pictures in Japanese books.

An imperial proclamation just received orders that the hereditary incomes of the samurai be reduced, all sinecure offices abolished, and the salaries thereto attached turned over to the imperial treasury. The number of officials is to be reduced to the lowest minimum. The property of the *han* is to become that of the Imperial Government. The Fukui *han* is to be converted into a *ken*, or prefecture, of the Central Government. *All officials are to be appointed direct from Tōkiō.*

The change affects me for the better. Hitherto the school directorate consisted of fourteen officers. "With too many sailors, the boat runs up a hill." There are now only *four.* An official from the *han-chō* waited upon me to announce that my four guards and eight gate-keepers are dismissed from office. I shall henceforth have but two gate-keepers. The local officials of Fukui are to be reduced *from five hundred to seventy.* The incubus of *yakuninerie* is being thrown off. Japan's greatest curse for ages has been an excess of officials and lazy rice-eaters who do not work. Sindbad has shaken off the Old Man of the Sea. Hurra for the New Japan!

July 19*th.*—In the school to-day, the absence of officials, and consequently of fuss and interruption, in my department is remarkable. The directors' room is vacant. It is like the "banquet-hall deserted." In the *ken-chō*, the quorum is but a skeleton, compared with the fat body of the day before. The students tell me that some of the old men in the city are nearly crazy with anxiety: a few violent fellows still wish to assassinate Mitsŭöka and the other imperialists, who have been working to bring this state of things about. The respectable samurai, however, and the men of weight and influence, almost unanimously approve of the mikado's order. They say it is a necessity, not for Fukui, but for the nation, and that the altered national condition and the times require it. Some of them talk exultingly about the future of Japan. They say, "Now Japan will take a position among the nations like your country and England."

July 25*th*.—This afternoon, one of the *ken* officials, Mr. Tsutsumi, who had just come from Tōkiō, called to see me. He spoke so clearly and distinctly that I understood his Japanese without calling in my interpreter. He bore a message from Mr. Katsŭ Awa. An American teacher is desired for the school at Shidzŭöka, in Suruga. In his letter, Mr. Katsŭ said, "I desire a professional gentleman, regularly educated, not a mechanic or clerk who has taken to teaching to pick up a living; and, if possible, a graduate of the same school as yourself." Evidently, Mr. Katsŭ understands the difference between a teacher and a "teacher."

I immediately wrote to my former classmate and fellow-traveler in Europe, Edward Warren Clark, A.M., offering him the position.*

August 10*th*.—The prince (having returned from Tōkiō), his chamberlain, and one karō dined with me to-day. In the morning, two of his pages, accompanied by servants, came to my house, bringing presents. They consisted of the products of Echizen, rolls of fine paper, muslin, and silk, a box of eggs and one of sponge-cake, an inlaid cake-box lacquered in several colors, a case of three rare painted fans, all tied in silk napkins with red-and-white cord. The prince had also brought for me from Iwakura Tomomi, now U Dai Jin (junior prime minister), an exquisitely beautiful gold-lacquered cabinet, adorned with sparrows and bamboo, cherry-blossoms, and variegated feathers. In one of the drawers were a number of perfumed fans of elegant manufacture. A letter from Mr. Iwakura accompanied the gift, begging my acceptance as a token of his regard for my care and instruction of his sons while in the United States.

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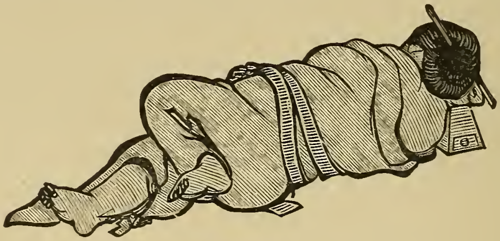
* Mr. Clark accepted, arriving in Shidzŭöka in November, and for over three years was an earnest and faithful teacher. He was in Shidzŭöka two years, and in Tōkiō, in the Imperial College, one year.

The prince laid aside his icy dignity as the dinner proceeded, after which conversation was prolonged for an hour or two, the guests producing their pipes, filling and emptying a great many of the tiny silver bowls. On the prince rising to depart, his ministers fell down on hands and knees until Matsudaira had reached the door, where his sandal and lantern bearers were awaiting his appearance. Then the officers rose and accompanied him to his norimono. One of the forty-five million princes of the United States, standing erect, shook hands with the nobleman, bid him good-bye, and invited him to come again. In accordance with native etiquette, the guests send some trifling token of acknowledgment the day after an entertainment — eggs, sponge-cake, a fish, or other gift — as a sort of "return call." On meeting, the favored one salutes his late host, saying, "*Sendatté arigatō*" ("Thank you for your kindness received a few days ago").

August 15*th*.—The thermometer has ranged from 95° to 99° at 3 P.M. during several days of last week. All Fukui goes to sleep in the middle of the day. I occasionally walk out in the early afternoon, seeing scores of houses and shops open, but perfectly quiet, their inmates, often rotund sylphs, as in Hokusai's sketch, being stretched on the floor asleep, not always in the most graceful position. There are very few flies to trouble them. Japan seems to be singularly free from these pests. At night, mosquitoes are numerous, hungry, and of good size. The people are well provided with mosquito-nets, which are large, like the room itself, and made to fit it. I find that the leap-year hint of a Japanese widow to a favored suitor which makes him happy is, that "her mosquito-net is too large." The poor folks smoke the pests out. It is curious that the Japanese word for mosquito (*ka*) and an interrogation-point (*ka*) is the same.



The Siesta.

At night the common people assemble in rings of from a score to a hundred, and dance in slow measure, clapping hands and singing. The young folks especially, of both sexes, like this fun.

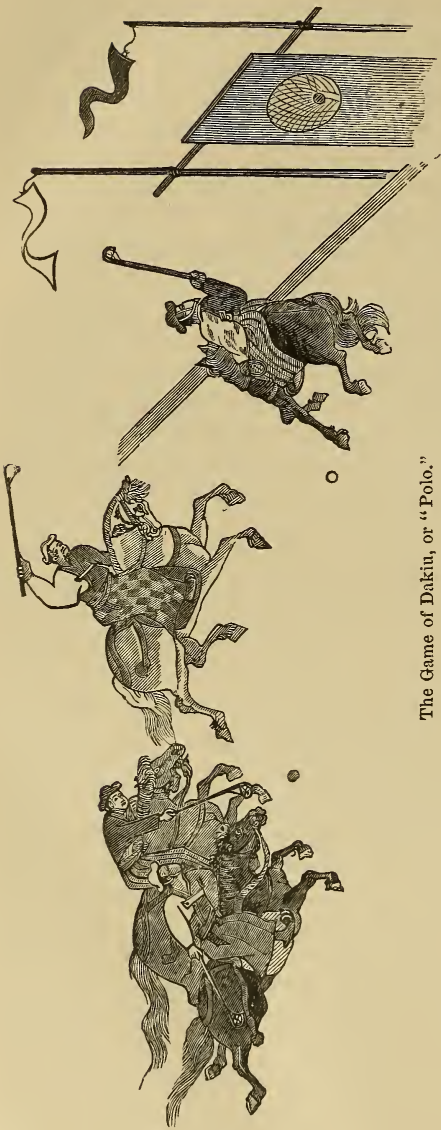
A Japanese city during hot weather affords excellent opportunities for the study of breathing statuary. The laborers often strip to the loin-cloth, the women to the waist. Even the young girls and maidens just rounding into perfection of form often sit half nude; thinking it no desecration to expose the body from the waist up. They seem to be utterly unaware of any impropriety. Certainly they are innocent in their own eyes. Is the Japanese virgin "an Eve before the fall?"

Among the games played in public is *dakiu* (polo), which is very ancient in Japan. An immense crowd of spectators, prince, princess, lords and ladies, gentlemen, people, priests and students, gathered inside the riding course to see the game of "dakiu" played. I had one of the best seats given me in the pavilion occupied by the daimiō and his gentlemen in waiting. Every body was dressed handsomely, the weather perfect, the scene animating. Judges and scorers were in ceremonial dress.

At the signal, given by a tap of a bell, twelve players mounted. At the next, they rode into the lists, saluted the prince and judges, and proceeded to the end of the course, ranging themselves in Indian file, with their horses' heads to the wickets, which were two bamboo holes with a cord across them, about ten feet from the ground.

The rival parties, six players in each, called themselves the Genji and the Heiké. The Genji wore white, the Heiké red hats, according to the colors of the ancient flags. Each player had a long bamboo stick ("spoon") like a shepherd's crook, with net-work of cord. On the ground, in two rows at the side, and extending in front of the riders, were seventy-two red and white balls. The whites were to throw the red balls over and through the wicket, the reds to throw the whites. Balls going over the lists outside the wickets were tossed back again. Each party was to oppose the other. The red flag waved on the right wicket-pole, the white on the left.

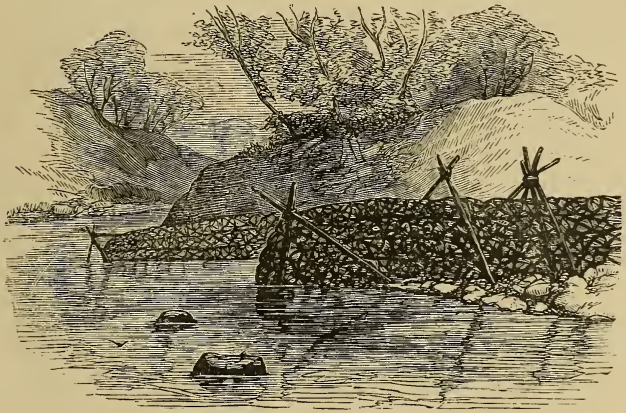
At the signal, given by a wave of the judge's fan, both parties rode nimbly up the lists, picking up the balls, and flinging them over the wickets, if they could. The leaders having reached the wickets, and a number of balls having been thrown over, and others scattered over the field, turned back to oppose each other, and then the game grew intensely exciting. It was *shinny* on horseback. Skillful handling of the horse, as well as of the crook, was necessary. Three riders were dismounted. Occasionally a man was hurt. The collision of excited animals against each other was frequent. The balls flew backward and forward, up and down. Finally, there was but one ball left. Twelve men and horses contested for it. The Heiké won the first game, having thrown all the thirty-six white balls over their wicket, while the Genji had three red balls left on the ground. Three games were played, the Genji winning two. The prizes, awarded by the prince, were a roll of silk, a helmet, a porcelain vase, and autograph scrolls.



The Game of Dakiu, or "Polo."

August 28*th.*—I have returned from a trip to Hakuzan (Shiro yama, White Mountain) and Kaga. Emori and Iwabuchi accompanied me. I spent eight days among the mountains, being the first foreigner who has ever ascended Hakuzan. It is nine thousand three hundred and twenty feet high by imperfect method of measurement, with only a thermometer. At any rate, the surmise of Humboldt, and even the Japanese of this coast, that Hakuzan is higher than Fuji, is disposed of. At the top was a Buddhist shrine, strongly built and handsomely furnished.

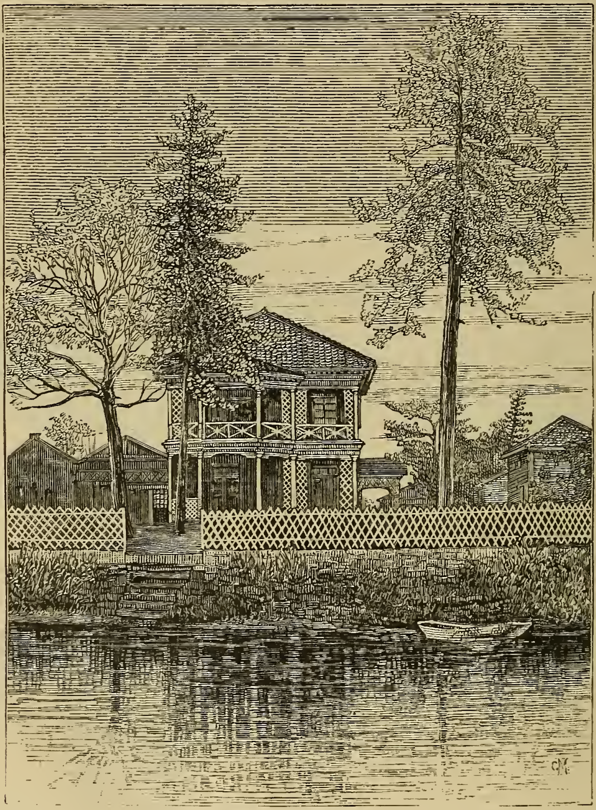
I spent the night in a hut near the summit, in which some forty pilgrims slept besides my two servants. The scenery from the edge of the extinct crater, which was full of snow and water, was grand; but the mountain torrents, water-falls, and vistas lower down afforded the greatest pleasure. I passed villages full of girls reeling silk. The crops of tobacco, indigo, hemp, rice, etc., promise to be luxuriant. In the towns dense crowds lined the streets to see the foreigner. At the hotels the dainty Emori, in settling bills, never handles money, but folds the sum neatly in white paper, and ties it with the ceremonial red-and-white cord, and lays it on a tray, departing with many bows. I noticed many *ja-kago* ("snake-baskets"), or ropes of stones, used as piers and jetties to preserve river-banks from being washed away by flood or current. They are of split bamboo, plaited in cylindrical nets, from ten to one hundred feet long, the meshes being just the size to retain large pebbles. They are cheap, durable, and efficient. In some parts of Japan, notably along the Tōkaidō, there are miles of embankments formed by them.



Rope-dikes, or "Snake-baskets."

At Daishōji a number of exiled "Christians" from Urakami, near Nagasaki, are confined. I was not allowed to see them. At the sulphur baths of Yamanaka, a noted watering-place, were a number of noblemen with their families. I also visited Sabaë, Katsuyama, Ōno, Marŭōka, all large towns, in Echizen. At Sabaë we were entertained in splendid style at the temple hostelry. The entire country is very rich in historical, legendary, mythic, and holy associations, and my enjoyment was intense throughout. The Daimiō of Marŭōka is a descendant of the Daimiō of Hizen, friend of the Jesuits in the sixteenth century.

September 30*th.*—My new "foreign" house was finished some days ago. It was first visited by the prince and his officers, who enjoyed a luncheon, a social smoke, and a view of the mountains from the veranda. They wished to study a foreign house at leisure. The scenery of the river, up the valley—the mountains to the west and south, snow-clad Hakuzan to the north, the city and castle, towers, moats, and walls—is very fine. Then, for three days, by official permission, the house was thrown open to public inspection. People from the city and country folks from afar flocked in crowds to see how mankind in



My House in Fukui.

"civilized countries" live. The refreshment-venders, the men who checked clogs, sandals, and umbrellas, did a thriving business. Probably twenty thousand people have inspected my new house.

After the last *naruhodo* (Well, I never! Is it possible!) was ejaculated, I took possession. The materials of seasoned wood, stone chimneys, tiled roof, wall-paper, etc., are of the best. American hardware, grates, mantel-pieces, glass windows, wardrobes, etc., make a cozy and comfortable dwelling for the inmate, as well as a standing educator of the native public.* Extension-table, chairs, book-cases, and other furniture were constructed by cabinet-makers in Fukui, of sound old wood, chiefly keyaki. An exact reproduction of the writing-desk of Charles Dickens left with "the empty chair" at Gadshill, made after a picture in *The London Illustrated News*, came from the same skillful hands, and now adorns my study.

To-morrow Fukui bids farewell to feudalism. On the next day we shall be in a province without a prince. The era of loyalty is passed. The era of patriotism has come. To-day the prince sent me a note of farewell, accompanied by a present of choice viands in a picnic box, gold-lacquered in shell-fish designs, which he begged me to accept as a parting token of regard. He also requested my presence in the main hall of the castle, at the valedictory ceremonies prior to his departure to Tōkiō, where he is to retire to private life. This evening his six ministers dined with me, the prince being absent on account of a death in his household.

October 1st.—From an early hour this morning, the samurai in *kami-*

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* It was originally intended to build four houses—one for the physician, one for the English teacher, one for the military instructor, and one for myself. The abolition of feudalism and the centralization of the government changed the entire scheme. Mr. Alfred Lucy, an English gentleman, who had been my co-laborer for about two months, left Fukui in June, and went to Awomori, in Rikuoku, to introduce English methods of agriculture and stock-raising. The physician never reached our feudal capital. Lieutenant Brinckley, of the Tenth English Regiment, was retained in Tōkiō by the Imperial Government. What was loss to Fukui became immense gain to all Japanese and English-speaking people who wish to study the language of the other. The *Go-Gaku Hitori Annai*, three volumes, one thousand pages, or "Guide to Self-instruction in the Language," by Mr. Brinckley, English officer of artillery, printed by the Insho Kiyoku, 1875, is, I believe, the first original work written in the Japanese language by a foreigner. It is a masterpiece of scholarship. There are many idioms in its copious lists of which Mr. Brinckley may be called the discoverer. Its issue marks a new era of the knowledge of English in Japan, and of Japanese by foreigners. After I left Fukui, Mr. E. Mudgett, of Napa, California, and Mr. M. N. Wyckoff, A.M., a graduate of Rutgers College, continued the instruction in English and the sciences.

shimo (ceremonial dress) have been preparing for the farewell, and have been assembling in the castle. I went over to the main hall at nine o'clock. I shall never forget the impressive scene. All the sliding paper partitions separating the rooms were removed, making one vast area of matting. Arranged in the order of their rank, each in his starched robes of ceremony, with shaven-crown, and gun-hammer top-knot, with hands clasped on the hilt of his sword resting upright before him as he sat on his knees, were the three thousand samurai of the Fukui clan. Those bowed heads were busy with the thought born of the significance of the scene. It was more than a farewell to their feudal lord. It was the solemn burial of the institutions under which their fathers had lived for seven hundred years. Each face seemed to wear a far-away expression, as if their eyes were looking into the past, or striving to probe an uncertain future.

I fancied I read their thoughts. The sword is the soul of the samurai, the samurai the soul of Japan. Is the one to be ungirt from its place of honor, to be thrown aside as a useless tool, to make way for the ink-pot and the ledger of the merchant? Is the samurai to become less than the trader? Is honor to be reckoned less than money? Is the spirit of Japan to be abased to the level of the sordid foreigners who are draining the wealth of Japan? Our children, too, what is to become of them? Must they labor and toil, and earn their own bread? What are we to do when our hereditary pensions are stopped, or cut down to a beggar's pittance? Must we, whose fathers were glorious knights and warriors, and whose blood and spirit we inherit, be mingled hopelessly in the common herd? Must we, who would starve in honorable poverty rather than marry one of our daughters to a trader, now defile our family line to save our lives and fill our stomachs? What is the future to bring us?

These seemed to be the thoughts that shadowed that sea of dark faces of waiting vassals. One could have heard a pin drop after the hush that announced the coming of the daimiō.

Matsudaira Mochiaké, late Lord of Echizen, and feudal head of the Fukui clan, who was to-morrow to be a private nobleman, now advanced down the wide corridor to the main hall. He was a stern-visaged man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. He was dressed in purple satin hakama, with inner robe of white satin, and outer coat of silk crape of a dark slate hue, embroidered on sleeve, back, and breast with the Tokugawa crest. In his girdle was thrust the usual side-arm, a *wakizashi*, or dirk, the hilt of which was a carved and frosted mass of solid gold. His feet, cased in white socks, moved noiselessly over the matting. As he passed, every head was bowed, every sword laid prone to the right, and Matsudaira, with deep but unexpressed emotion, advanced amidst the ranks of his followers to the centre of the main hall. There, in a brief and noble address, read by his chief minister, the history of the clan and of their relations as lord and vassals, the causes which had led to the revolution of 1868, the results of which had restored the imperial house to power, and the mikado's reasons for ordering the territorial princes to restore their fiefs, were tersely and eloquently recounted. In conclusion, he adjured all his followers to transfer their allegiance wholly to the mikado and the imperial house. Then, wishing them all success and prosperity in their new relations, and in their persons, their families, and their estates, in chaste and fitting language he bid his followers solemn farewell.

On behalf of the samurai, one of their number then read an address, expressive of their feelings, containing kindly references to the prince as their former lord, and declaring their purpose henceforth to be faithful subjects of the mikado and the imperial house.

This terminated the ceremony. The ex-daimiō and his ministers then left the castle hall, and he proceeded to the residence of the American instructor. I met and welcomed him, and he sat down for a few minutes. He thanked me cordially for my efforts to instruct the young men of Fukui, and invited me to visit him in Tōkiō. In return, I expressed my indebtedness for his many kindnesses to me, and then, after the manner of American politeness and Japanese courtesy, we exchanged farewells.

October 2d.—The whole city seems to be astir to-day. The streets are crowded with citizens in their best clothes, and thousands are in from the country. They have come to see their prince for the last time. It is a farewell gathering. Many hundreds of old men, women, and children are weeping. A regiment of one thousand men escort him to Takéfu, twelve miles off. A few faithful retainers, his physician Hashimoto, and his body-servants accompany him to Tōkiō. A similar scene to that of to-day has probably been witnessed in many castled cities in Japan during this month.*

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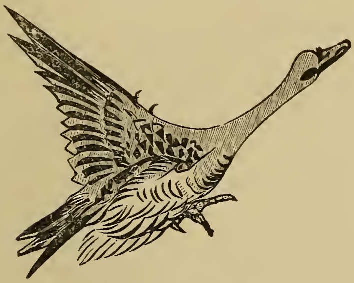
* In a few hans the people rebelled against the orders of the Imperial Government, refusing to let their prince depart; but in general every farewell and departure was sad, quiet, and decorous.

December 1*st.*—Great changes have taken place in the city since the departure of the prince, and the change of the *han* (feudal tenure) into *ken* (prefecture of the Imperial Government). Most of the high officers have been called by the Imperial Government to Tōkiō. Mitsŭōka is now mayor of Tōkiō. Ogasawara, Tsutsumi, and several others have been made officials of other *ken.* It is the policy of the government to send the men of one *ken* to act as officers in another, and thus break up local prejudices. It is a grand idea. Sasaki Gonroku has been called to a position in the Department of Public Works. Many of the best teachers in the school have been given official places in the capital. My best friends and helpers have left Fukui; and now my advanced students, their support at home being no longer sufficient, are leaving to seek their fortune in Yokohama or Tōkiō. My classes are being depleted. Fukui is no longer the capital of a prince. It is simply an inland city. I can not blame the young men for wishing to see the new life and civilization of the nation at the ports and capital, but my loneliness and sense of exile increase daily. Since the summer—so I am told—over seven hundred families have left Fukui. Tōkiō is making up in population the loss of Yedo in 1862, when the daimiōs withdrew. I have not over half of my best students left. The military school has been disbanded, and the gunpowder works and the rifle factory removed. Three companies of imperial troops, in uniform of French style, with the mikado's crest on their caps, and the national flag (a red sun in a white field) as their standard, now occupy the city barracks. The old local and feudal privileges are being abolished. Taxes are being made uniform all over the country. The Buddhist theological school has been broken up by orders from Tōkiō. Shintō lecturers are endeavoring to convert the people to the old faith. All the Shintō temples which have been in any way influenced by Buddhism are being more vigorously purged and restored in pure Shintō style. The outer wall of the castle has been leveled, and the moat filled up. The gates have been sold for their stone, wood, and copper. Many old yashikis of ancient and once wealthy families have been torn down and converted into shops. The towns-people and shop-keepers are jubilant at getting a foot-hold on the sites hitherto reserved to samurai. Old armor, arrows, spears, flags, saddlery, dresses, norimonos, and all the paraphernalia of the old feudal days can now be bought dirt cheap. The prince's mansion has been demolished, and every thing left in it sold. I got from it a pair of bronze stirrups and a marble model of Fuji. All the horses in the stables of the clan have been disposed of at auction. Every thing pertaining to feudal Fukui is passing away. Japan is becoming unified. Nevertheless, it causes some local suffering, and the poverty of many families, once in comfort, is increasing.



Wild Goose in Flight.

December 15th.—The wild ducks and geese have come back from Yezo, and are thick in the fields. Great numbers of them are captured by the samurai, who go out at early morning and at sunset, on the hills around the city, armed with a huge triangular net, set in a bamboo frame and pole. A dexterous hunter can throw this up twenty feet in the air. Thus outspread, the flying birds are entangled. This is called *sakadōri* (hunting on the heights). Some men can take two ducks at once, or snare a fat goose at a throw, but many fail or wait in vain. The eligible places of vantage are bought for a trifling tax from the *ken.* To ward off the damp, the fowlers dress in grass coat and wide rush hat. Every morning I see them coming over the bridge. With pole, tunic, and hat slung on back like shields, they appear as old warriors in battle array. It is said that on certain nights the headless ghosts of Shibata and his warriors ride on horseback over this bridge into his old castle grounds. The country people imagine they can hear the clatter of hoofs, and see this troop of headless horsemen, on certain still nights; but, although I have lived seven months on the site of his old castle in which he died, I never beheld the old hero's shade; nor have I been tempted to scare any native Ichabod Crane by playing Brom Bones, though pumpkins are plentiful here.

December 25th.—Yesterday a party of students cut down young pines, hemlock boughs, cryptomeria, arbor-vitæ, and other greenery, and decked my house, in and out, in Christmas garb. The large steel plate of "American Authors" received especial honor. My cook and his family and the students last night hung up their *tabi* (mitten-socks, or "foot-gloves"), in lieu of stockings. This morning they found them overflowing with American good things, both sweet to the palate and useful to the hand. Santa Claus did not even forget the tiny white socks of little Chenkey, who is alternately dumfounded and uproariously merry.

Officers, citizens, and students visited me during the day, in accordance with my invitation. I kept open house for all, and told them of Christ's birth, life, work, and death. Many had never heard of Christ except as part of the *Jashumon* (corrupt sect), on the kosatsu, which hang near the main gate of the city. One bright boy, after peering around the house, vainly seeking something, finally whispered in my ear, "Where is your god-house?"

January 7th, 1872.—The city to-day swarms with country people. An immense festival in honor of Shinran is being held. The streets are crowded, and the shops in full blast. The Shin temples are packed with people. Even the porch and steps and temple yards are full of pious folk. In the large kitchens attached to the temple are a number of iron boilers, each containing several bushels of rice. Vegetables are being cooked in other pots, and many hundreds of hungry folks are eating in the refectory, some bringing their own food. The priests very politely took me through the rear part of the temple, beyond the splendid altar, where I could see the vast crowd, and through the quarters occupied by the resident bonzes. The sight of so many thousand faces of people with hands clasped in prayer, with their rosaries, murmuring their petitions ("Namu Amida Butsŭ") in the great hall; then of the hundreds of hungry people feeding; children and families resting—many of them had walked from ten to twenty miles; the cooks in the fire-light, begrimed with the smoke and sweat of the kitchen; the waiters hurrying to and fro; the receiving and counting of money, made a picture of Buddhism in its popular phases I can never forget.

January 10th.—Some months ago I addressed a communication to the Minister of Public Instruction in Tōkiō, urging the establishment of a polytechnic school, giving plans and a few details. Evidently such an enterprise has already been determined upon. To-day I received a letter from the Mayor of Tōkiō, intimating that I was to be invited to the capital to fill a position in such a school. Another letter, by the same mail, from the Minister of Education, through the foreign superintendent of the Imperial College, invited me to fill one of the professorships in the polytechnic school (Shem Mon Gakkō) about to be formed. An immediate answer is expected.

January 11th.—I was called to the *ken-chō* to-day, the sanji expressing their urgent wish that I should remain in Fŭkui, stating also that the citizens of Fukui, anticipating the invitation from Tōkiō, had petitioned the *ken-chō* officials to keep the American teacher in Fukui, if possible. Having, however, lost most of my best friends and advanced students from the city, and the loneliness having become almost intolerable, I have resolved to go to Tōkiō. For over six months I have not seen one of my own race. The tax on the nervous system of being isolated, looked at as a stranger and a curiosity, made the target of so many eyes, and the constant friction and chafing of one Caucasian against a multitude of sharp angles of an Asiatic civilization, as represented by servants, petty officials, and ignorant people; and the more delicate work of polite fencing with intellectual rapiers against cultured men educated under other systems of morals and ideas; the ruin of temper and principle which such a lonely life threatens, are more than I wish to attempt to bear, when duty as well as pleasure seems to invite me to the capital.

From the people, officers, and students I have received kindness and attentions both unexpected and undeserved. I find in them most of the tenderest feelings that soften and adorn human nature. Confidence, sympathy, respect, even affection from my students, have been lavishly bestowed. I have never had a quarrel with any one, nor have I been injured or insulted in any way.

January 21*st.*—From morning till night my house was thronged with people in the city—students, officials, mothers, fathers, and children, relatives of the students—who came to bid me good-bye. Every one of them, according to custom, brought a present, sometimes handsome and costly. In return, each received a trifle or refreshments, of which the solid remnants were wrapped in white paper, put into the sleeve, and carried away, as is the habit. "Leavings are lucky," saith the Japanese proverb.

During my life in a feudal city in Japan far away from foreigners, I have seen the Japanese at home. It has sometimes seemed to me, in my walks through the old castle, or along the moats, or upon the ramparts, in the cemeteries, in the houses of the people, on the mountains, in my rides through the villages, that I was in fairy-land or in a dream. Yet these people are just like ourselves, their hearts the same as ours. Their emotions and traits, both noble and despicable, are twin to those which belong to mankind between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. This is a trite truism. Yet in its truth consists its novelty. When men of differing climes and nations see behind each other's mail of codes, manners, education, and systems their common humanity, the hope of their dwelling in peace as children of one Father is no longer a chimera.

Fukui and Echizen must decrease that Dai Nippon may increase. People complain that the empire is becoming too much centralized. The capital and ports are absorbing the strength of the whole country. It is best. Only by centralization at this time can true nationality be attained. Make the heart strong, and the blood will flow to all the extremities.

Japan's record of progress for 1871 is noble. The mikado's government is no longer an uncertainty. A national army has been formed; plots and insurrections have been crushed; the press has become one of the motors of civilization; already several newspapers are established in the capital. The old local forms of authority are merged into the national, and taxes and government are equalized throughout the country. Feudalism is dead. An embassy has been sent to Europe, not composed of catspaw officials of low rank to represent the "tycoon," but nobles and cabinet ministers of the mikado's empire, to plead for Japan and the true sovereign. The mikado, casting away old traditions, now appears among his people, requiring no humiliating obeisance. Marriage among all classes is now permitted, and caste is to disappear. The *eta* and *hinin* are now citizens, protected by law. The swords of the samurai are laid aside. The peace and order throughout the country appear wonderful. Progress is everywhere the watchword. Is not this the finger of God?

Midnight.—It has been snowing steadily for seven days. All the objects five or six feet high are covered up. The landscape is a sea of white. A great many students wish to go with me to Tōkiō, but the sanji have laid an interdict on all for one month. The three students from Higo will, however, accompany me. I rely much on the fertile mind, calm skill, and enthusiastic regard of "Bearded Higo." Sahei, my servant, will attend me, and Inouyé will be my escort. All my baggage is now packed up. It will be carried on men's shoulders over mountain and valley for three hundred and thirty miles to Tōkiō.

In vain croakers and sincere friends have endeavored to dissuade me from this severe winter journey, or frighten me with stories of wolves, robbers, or the dangers of mountain passes, avalanches, or of being lost in the snow. I wish to see a Japanese winter in the highlands, and to tramp over the Tōkaidō, and visit Shidzŭōka. God willing, I shall be in Tōkiō by February 4th. Farewell, Fukui, thou hast been a well of blessing; for in thee I have found some truth.

XVI.

A TRAMP THROUGH JAPAN.

January 22*d*, 1872.—A pitiless blast. Snow drifting in heaps, and whirling fine dust. Baggage-carriers have gone ahead. Forty students wait to escort me to Morinoshita (Beneath the Grove), three miles distant. On Daimiō Avenue a crowd of officials, citizens, and lads wait to say farewell.

Sayonaras and good wishes are exchanged with mutual regret. The line of march is over New Bridge. In Boat-landing Street snow lies eight feet deep, with constant additions from the house-tops. Out on the plain, past the city, the blast is horizontal, its force overpowering, its sting terrible. It is difficult to keep the path. The cold is intense. Yet the students jest, laugh, and sing lively songs, as though on a summer's day.

At Morinoshita we halt. The younger students return to Fukui. Our party and six others push on to Takéfu. Here a farewell banquet is given me. Fourteen tables are set. Two hours of fun and cozy comfort pass. The hotel is warm. It seems madness to go out in the storm. Yet I will go.

We send out for kagos or horses. We can get neither. Not a man will venture, even a ri, for triple the price. We lose two hours in waiting, and at four o'clock set out on foot. One mile of floundering, and our strength is strained. It is getting dark. The landscape is level white. Even the stone idols are snowed up. No field, watercourse, house, bush, or shrine is in sight. We can not see a hundred feet before us, even where the furious wind allows us to look ahead. We have lost the path. Our case is desperate. To advance or return is alike impossible. Total darkness is imminent. To spend the night here is to freeze. But look! a lantern glimmers in the distance. We shout. The sounds are twisted out of our mouths, and swept into the snow-drift. Slowly the lantern vanishes, and with it our hopes disappear.

Night swoops on us. For another hour we flounder, vainly seeking the path. We are on the edge of despair. "Bearded Higo," calm and brave, is vigorously punching the snow to find bottom. Eureka! He has struck the path. No pick of miner or drill of engineer ever struck gold or oil with intenser joy. We mount the crest of safety from our white abyss. Our leader keeps the ridge: we follow. We are often blown off or fall out, but his cane is surer than witch-hazel or divining-rod. We wade a mile farther. A shout from "Bearded Higo" announces a village. We peer through the blast. A house-gable looms up. Well named is Imadzuku (Now we rest). We crouch under the porch while one hies in quest of an inn. We enter not a palace; but cheery welcome glorifies host and house. We shake off, doff, and sit at the hearth, watching the cookery. Rice, bean-cheese, daikon, mushroom, fish, are served. Then we take up our beds and walk. With feet under kotatsu, come rosy slumbers and dreams of home.

January 23d.—Snow, snow, snow. Inouyé has hired for me eight stalwart men, grasping staves, and shod with snow-shoes of birch boughs, two feet long, one foot wide, and well wattled, who wait at the door. Their leader punches the drifts for a footing, which on the mountains is tolerable, on the plains fearfully bad, often through slush and icy water. I wear straw boots: though wet, they keep the feet warm. After some miles, we tug up a steep pass with a warm name, Yunoö (Hot-water Tail). Chattering girls, in rival inns, give us noisy welcome. We sit down, drink tea, and gossip. A priest on his way to Takéfu last night lost his path, and froze to death. A postman was struck by an avalanche, knocked down, hurt, and nearly smothered.

We resume our march. Many tracks of avalanches, twenty feet wide, are seen. One crashes and tumbles just in front of us. I notice that the clapboard roofs of houses are weighted down by stones, like those on Swiss châlets. The tracks of boar, bear, foxes, and monkeys are numerous. It is the hunter's harvest-time. Dressed carcasses are on sale in every village. I wonder how a Darwinian steak would taste. "No, thank you; no monkey for me!" is my response to an invitation to taste my ancestors. Good people, you need "science" to teach you what cannibals you are.

At 1.30 P.M. we reach Imajō. At the huge fire-place, I warm and smoke myself till I learn how it feels to be a dried herring. Our food is sauced with hunger and hospitality. Verily, it is delightful to meet unspoiled Japanese, who have never encountered civilization or drunken sailors.

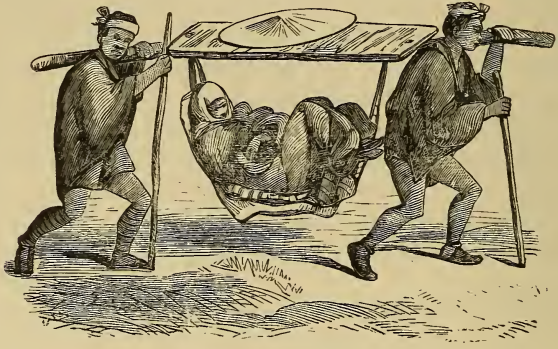
At 3.30 I mount a horse who has two legs and no tail. The saddle—a bundle of straw—rests on the man's loins. I bestride him, my legs on his hips, and arms round his neck. I can choke him if I like. I grip him tightly at dangerous places. These mountaineers think nothing of this work of carrying a man of sixteen-stone weight. Each man has a staff to prop me up when he stops to blow and rest. Riding man-back is pleasant, unless the animal (*ippiki*) is extravagant with pomatum, or his head-kerchief and the wash-tub are strangers. The horse-men carry us one ri. Snow is too deep: I dismount and plod on. Among solemn groves of pine, walls of rocks and hills, darkness falls; but the moon silvers the forest, burnishes the snow, reveals mystic shadows. Our six bearers light four huge torches of rice-straw leaves and twigs, ten feet long and six inches thick. The lurid glare lights up the gorges. Prismatic splendors dance in the red fire-light. Snow crystals and pendant icicles become chandeliers. Intense fatigue can not blind me to the glories of this night-march.

At nine o'clock the path is but a few inches wide. To miss a step is a serious matter. It plunges me to my waist in soft snow. The bearers pull or pry me out. Every step is misery. Another seems an impossibility. Yet none else of the party says a word. Admirable is the spirit of the Japanese in hardship. The last ri is torture to me. At last a light gleams above us. We file through the village street. Kindly welcome and tender care are mine from all. Sahei undresses me like a child. My limbs no sooner free, I sink, exhausted, asleep.

January 24*th.*—I am too stiff to stand. I feel like singing the college-song, "Saw my leg off," and with emphasis on the word "short." I hobble about for a few minutes. My joints relax. Our path lies through glorious valleys charged with vitalizing air. Amidst such scenery I forget my limbs. We hear the shouts of hunters. At ten o'clock we leave Echizen and enter Ōmi. In the village, at which we dine on wild-pork steaks, omelet, rice, and turnips, snow lies level with the eaves, shields of bamboo making a corridor between snow and houses. Our host, Nakano Kawachi, has speared eight hogs since snow fell. Strings of dried persimmons hang from his rafters like dried apples in an old-time New England kitchen. They look and taste like figs. The small boys are crazy with delight at the strange sight of a foreigner. A feint to scare them scatters the crowd and leaves a dozen sprawling in the snow. At Tsubaë we spend the night. The inns are full. Our rooms are poor. The *nomi* (*Pulex* *irritans*) bite unusually hard. This is a rare behavior for them in winter.

January 25th.—Breakfast is flavored with fun and bright eyes. An extremely pretty, pearly-teethed, sweet-voiced, and bright-eyed girl waits on us. Her merry laugh and chatter make amends for shabby quarters. An unusually generous fee from the foreigner is on account of her reminding him of bright eyes in the home land. Faces here in Japan recall familiar faces long known, and every phase of character in New York is duplicated here.

We are descending the highlands of Echizen and Ōmi to the plains of Mino and Owari. Weather grows warmer, villages more numerous, road more regular. We are in a silk region. Plantations of mulberry-trees, cut to grow only six feet high, abound. Lake Biwa lies in the distance, a picture of blue massively framed in mountains. Dining at Kinomoto (Foot of the Tree), we embark in kagos. In these vehicles I always fall asleep at the wrong end; my head remaining wide awake, while my feet are incorrigibly somnolent. I lie in all shapes, from a coil of rope to a pair of inverted dividers, with head wrapped from the cold and hardly enough face visible to make a monkey. In the fine hotel at Odani, the old lady hostess is very motherly to her first foreign guest, until I settle in kotatsu in the "daimiō's chamber," with maps and books on the floor, when she resumes her spectacles and sewing. Round the room hang gilt and lacquered tablets of the lords and nobles who have lodged at this house. My prince's card is among them. The old lady brings me sheets of paper to write my name, poetry, wise saws, etc., upon, as mementoes. After supper, Inouyé "fights his battles o'er." A bullet grazed his fore-



How we rode to Odani.

head in the campaign of 1868–'70. The students recount the lore of the places passed, and the *Guai Shi* narratives. "To-morrow," says Inouyé, "we shall cross the battle-field of Sékigahara."

January 26*th.*—We have left the snow behind us. Through mulberry plantations, over dark and loamy soil, we pass under the shadow of Ibuki yama, his glorious form now infolded with clouds, now revealed in sunshine. We pass the tomb of beautiful Tokiwa, mother of Yoritomo. Every step is historic ground. The study of topography is a wonderful help to the imagination. We are now on Japan's greatest battle-field. The war panorama of October, 1600, appears before me. Here stood the head-quarters of Iyéyasŭ; there were the lines of battle; over that road the army of the league marched to take up their position; and beyond stood the Jesuit monastery where, botanists say, Portuguese plants grow, and flowers bloom. Here sat the victor who knotted the cords of his helmet.

We are now on the Tōkaidō. This I see at once, from its width, bustling air, and number of tea-houses. Over this road tramped the armies of Iyéyasŭ, plodded the missionaries of the Cross and Keys, moved the processions of the daimiōs, advanced the loyal legions from Fushimi to Hakodaté. To-day a different sight makes my heart beat and my eyes kindle. Emerging from a year's exile, here, in the heart of Japan, I see before me telegraph-poles; their bare, grim, silent majesty is as eloquent as pulses of light. The electric wires will soon connect the sacred city of the Sun Land with the girdle that clasps the globe. Verily, Puck, thou hast kept thy word even in Japan. Morse, thou hast another monument.

A glorious sunset writes in prophecies of purple and gold the weather "probabilities" for the remainder of my journey. At Ōgaki—the persimmon of Iyéyasŭ—"the splendor falls on castle walls," and evening glow gilds the old towers as we enter the historic gate-ways. We spend the night here.

January 27*th.*—I meet many of the jin-riki-shas of modern, and pass a grassy mound of skulls and skeletons, the memorial of some battle in ancient, Japan. The road, lined with pine-trees, which overarch and interlace, seems like a great cathedral aisle. We pass over long embankments, eighteen feet high and forty feet wide, made to keep off the tidal waves which sometimes arise. At Okoshi, we leave Mino, and enter Owari, with its many large towns and cities. At Kujosu we visit Nobunaga's old castle. At 4 P.M. we enter Nagoya, the fourth largest city in Japan, with the finest castle outside of Tōkiō.

Two of its towers were formerly surmounted with huge fish made of copper, covered with plates of gold. A robber, who mounted on an immense kite in a gale at night and tried to steal the gold scales, was detected, boiled to death in oil, and the raising of large kites ever afterward prohibited in Owari. Nagoya is noted for fans, porcelain, and *cloisonné* enamel-ware. Miya is its sea-port.

January 28*th.*—Leave Chiriō at bright starlight, witnessing a glorious sunrise. At 9 A.M. I met an American gentleman, with five betté, on a walk from Tōkiō to Kobé. Our meeting is mutually pleasant. His is the first white face I have seen for some months. Night spent at Shirasŭka, in Tōtōmi.

January 29*th.* — White Fuji, sixty miles distant, rises before me like a revelation. Almost simultaneously on my right I behold the sea, broad, blue, myriad-smiling. *Thalatté! Thalatté!* I have not seen the Pacific, nor Fuji, for very nearly a year. At Araii, we take boat and cross an arm of the sea, to a town famous for its shell-fish. I send a letter to Clark at Shidzŭōka. We are now in the coldest part of the year, called *kan*, but when near Hamamatsu (Strand-pine) two runners, naked to the breech-cloth, whizz past me. On the shoulders of each is a live fish wrapped in straw. Epicures in Hamamatsu like to eat fish fresh from the net, within an hour of capture, and human legs take the place of the lightning express. The fleet postman is also clothed only in a suit of cuticle with loin-strap. A bundle of letters is slung on a pole over his shoulder. In the city we meet many natives between boots and hats, in the toggery, or a travesty of the tight clothes, of civilization. I see condensed milk, beer, Yankee clocks, buttons, petroleum; pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, George Washington, Gladstone; English cutlery and umbrellas; and French soap, brandy, and wine.

Fishermen seem to comprise the bulk of population in Tōtōmi. Millions of small fish lie drying along shore, to be used as manure. The women are busy weaving cotton cloth in narrow breadths on rude looms. The salt-makers go to the surf with buckets, saturate patches of sand repeatedly with sea-water, which, evaporated by solar heat and wind, leaves a highly impregnated sand, which is leached, and the strong brine boiled down or sun-evaporated. In the morning, fishermen keep watch on the hills till they descry the incoming shoals, when they descend and catch them. Sweet-potatoes are plentiful here, and the orange-trees glitter with their golden fruitage. We are within a few days of New-year's. All womankind in Japan is busy at housecleaning. To us travelers, who are usually at windward of the mat-beaters and sweepers, it occasions much dust, and more disgust. In a village noted for silk, crapes, and embroidery, I make purchases, as souvenirs of my journey, as the Japanese invariably do. I also meet two signs of the new national life; they are postage-stamps and silver yen, or dollars.

January 30*th.*—Start from Matsuyama. Clark will be coming from Shidzŭöka to-day to meet me. Who shall catch first sight of the other? At 3.30 P.M., while passing over a long mountain pass, I roll out of my kago, to relieve the bearers and enjoy the exercise. I walk far ahead of my party. As I turn a rocky angle, I see him far ahead, leading his horse down a slippery path. A shout is answered by a halloo. In a moment more two old college chums, fellow-travelers in Europe, and co-workers in Japan, are in each other's arms. Our parties soon meet, and Shimojo, Clark's interpreter, exchanges his horse for my kago. Two "tō-jins," instead of one, astonish the natives as we gallop over the Tōkaidō into Shidzŭöka,* the exile city of the Tokugawa. (Poor Shimojo, "one of the sweetest and gentlest spirits that ever quitted or tenanted a human form," now sleeps in one of the grave-yards in Tōkiō.) Old memories and new experiences make busy tongues. Our chat is prolonged far into the night. My sleep is untroubled with dreams or earthquakes.

January 31*st.*—To-day is for sight-seeing. I visit Iyéyasŭ's old castle, the school, the temples. I see the presents brought by Commodore Perry. Here is a sewing-machine with tarnished plates and rusty shuttles. There are maps, one of my native Pennsylvania and of Philadelphia, as they were in 1851. Here is a spectroscope, given before Bunsen and Kirchoff added to the alphabet of elements or analyzed the sun. There is also a miscellaneous array of English and other presents, including a gilt model of Victoria's crown. It awakes a curious medley of feelings to see this "old curiosity shop" in this "St. Helena of Tokugawaism."

> "Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
> When first we practice to deceive."

The labels seem the gibes of fate. I meet many once prominent retainers of Tokugawa, men who have led fleets and armies, or headed embassies. Others live in poverty and obscurity. Some bear sabre-scars and bullet-marks as proof of their loyalty. Clark is extremely fortunate in having so many cultivated gentlemen, famous characters, and educated, intelligent helpers. The school was founded by Fukuzawa. Nakamura Masanawo, professor of Chinese, and also educated in London, his right-hand man, is printing his translation of "Mill on Liberty." He has shown me some of the cut wooden blocks; for the author is very often his own publisher in Japan. In his memorial on Christianity, some months ago, in which he urged toleration, he argued that without the religion of Christ the Japanese are plucking only the showy leaves, while they neglect the root of the civilization of Christendom.

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* Formerly called Sumpu, from *sun* in Sunshiu, the Chinese form of Suruga, and *fu*, capital. Sun-fu becomes by euphony Sumpu, the capital of Suruga. On old maps it is marked as Fuchiu.

My host spreads a gorgeous American dinner in honor of his guest. Hattori, the governor of the ken, Nakamura, Yatabori, the school-officer, two Tokugawa ex-magnates, and two interpreters are present, the party numbering twelve in all. Mr. Katsŭ is unfortunately absent in Tōkiō, and Mr. Ōkubo Ichiō unwell. The latter sends me a fan inscribed with his congratulations, poetically expressed. A great many gifts, rather compliments, are showered upon me by officials and citizens, who seem endlessly grateful for securing them so good a teacher. Unable to carry away the load of sponge-cake, confectionery, fowls, eggs, etc., I leave them to Sam Patch,* the veritable Sam, whom Commodore Perry brought back as a waif to Japan in 1853. He is now officiating as cook to Mr. Clark. Sammy's notoriety has somewhat spoiled his pristine modesty, and his head, having never been ballasted with over two-thirds the average quantum of wit, is occasionally turned, to the annoyance of his master.

February 1st.—From Shidzŭöka the journey is rapid, jin-riki-shas being numerous. Mishima and the castled town of Numadzŭ are passed. The Hakoné Mountains are ascended and enjoyed. The path is one long aisle under mossy monarch pines, through superb scenery. At dark, Sahei lights the *tai-matsu* (great torch), and the village people kindle fire-brands in the streets to guide the travelers—

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* His real name was Sentaro. He was a native of Iyo. On a return voyage from Yedo to Ōzaka, the junk lost its rudder and mast, drifted fifty days at sea, and was picked up by the American brig *Auckland.* The crew consisted of seventeen men; among them were Heko and Denkichi (see Dankirche, Alcock's "Three Years in Japan;" see, also, "Perry Expedition"). What is mortal of Sammy now rests in a temple cemetery at Oji, near Tōkiō. He fell a victim to that scourge called kakké, in 1874. A plain stone cross, with the words "Sam Patch," marks his tomb.

a most hospitable custom. In these Swiss-like highlands I stop to buy specimens of the carved and mosaic wood-work of exquisite neatness and delicate finish. We sleep in castled Odawara.

February 2d.—Arrive in Yokohama at 2.30 P.M. My year's residence has given me the ken of a native. My eyes have not altered their angle, yet I see as the Japanese see. The "hairy" foreigners are ugly. Those proud fellows, with red beards and hair, look hideous. What outrageous colors, so different from uniform black! How ugly those blue eyes! How deathly pale many of them look! How proud, how overbearing and swaggering, many of them appear, acting as if Japan were their own! The white people are as curious, as strange, as odd as the Japanese themselves.

Yokohama has greatly increased in size since I last saw it. I spend the night in a Christian home. After supper, at which sit father, mother, and children, some of the old sweet music, played for me on the piano, recalls all the dear memories of home and the home-land. The evening is closed with worship, in which the burden of prayer is for the rulers and people of Japan. A sense of gratitude in place of loneliness is uppermost in my mind as I lie down to rest. I have escaped many dangers since I first left home, more than a year ago. A summary of these, as they flit across my drowsy consciousness, comprises great variety. No steamer on the Pacific or Lake Biwa has burned (as the *America* afterward), foundered, wrecked, broken machinery, or blown up (as one afterward did on Lake Biwa), with me on board. No stray gun-shot from bird-shooters in the rice-fields of Echizen has hit me. No rōnin's sword has slit my back, or cloven my head, as I was told it would. No red-capped, small-pox baby has accidentally rubbed its pustules or shed its floating scales on me. A horse has kicked, but not killed me. No fever has burned my veins, or ague, like an earthquake, shaken me back to dust again. No kago has capsized over a precipice, or come to pieces while crossing a log-bridge over a torrent. No seismic throes have ingulfed me, or squashed my house upon me, nor flood overwhelmed me, nor typhoon whirled or banged me to pieces, nor fires burned me. No kappa or any other mythic reptile has grabbed me. No jin-riki-sha has smashed me. I have not been poisoned to death by fresh lacquer. My still sufficiently sensitive nose has not, for agricultural necessities, been paralyzed by intolerable odors or unmentionable buckets. No charcoal fumes have asphyxiated me (alas! my poor, gentle friend Bates!). I have not been seethed to death in hot water by jumping unwittingly into the boiling baths so often prepared for me. My temper, though badly damaged, has not, I hope, been utterly spoiled by Asiaticisms. No centipedes or scorpions have bitten me within a thread's-width of my life; neither have the fleas in mountain inns, though they have taken more than Shylock's portion, utterly devoured me. No drunken soldier has quarreled with me, nor skewered me with his sabre. Neither did I use chemicals till I had proved them, testing before tasting. No carbonate of soda has entered my mouth till I happily showed the label a libel by a drop of sulphuretted hydrogen water, and found it to be arsenide of sodium (Na_3As.). I have proved many, and discovered a few, things. The best trovers of all are the human hearts and kindly nature of the Japanese. God bless the people of Japan!

February 2d.—At 9 30 I take the steamer to Tōkiō. A white and driveling drunkard, his native mistress, and a Briton indulging in brandy and tobacco, occupy the cabin. I go on deck. Landing at Tsŭkiji, I finish my winter journey of three hundred and thirty miles. At the French hotel, a good square meal seems such a triumph of civilization that I wonder how any one could ever commit *hara-kiri.* Tōkiō is so modernized that I scarcely recognize it. No beggars, no guard-houses, no sentinels at Tsŭkiji, or the castle-gates; city ward-barriers gone; no swords worn; hundreds of yashikis disappeared; new decencies and proprieties observed; less cuticle visible; more clothes. The age of pantaloons has come. Thousands wearing hat, boots, coats; carriages numerous; jin-riki-shas countless. Shops full of foreign wares and notions. Soldiers all uniformed, armed with Chassepot rifles. New bridges span the canals. Police in uniform. Hospitals, schools, and colleges; girls' seminaries numerous. Railway nearly finished. Embassy rode in steam-cars to Yokohama. Gold and silver coin in circulation. Almshouses established. A corps of medical German professors occupy the old monasteries of Uyéno. General Capron and his staff of scientific American gentlemen are housed in the shōgun's Hall of Rest at Shiba. A commission of French military officers live in the yashiki of Ii Kamon no kami, whose son is studying in Brooklyn. Three hundred foreigners reside in Tōkiō. An air of bustle, activity, and energy prevails. The camp of the chief daimiō of a hermit nation is no more. Old Yedo has passed away forever. Tōkiō, the national capital, is a cosmopolis.

Now begins a three years' residence in the great city.

XVII.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

No one who is interested in the welfare and progress of the Asiatic nations can approach the question of female education without feelings of sadness as profound as the need of effort is felt to be great. The American who leaves his own country, in which the high honor paid to woman is one of the chief glories of the race to which he belongs, is shocked and deeply grieved at beholding her low estate in pagan lands. He is scarcely surprised at the wide difference between the Eastern and the Western man; for this he has expected. He can not, however, explain the low condition of woman by the corresponding state of civilization. He sees that the one is out of all proportion to the other. An inferior grade of civilization does not necessitate the extreme subjection of woman. If Tacitus records rightly, the ancient barbarians, whose descendants are the Germanic races, surpassed even the civilized Romans in the respect paid to their women. The Western man in Asia sees that abject obedience as daughter, wife, and widowed mother is the lot of woman, as ordained by the wisdom of the ancients and fixed by the custom of ages. He sees the might of physical force, and the power of government and society, in league to keep her crushed as near to the level of the unreplying brute as possible. He finds that the religious systems agree in denying her a soul; the popular superstitions choose her as the scapegoat for all tempted and sinning men; and that spirit of monastic asceticism whose home is in the East selects her as the symbol of all that is opposed to the peace and purity of the aspiring saint.

The student of Asiatic life, on coming to Japan, however, is cheered and pleased on contrasting the position of women in Japan with that in other countries. He sees them treated with respect and consideration far above that observed in other quarters of the Orient. They are allowed greater freedom, and hence have more dignity and self-confidence. The daughters are better educated, and the national annals will show probably as large a number of illustrious women as those of any other country in Asia. In the time of their opportunity—these last days of enlightenment—public and private schools for girls are being opened and attended. Furthermore, some of the leaders of New Japan, braving public scandal, and emancipating themselves from the bondage of an etiquette empty of morals, are learning to bestow that measure of honor upon their wives which they see is enthusiastically awarded by foreigners to theirs, and are not ashamed to be seen in public with their companions. A few have married wives on the basis of a civil contract, endowing them with an equal share and redress before the law. Still better, Christian Japanese lead their brides to Christian altars, to have the sanctions of religion, though not the despotism of a hierarchy, to cement their marital union. In Christian churches, Japanese father, mother, and children sit together—a strange sight in Asia. The mikado's Government has made direct efforts to improve the condition of his female subjects. The *eta* women, with the men, have been lifted to the level of citizenship. The marriage laws have been so reformed as to allow the different classes of society to intermarry.

The abolition of beggary, though a general public benefit, deserves to be spoken of in this place. The introduction of improved silk-reeling machinery and the increasing area of tea-producing territory, by widening the field of female employments, have tended to swell the number of virtuous women, and diminish the ranks of the courtesans. Above all, the grand scheme of educating the girls as well as the boys throughout the country, and the establishment of schools of a high grade for young women, are triumphant evidences of a real desire to elevate the position of women in Japan, and to develop the capabilities of the sex.

But what has thus far been done can not be looked upon as any thing more than mere indications of the better time to come — the gray light before the far-off full day. As yet, the country at large has felt only the faint pulses of the new ideas. The bondage of enslaving theological tenets is to be cast off, popular superstitions are to be swept away, and the despotism of the Chinese classics — if Japan wishes to rise higher in the scale of civilization than China—is to be relaxed, before the Japanese woman becomes that factor of invincible potency in the progress and regeneration of Japan which it is possible for her to be.

That the progress of the nation depends as much upon the condition of woman as upon that of man, is a principle not yet current in

Asia. The idea that still remains as a lingering superstition, and the grossest relic of barbarism among Western nations, that might makes right, makes religion, makes every thing, is the corner and cap stone of Asiatic civilization. The gentle doctrines of the Indian sage have mollified the idea somewhat; but in China and Japan, the hand that holds the sword is the sole arbiter of the destinies of woman. The greatest dread which the extreme conservatives of the *Yamato damashi* feel is that Western notions of the equality of man and woman should prevail. Such ideas, they imagine, will subvert all domestic peace, and will be the ruin of society and the nation. For the state of things to be "as if a hen were to crow in the morning," seems that point in the sea of troubles beyond which the imagination of man (in Japan) utterly fails to go.

The whole question of the position of Japanese women—in history, social life, education, employments, authorship, art, marriage, concubinage, prostitution, religion, benevolent labor, the ideals of literature, popular superstitions, etc.—discloses such a wide and fascinating field of inquiry, that I wonder no one has yet entered it. I resist the temptation to more than glance at these questions, and shall content myself with a mere sketch of the position and education of woman in Japan. The roots of this subject are not reached by a peep into a public bath-house. We must consult history, literature, art, and ideals. Our ideas and prejudices must not be the standard. Japanese see, with true vision, much to condemn among us that passes for purity and religion. Let us judge them fairly.

Of one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have been women. The custodian of the divine regalia is a virgin priestess. The chief deity in their mythology is a woman. Japanese women, by their wit and genius, made their native tongue a literary language. In literature, art, poetry, song, the names of women are among the most brilliant of those on the long roll of fame and honor on whose brows the Japanese, at least, have placed the fadeless chaplet of renown. Their memory is still kept green by recitation, quotation, reading, and inscription on screen, roll, memorial-stone, wall, fan, cup, and those exquisite works of art that delight even alien admirers east and west of the Pacific.

In the records of the Japanese glory, valor, fortitude in affliction, greatness in the hour of death, filial devotion, wifely affection, in all the straits of life when codes of honor, morals, and religion are tested in the person of their professors, the literature of history and romance, the every-day routine of fact, teem with instances of the Japanese woman's power and willingness to share whatever of pain or sorrow is appointed to man. In the annals of persecution, in the red roll of martyrs, no names are brighter, no faces gleam more peacefully amidst the flames, or on the cross of transfixing spears, or on the pyre of rice-straw, or on the precipice edge, or in the open grave about to be filled up, than the faces of the Christian Japanese women in the seventeenth century. Such is the position of woman in Japan in the past.

So far of herself. The foreign reader must remember that I have not formed these opinions by a hasty glimpse of life at the sea-ports of Japan, where the scum of the world meets the dregs of that country, but after several years of residence in an interior city and in the capital. Further, I am placing the average woman in Japan against the average woman in other lands. I am stating the position of woman in her relation to man and society in Shin Koku. In comparing all other Asiatic nations, I am inclined to believe that Japan, in respect and honor to women, is the leader of them all.

The foreign resident of India, Burmah, or China, coming to Japan, is surprised and pleased to find the Japanese accord to their women so large a measure of respect and considerate care. No woman's feet are ever bound, and among the middle and lower classes she is almost as much at liberty to walk and visit as in our own land. An amount of social freedom prevails among womankind in Japan that could hardly be expected in a country at once Asiatic, idolatrous, and despotic. No foreign reader can accuse me of undue eulogy of the Japanese after including them within the pale inclosed by the three adjectives just penned, "Asiatic, idolatrous, and despotic"—the educated, the enlightened, the rising men of Japan loathe the words. The writer who applies these stinging epithets to them will receive any thing but thanks. They do not like to be called Asiatics; they despise idolatry (Buddhism); and they are even now emerging from despotism to constitutional monarchy and representative government. Nevertheless I have written it, and it explains woman's position and character in Japan, and brings us to the standing-point where we may note the shadows in the picture.

I shall not dwell upon the prevalent belief of foreigners that licentiousness is the first and characteristic trait in her character, nor upon the idea that ordinary chastity is next to unknown in Japan, for I do not believe that such is the case. That the idea of spiritual purity as taught by Christ—of the sin of defilement without reference to any thing physical or external, the commission of sin by the mere thought of, or looking upon, lust—is generally unknown, I believe fully. That the loftiest teachings of Buddhism or Shintō have failed utterly to purify them of this phase of their low moral status, I also believe. On the other hand, it must be stated that the chief patrons of human flesh let out on hire in Japan are from Christendom.

It is the heathen religion itself that we are to arraign for the low state of woman in Japan as compared with that in Christian lands. The only religion in Japan worthy of a name, in the sense of a binding system of dogmatics, or a purifying and elevating moral power, is Buddhism. Yet even in this there is no hope of immortality for a woman unless she is reborn as a man, which means that there is no salvation for a woman. In the eye of Buddhist dogma, ecclesiastical law, and monkish asceticism, woman is but a temptation, a snare, an unclean thing, a scape-goat, an obstacle to peace and holiness. Shintō, a religion so called, seems to accord her a higher place; but Shintō can never sway the heart and mind of modern Japanese people.

A great principle and an Asiatic institution are the causes of the degradation of the Japanese women. The one is filial obedience, the other polygamy. The idea that filial obedience should be the cause of woman's degradation may strike the American reader as passing strange. In this land of irreverent children the assertion may be doubted, yet it is true. The exaggeration of this principle in China has kept that great nation stagnant for tens of centuries, and to-day blocks the advance of Christianity and of civilization. Duty to parents overshadows all other duties.

The Japanese maiden, as pure as the purest Christian virgin, will at the command of her father enter the brothel to-morrow, and prostitute herself for life. Not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, and to disease, premature old age, and an early grave, she goes joyfully. The staple of a thousand novels, plays, and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, but refrains because her purchase-money has enabled her father to pay his debts, and she is bound not to injure herself. In the stews of the great cities of Japan are to-day, I doubt not, hundreds of girls who loathe their existence, but must live on in gilded misery because they are fulfilling all righteousness as summed up in filial piety.*

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* More than one European writer has attempted to shed a poetical halo around

So long as the institution of concubinage exists in Japan, home-life can never approach in purity and dignity to that in Christian countries. It is often asked, "Are the Japanese polygamous?" The question has two answers. A Japanese has but one legal wife, but he may have two or three more women if he chooses, or can support them.

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the Yoshiwara system of Japan, while, on the other hand, well-meaning people have extensively circulated the absurd statements that the Japanese do not regard the business of these places as immoral; that it is quite common for Japanese gentlemen to make wives of the inmates; that they exist in every city; and more and worse. Not a few foreigners believe that "there is not a virtuous woman in Japan"—a slander that well befits the mouths of the ignorant bigots and seared libertines who alike utter it. It is true that in Japan there is not that sensitiveness on this subject that exists among English-speaking people, and that an ambitious young man in the lower social ranks, who aspires to wed an intellectual wife, will occasionally marry one of the bright, witty, educated girls who may have fascinated him in the Yoshiwara. This is rather her conquest than his. It is true that the yearning of these poor prisoners who have women's hearts is to win the love of a good man, to be a virtuous wife, to keep house, to be the joyful mother of children, and enter the path of purity; and that Japanese society applauds the aspiration, forgives the past, and welcomes the person. Many a book of poems written by inmates of the Yoshiwara will show this, even if there was no other proof. On the other hand, the social evil in Japan is shorn of some features so detestably conspicuous in other countries. The street-walker is unknown. The place set apart for the vile business is rarely inside the city, but in its suburbs. A man may live for years in a Japanese city, and see none of the moral leprosy, such as nightly floods Broadway, the Haymarket, and Boulevard des Italiens. I have known American gentlemen, thoroughly at home in the language, who in years of intercourse with the people have never received an improper proposal. It is also true that the Yoshiwara, so far from being what some European writers make it, is only another name for misery, degradation, and vice, in which suicide, disease, premature old age, abandonment, or blight wastes the lives of thousands of victims. The real opinion of Japanese people is expressed by their proverbs: "There is no truth in a courtesan;" "When you find a truthful prostitute and a four-cornered egg, the moon will appear before her time." There are tens of thousands of young men in Japan who have never entered the Yoshiwara. The common word among the students for what pertains to them is *dokiu* (poison). The unlicensed are called *jigoku onna* (hell-women). The opinion of the Government of these places is shown in the fact, that after a defalcation, murder, or gross crime, detectives are sent first to them. The Yoshiwara is a fenced plague spot, a moral quarantine, found only in the very large cities and sea-ports, not in the old daimiō's capitals. The truth is, that the Japanese have the same problems of social evil to deal with as other nations. They have tried to solve them in the best way they know. It must be confessed that, in some respects, they have succeeded better than we have. The moral status of the Japanese is low enough, and every friend of Japan knows it; but let us tell the truth, even about the heathen. So far as they try to bridle crime, or solve mighty problems, they are deserving of sympathy, not censure. How far the placing of the Yoshiwara under rigid medical inspection will improve or degrade the moral status of the community, is yet to be proved.

One wife, if fruitful, is the rule. In case of failure of an heir, the husband is fully justified, often strongly advised even by his wife, to take a handmaid to raise up seed to preserve the ancestral line. To judge of the prevalence of concubinage in Japan, we must not select either Tōkiō or the sea-ports. The one is the capital, as full of political and social corruption as our own; the others are abnormally luxurious places. After careful examination of the facts, I believe the actual proportion of men who have concubines in addition to their true wives is not over five per cent. of the whole population. Of those financially able to maintain the indulgence, the percentage is probably twenty.

The husband holds the power of the sword. The divorced wife has little or no redress. Yet the facility of divorce is not availed of as much as if there were no father-in-law, brothers, male friends, or female neighbor's tongues in the question. Seven causes for justifiable divorce are laid down in the classics of Confucius, which are the basis of legal morals in Japan as in China, or as those of Justinian are with us. The wife may be divorced—

1. If she be disobedient to her parents-in-law. (After marriage, in her husband's home, his parents become hers in a far more significant sense than among us.)
2. If she be barren. (If the husband loves his childless wife, he keeps and supports her.)
3. If she be lewd or licentious. (She must not be given to loose talk or wine. It is not proper for her even to write a letter to any other man.)
4. If she be jealous (of other women's clothes, or children, or especially of her husband).
5. If she have a loathsome or contagious disease. (If dearly beloved, she may be kept in a separate room and cared for.)
6. If she steal.
7. If she talk too much.

It is needless to say that the seventh and last reason is the one frequently availed of, or pretended. The Japanese think it is a good rule that works but one way. The husband is not divorced from the wife for these equal reasons. Of course, woman in Japan, by her tact, tongue, graces, and charms, is able to rule her husband generally by means invisible to the outer world, but none the less potent. Though man holds the sword, the pen, and divorce, and glories in his power, yet woman, by her finer strength, in hut as in palace hall, rules her lord.

In the Japanese home, in which there is more that is good and morally wholesome than most foreigners who live only in the open ports are willing to acknowledge, may be found the place, by excellence, of the training of the female children. The rudimentary literary training of girls in the higher classes was exclusively there, at the hands of private tutors or governesses. The female children of the lower classes received tuition in the private schools so generally established throughout the country during the last two centuries. After the elementary training came the study of those books for the special use of the Japanese women, which are to be found in every Japanese household pretending to respectability. These books collectively are called *Ōnna Yushoku Mibaë Bunko.* They constitute a library of works on the duties of women, but are often bound up in one volume. If the reader will imagine a volume composed of the Bible, "Ladies' Letter-writer," "Guide to Etiquette," "The Young Ladies' Own Book," Hannah More's works, Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," a work on household economy, and an almanac, he will obtain some idea of the contents of the *Bunko*, or "Japanese Lady's Library." With text and illustrations, the volume is very large; but if translated and printed in brevier with the cuts, it would not probably occupy more space than one of our largest monthly magazines. The books composing it, in their order of importance, are the *Ōnna Dai Gakŭ* ("Women's Great Learning"—the moral duties of woman, founded on the Chinese classics); *Ōnna Shō Gakŭ* ("Woman's Small Learning"—introduction to the above); *Ōnna Niwa no Oshiyé* ("Woman's Household Instruction"—duties relating to furniture, dress, reception of guests, and all the minutiæ of indoor life, both daily and ceremonial); *Ōnna Imagawa* ("Moral Lessons" in paragraphs); *Ōnna Yōbunshō* ("Lady's Letter-writer"); *Nijiu-shi Ko* ("Twenty-four Children"—stories about model children in China). Besides these works of importance, there are *Hiyaku Nin Isshiu*—a collection of one hundred poems from as many poets, written in the old Yamato dialect, and learned in every household, and perpetually repeated with passionate fondness by old and young; a collection of lives of model women; household lore; almanac learning; rules and examples to secure perfect agreement between man and wife; and a vast and detailed array of other knowledge of various sorts, both useful and ornamental to a Japanese maiden, wife, widow, or mother. This book is studied, not only by the higher classes, but by the daughters in almost every respectable family throughout the country. It is read and reread, and committed to memory, until it becomes to the Japanese woman what the Bible is to the inmate of those homes in the West in which the Bible is the first, and last, and often the only book.

Only a small proportion of Japanese girls attain an advanced knowledge of Chinese characters, though many of the samurai daughters have read the standard Japanese histories; and in the best native schools at present a certain amount of the reading and writing of Chinese characters is taught, and one or two good histories of Japan are read. In the national, traditionary, heroic, and historic lore of their own country, I doubt very much whether the children of any country in the world are better instructed or informed than the Japanese children.

The fruits of this education, as modified or strengthened by social circumstances and religion, are seen in the present type of the Japanese woman. As compared with her sister in Western lands, and as judged by her own standards, she is fully the peer in that exquisite taste for the beautiful and becoming as displayed in dress and personal adornment; nor is she inferior in the graces of etiquette and female proprieties.

No ladies excel the Japanese in that innate love of beauty, order, neatness, household adornment and management, and the amenities of dress and etiquette as prescribed by their own standard. In maternal affection, tenderness, anxiety, patience, and long-suffering, the Japanese mothers need fear no comparison with those who know the sorrows and rapture of maternity in other climes. As educators of their children, the Japanese women are peers to the mothers of any civilization in the care and minuteness of their training of, and affectionate tenderness and self-sacrificing devotion to, offspring, within the limits of their light and knowledge. Though the virago and the shrew are not unknown characters in this Land of Great Peace, yet the three fundamental duties of woman, which include all others, and as laid down in the Chinese classics, are almost universally fulfilled without murmurings or hesitation. These duties are, first, obedience to her parents (the father) when a child; second, obedience to her husband when a wife; third (at least formal), obedience to her eldest son when a widow. Indeed, the whole sum of excellencies and defects of the Japanese female character arise from one all-including virtue, and the biography of a good woman is written in one word—obedience. Japanese biographies, let me add, contain quite as much truth as the average lives of dead people written in English. If unvarying obedience, acquiescence, submission, the utter absorption of her personality into that of her husband, constitute the ideal of the perfect woman, then the Japanese married women approach so near that ideal as to be practically perfect, and in this respect are, as foreign women will cheerfully grant to them, unquestionably superior.

The Japanese maiden is bright, intelligent, interesting, modest, lady-like, self-reliant; neither a slave nor a wanton. What the American girl is in Europe, the Japanese maiden is among Asiatics. Both are misunderstood. A Japanese virgin may act in a way not reconcilable with our standards. She may expose her charms so as to shock our exalted and chaste masculinity. Lighter-skinned womankind may see moral obliquity in an eye not perfectly horizontal, when there is none. The Japanese virgin knows nothing of the white lady's calculated limits of exposure, or of scientific dress-making, which by an inch of affluent economy exerts a more wicked influence than a nude bust empty of intent to charm.

The importance of the new education of Japanese girls to their country can not be overestimated. The revolution through which the nation is passing requires completion. The new reforms, of the necessity of which the leaders of Japan are convinced, and to which they are pledged, require to be certified, and to become part of the home-life of the people. The work of the Government must be done in the homes. The foundations of society are there; and as the home is, so will the State be in every land. All governments, in their various forms, are but households of a larger growth. Given a complete knowledge of the average household in any land, and the real government is easily known and understood.

Looking at the question of female education even from the vulgar concrete standing-point—that woman is merely the supplement of man, and that the end and aim and Almighty purpose of a woman's creation is that she shall become some man's wife—the question is all-important. The rising generation, who are to take the places of the present leaders of Japan, are being educated in Western ideas, and are passing through a developing process which will tend to exalt the mental powers at the expense of the animal instincts. The decay of the old feudal frame-work of society, and the suppression of government pensions and hereditary revenues, by removing all actual necessity for marriage, will create in the minds of the increasing numbers of those who marry from the higher motives a desire for a congenial life-companion and helpmate, and not for a mere female of the human species. Though some of the present generation of students may marry ordinary native women, those who wish for happiness in their home-life, who aspire to rise out of the old plane of existence and dwell permanently on the higher levels of intellectual life, will seek for educated women as wives. The new civilization will never take root in Japan until planted and cultivated in the homes, and, to secure that end, the thorough education of woman is an absolute necessity.

In conclusion, I must add my testimony and offer my plaudit to the earnest diligence and rapid progress of the girls in the national schools, of whose efforts and successes I have been witness, and which must be extremely gratifying to those who organized or who are interested in them. Of the signal success, far-reaching influence, and exalted teachings of the Christian missionary schools for girls, I can not speak in too high terms. In this good work, American ladies have led the way. By them the Japanese maiden is taught the ideals, associations, and ordering of a Christian home, a purer code of morals, a regenerating spiritual power, of which Buddhism knows nothing, and to which the highest aspirations of Shintō are strangers. Above all, an ideal of womanhood, which is the creation and gift of Christianity alone, eclipsing the loftiest conceptions of classic paganism, is held up for imitation. The precept and example of Christian women in these labors are mightily working the renovation of the social fabric in Japan.

I think none will accuse me of failure to see the best side of the Japanese character, or of an honest endeavor to estimate fairly the force and capability of the religions of Japan. Fully conscious of my liability to error in all that I have written in this book, I yet utter my conviction that nothing can ever renovate the individual heart, nothing purify society, and give pure blood-growth to the body politic in Japan, but the religion of Jesus Christ. Only the spiritual morality, and, above all, the chastity, taught by Him can ever give the Japanese a home-life equal to ours. With all our faults and sins, and with all the impurities and failures of our society, I believe our family and social life to be immeasurably higher and purer than that of Japan.

The religion of the Home-maker, and the Children-lover, and the Woman-exalter, is mighty to save the Japanese mother, and must be most potent to purify and exalt the Japanese home. Of all the branches of missionary labor in Japan, none, it seems to me, is of greater importance, or more hopeful of sure results, permanent and far-reaching in its influence, than the work of Christian women for women in Japan.

XVIII.

NEW JAPAN.

The history of Japan from 1872 to 1876 is intimately connected with that of the mikado. On the 1st of January, 1872, he visited the imperial navy, dock-yards, and machine-shops at Yokosŭka, displaying the liveliest interest in all he saw. By his conduct throughout the entire day, and coolness and self-possession during a critical moment, when a damp mold, full of molten iron, exploded and bespattered the imperial person, he proved himself more than a petty pseudo-divinity. He showed himself a man. The last act of the mystery-play was over. As a god, the mikado is a failure; as a man, he is a splendid success. If he has any divinity, it is the divinity of common sense. From dwelling in mediæval seclusion in the palace, steeped in sensual delights, degraded in body and mind to the intellectual level of a girl, the sovereign of Japan has taken his place among men of thought and action, a student, a thinker, an earnest and enlightened ruler. In April, Mutsŭhito visited the Imperial College; and, being in his presence several hours, and immediately before him during the performance of experiments and recitations by the students, I was enabled to study his countenance as he sat surrounded by princes of the blood, court nobles, and ministers of the cabinet, all robed in variegated brocade. He was then dressed in flowing robes of crimson and white satin, with black cap or crown, bound by a fillet of fluted gold, with a tall, upright plume, or stiff ribbon of gold. He appeared as the picture on page 102 represents some one of his ancestors. I afterward (January 1st, 1873) had the pleasure of an audience in the imperial palace, seeing him sitting on a chair, or throne, richly ornamented with golden dragons and lions, flanked by his sword-bearer and train of courtiers, in all the gorgeousness and variety of silk robes and ceremonial caps, so characteristic of rank in Dai Nippon. At the opening of the new buildings* of the

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* These are built in modern style, in three wings, each 192 feet long, joined to

Imperial College—thenceforth called the Imperial University of Japan—I saw him dressed in the costume shown in the portrait on page 37, thoroughly Europeanized in dress and person. I consider the likeness in photograph and wood-cut to be a capital one.

On the 3d of April, 1872, at 3 P.M., during the prevalence of a high wind, a fire, breaking out inside the castle circuit, leaped wall and moat, and in five hours swept Tōkiō to the bay. Five thousand houses and hundreds of yashikis and temples—among them the great Monzéki, in Tsŭkuji—were destroyed. The foreign hotels were left in ashes, which covered many square miles. Out of this calamity rose the phenix of a new plan with a new order of architecture. The main avenues were widened to ninety feet, the smaller ones to sixty feet. Rows of fine houses in brick and stone, and new bridges, in many cases of stone or iron, were built. Tōkiō is now thoroughly modernized in large portions. The foreign residents joined in the work of alleviating the distress. As bearer of their silver contributions to the mayor of the city, I found my old friend, Mitsŭōka (Yuri), of Fukui, sitting amidst the ashes of his dwelling, but happy in the possession of an imperial order to visit America and Europe, to study municipal government and improvements.

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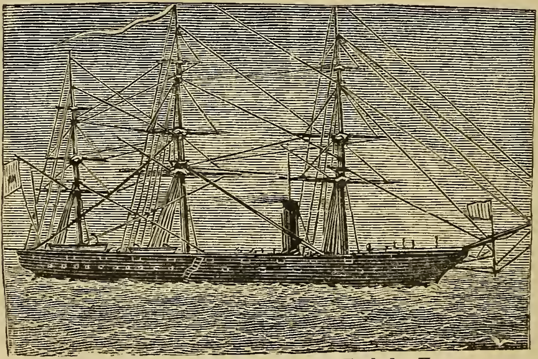
the main building, 324 feet long. They contain 79 rooms. The students, who wear uniform as in American schools, number 350, taught by 20 foreign professors. The Foreign-language School, in which students learn the English or other language preparatory to entering the college, is on Hitotsŭbashi Avenue, opposite. It has 600 students and 20 foreign teachers. Both are well equipped with books and apparatus. At the banquet given October 9th, Higashi Fushimi no Miya, prince of the blood; Sanjō Sanéyoshi, Dai Jō Dai Jin; Eto Shimpei, Ōki, and Itagaki, Counselors of State; Saigō Yorimichi, Yoshida Kiyonari, and many others, were present, all of whom I met. The empire is, for educational purposes, divided into eight districts, in each of which is to be a university, supplied by 210 schools of foreign languages. The elementary vernacular schools will number 53,000, or one for every 600 persons in the empire. They are supplied by native teachers trained in normal schools. At present, nearly 3,000,000 youths of both sexes are in school. With such excellent provision at home, the Government, having found out their expensive mistake of sending raw students abroad to study, and the political objects of the movement having been secured, recalled most of them in 1873—an order that was curiously misunderstood in America and Europe to mean reaction. This, however, is a mistake. Trained students versed in the languages and science have taken the place of many of those recalled. While the embassy was in America, David Murray, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Rutgers College, was appointed Superintendent of Schools and Colleges in Japan. Dr. Murray, by his quiet vigor, unassuming manners, thorough competence, ability, and industry, has done much to improve and perfect education in Japan. He was, in 1875, also appointed Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition.

Japanese Naval Officer.

During the summer, Mr. Katsŭ Awa was made Minister of the Navy, and Mr. Ōkubo Ichiō, Mayor of Tōkiō. A large number of ex-Tokugawa vassals were called into the service of the Government, and the old lines of division obliterated. The head of the Tokugawa family appointed by the mikado's court in 1868, is Jiusammi Tokugawa Kaménosŭké, whom I often met in Tōkiō. The Tokugawa clansmen are now among the loyal upholders of the throne and the new order of things. Mr. Katsŭ devoted himself to the thorough organization of the navy (see page 597). The British model had already been selected. In the accompanying cut is given a specimen of the national fleet, the *Tsukuba Kan*, which visited San Francisco during 1875. The portrait of the commander shows the Japanese naval officer of the period in modern tonsure and uniform. The sun-flag of Japan floats astern.

In the latter part of June, 1872, the mikado left Tōkiō in the flagship of Admiral Akamatsŭ, who was trained in Holland with Enomoto, and made a tour in Kiushiu and the South and West of the empire. For the first time in twelve centuries, the Emperor of Japan moved freely and unveiled among his subjects, whose loyalty and devotion were manifested in the intense but decorous enthusiasm characteristic of a people to whom etiquette is second nature. In several ancient places the imperial hands opened, in anticipation of the Vienna Ex-



The Japanese Steam Corvette *Tsukuba Kan.*

position, store-houses which had been sealed since the time of Seiwa Tennō (A.D. 859–876). *Vienna* was already engaging the attention of the Government. The mikado visited Nagasaki, Kagoshima, Nara, Kiōto, Ōzaka, and other places, returning to Tōkiō, August 16th, riding from Yokohama by railway.

The 14th of October was a day of matchless autumnal beauty and ineffable influence. The sun rose cloudlessly on the Sunrise Land. Fuji blushed at dawn out of the roseate deeps of space, and on stainless blue printed its white magnificence all day long, and in the mystic twilight sunk in floods of golden splendor, resting at night with its head among the stars. On that auspicious day, the mikado, princes of the blood, court nobles, the "flowery nobility" of ex-daimiōs, and guests, representing the literature, science, art, and arms of Japan, in flowing, picturesque costume; the foreign Diplomatic Corps, in tight cloth smeared with gold; the embassadors of Liu Kiu, the Ainō chiefs, and officials in modern dress, made the procession, that, underneath arches of camellias, azaleas, and chrysanthemums, moved into the stone-built dépôt, and, before twenty thousand spectators, stepped into the train. It was a sublime moment, when, before that august array of rank and fame, and myriads of his subjects, the one hundred and twenty-third representative of the imperial line declared the road open. The young emperor beheld with deep emotion the presence of so many human beings. As the train moved, the weird strains of the national hymn of Japan, first heard before the Roman empire fell or Charlemagne ruled, were played. Empires had risen, flourished, and passed away since those sounds were first attuned. To-day Japan, fresh and vigorous, with new blood in her heart, was taking an upward step in life. May the Almighty Disposer grant the island empire strength, national unity, and noble purpose while the world stands!

These were my thoughts as the smoke puffed and the wheels revolved. Past flower-decked stations, the train moved on. When at Kanagawa, puffs of smoke and tongues of flame leaped from the fleet of the foreign war-ships as their broadsides thundered the congratulations of Christendom to New Japan. But all ceremony, pageant, and loyal hosannas paled before the sublime significance of the act of the mikado, when four of his subjects, in the plain garb of merchants, stood in the presence of majesty, and read an address of congratulation, to which the emperor replied. The merchant face to face with the mikado? The lowest social class before traditional divinity? It was a political miracle! I saw in that scene a moral grandeur that measured itself against centuries of feudalism. What were war's victories, or the pomp of courts, compared with that moment when Japanese social progress and national regeneration touched high-water mark? It foreshadowed the time to come when the merchant, no longer despised, should take his place in the council-halls of the nation.

When representative government comes, as come it must, the merchant, becoming senator, will help to sway the national destinies. The emperor in whose reign the eta were made citizens—an act as morally grand as the emancipation of slaves—now dwells at times the guest of a merchant. Before the end of this century, it may be, the throne, no longer stilted on the effete fiction of petty divinity, may rest wholly upon constitution, law, and intelligent patriotism.

The doctrine of the divine descent of the mikado has been very useful in times past; but its work is done. Its light is paling; it is time for its wane; it can not long remain above the horizon. There are so many Sons of Heaven, so many Centres of the Universe, Infallibilities, etc., in Asia, where the fashion still lingers of making gods of men for the purposes of political machinery, that the very mention of such an idea is an evidence of weakness, even of imbecility. Japan will win the respect of civilization by dropping the fiction.*

Again, in the same year, Japan challenged the admiration of Christendom. The coolie trade, carried on by the Portuguese at Macao, in China, between the local kidnapers and Peru and Cuba, had long existed in defiance of the Chinese Government. Thousands of ignorant Chinese were yearly decoyed to Macao, and shipped, in sweltering ship-holds, under the name of "passengers." In Cuba and Peru, their contracts were often broken, they were cruelly treated, and only a small proportion of them returned alive to tell their wrongs.

The Japanese Government had, with a fierce jealousy, born of their experiences of slave-trade in the sixteenth century, watched the first beginnings of such a traffic on their own shores. Certain "Christian" nations seemed to have a special inclination to trade in human flesh. The Dutch at Déshima during two centuries gave them examples of sordid greed that stops not at selling men. Even their own pagan morals taught them the iniquity of the traffic. The works of

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* The propriety of giving the title "The Mikado's Empire" to this book has been challenged by several modernized Japanese, who believe that the life of the nation is more than the meat of a title, and the body more than its raiment of imperialism; but the vindication of its use is abundantly shown in Japan's past and present.

Japanese authors condemn the crime in unsparing terms, and load those guilty of it with obloquy. In the last days of the bakufu, coolie traders came to Japan to ship irresponsible hordes of Japanese coolies, and women for a viler purpose, to the United States. To their everlasting shame, be it said, some were Americans. A few cargoes were sent to Hawaii and California, and natives of Japan were actually sold for contemptible sums to task-masters. Of those who returned were some of my own students. Among the first things done by the mikado's Government after the Restoration was the sending of an official who effected the joyful delivery of these people and their return to their homes. No Japanese are ever allowed to go abroad, except as responsible, competent, and respectable citizens, who will do credit to their country.

The story of the *Maria Luz* is a long one. I hope to condense it justly. The Peruvian ship, loaded with Chinese, put into the port of Yokohama. Two fugitive coolies in succession swam to the English war-ship, *Iron Duke.* Hearing the piteous story of their wrongs, Mr. Watson, the British chargé d'affaires, called the attention of the Japanese authorities to these illegal acts committed in their waters. A protracted inquiry was instituted, and the coolies landed. The Japanese refused to force them on board in duress against their will, and later, shipped them to China, a favor which was gratefully acknowledged by the Peking Government. This act of a pagan nation achieved a grand moral victory for the world and humanity. Writing now, in 1876, we see the coolie-traffic—a euphemism for the slave-trade—abolished from the face of the earth, and the barracoons of Macao in ruins. China, shamed into better care of her people, has sent commissioners to Cuba and Peru, and has refused to enter into any treaty obligation with any South American State so long as a single Chinaman remains in the country against his will. Instead of a bombardment by Peruvian iron-clads, and war, so generously threatened, Japan and Peru have clasped reconciled hands in friendship. The case of the *Maria Luz*, referred to the Emperor of Russia for arbitration, was decided by him in favor of Japan. A Peruvian legation is now established in Tōkiō. Yet the act of freeing the Chinese coolies in 1872 was done in the face of clamor and opposition and a rain of protests from the foreign consuls, ministers, and a part of the press. But abuse and threats and diplomatic pressure were in vain. The Japanese never wavered. As straight as Gulliver through the hail of pin-point arrows, the Japanese marched to the duty before them.

They had freed their eta; they now liberated the slaves. The British chargé and the American consul, Colonel Charles O. Shepherd, alone gave hearty support and unwavering sympathy to the right side.

During the year 1872, two legations and three consulates were established abroad. The number of these is now ten in all. At home the work of national consolidation went on, occasionally interrupted by sporadic uprisings of peasantry, too ignorant to see that local abuses or privileges were being adjusted to a national basis of just equality. The press of Japan passed from the realm of experiment into that of an estate. The wondrous growth of this civilizing force is best seen by a study of the postal statistics on page 590. Ten daily newspapers in the capital, and two hundred publications in the empire, furnished with metal type and printing-presses, are flooding the country with information and awakening thought. The editors are often men of culture, or students returned from abroad, and special scholars are found on the editorial staff. The surprisingly large measure of liberty of the press granted in 1872, 1873, and 1874 was severely curtailed in 1875, and the problem of allowing newspapers in a country still governed by a despotic monarchy remains unsolved. The Japanese statesmen seem to imagine that a people may be educated thoroughly, and yet be governed like children. To show the power possessed by the Government over the people, it is enough to say that the whereabouts of ninety-nine hundredths of all the citizens during any given past twenty-four hours can be told with great certainty.

The establishment of the press has also exposed the fact that in these isles of the blest, in which some foreigners supposed existed only innocence, gentleness, or good-mannered poverty, reeks every species of moral filth, abomination, crime, and corruption. To scan the columns of an average Japanese newspaper is to read a tale of horror and nastiness that puts to the blush the obscene calendars in the sensational dailies and illustrated *Police Gazettes* of New York, which find their way only too plentifully into the editorial rooms of Japanese cities. As one measure of crime in Dai Nippon, I believe the number of executions and deaths in the native prisons averages three thousand per annum. There is scarcely a form of sin known to Sodom, Greece, Rome, or India, but has been, or is, practiced in Japan, which has sorest need of moral renovation.

Yet in the department of jurisprudence vast progress has been made. I doubt whether any nation on earth can show a more revolting list of horrible methods of torture and punishment in the past with so great amelioration in so short a time. Their cruel and bloody codes were mostly borrowed from China.

Since the Restoration, revised statutes and regulations have greatly decreased the list of capital punishments, reformed the condition of prisons, and made legal processes less cruelly simple, but with elaboration of mercy and justice. The use of torture to obtain testimony is now entirely abolished. Law schools have also been established, lawyers are allowed to plead, thus giving the accused the assistance of counsel for his defense. The cut represents the old style of trial.

Court Scene. Old Style.

The prisoner, the torturer, secretary, and judge were the chief or only personages at the trial. A museum as curious as any to be found in Europe might be made of the now obsolete instruments of torture. Let us hope that the system of jurisprudence founded on Roman law, infused with the spirit of Christianity, may be imported, and flourish in Japan. This is now being done.

In moral character, the *average* Japanese is frank, honest, faithful, kind, gentle, courteous, confiding, affectionate, filial, loyal. Love of truth for its own sake, chastity, temperance, are not characteristic virtues. A high, almost painful, sense of honor is cultivated by the samurai. In spirit, the average artisan and farmer is a sheep. In intellectual capacity the actual merchant is mean, and in moral character low. He is beneath the Chinaman in this respect. The male Japanese is far less overbearing and more chivalrous to woman than any other Asiatic. In political knowledge or gregarious ability the countryman is a baby, and the city artisan a boy. The peasant is a pronounced pagan, with superstition ingrained and dyed into the very finest fibre of his nature.

In reverence to elders and to antiquity, obedience to parents, gentle manners, and universal courtesy and generous impulses, the Japanese are the peers of any, and superior to many, peoples of Christendom. The idea of filial obedience has been developed into fanaticism, is the main prop of paganism and superstition, and is the root of the worst blot on the Japanese character—the slavery of prostituted women.

To sum up: Japanese are simply human, no better, no worse than mankind outside. The attempts of good people, with eyes jaundiced by theological dogmatics, to put so heavy a coat of moral tar and feathers upon the Japanese as to make them sinners above all nations; or of hearty haters of all missionary labors, who are in love with the Utopia of their own creation, to make them guileless innocents, must alike fail before the hard facts.

The whole question of the ability of the Japanese to receive the highest form of civilization is intimately connected with their physical constitution.

The physique of the mountaineers and sailors, fishermen and steadily employed coolies, seems to be the finest. The average height of the men is five feet. The Japanese never smoke opium, like the Chinese; but the habit of filling the lungs with tobacco-smoke and exhaling it through the nose does not tend to pulmonary health, and, in comparison with the white nations, they are notably flat-breasted. The question has been raised as to whether the Japanese are a degenerate race. I think the evidence leans to the negative side. In their method of rearing infants, only the hardy ones can survive the exposure to which they are subject. Deformity is strikingly rare. Rheumatism, chills, and fever in the low-lying marshy districts, catarrh, and diarrhea are common, though not strikingly so. Nervous disorders are not general. Leprosy, or elephantiasis, is known, and kakké (leg-humor) is peculiar to Japan. It is probable that the people do not always take extraordinary pains to rear deformed infants. Exposure or desertion of children is an almost unheard-of thing. The maiming and breaking of limbs, caused by accidents—by falling, explosions, etc.—so frequent in countries where high buildings and machinery are in general use, are rare among the Japanese. Varicose veins, resulting from sans-culottism, furnish a curious argument in favor of a liberal supplement to Eden's costume, even to the donning of unpicturesque pantaloons. Since the introduction of the jin-riki-sha, the prevalence of heart-disease among the coolies has assumed frightful proportions. The almost national change for the better in the diet, clothing, and public hygienic protection and education of the people must bear good fruit for future generations, and greatly improve the average physique of the nation.*

The Corean war project had, in 1872, become popular in the Cabinet. It was the absorbing theme of the army and navy. The samurai burned to make "the glory of Japan shine beyond the seas." It has been said that "if Japan weighs one hundred pounds, Satsuma is fifty of them." This warlike clan, and that of Hizen, boiling over with patriotism, vexed their righteous souls daily because the revolution of 1868 had gone too far. The Yamato damashi and warlike policy were giving way to considerations of finance. They clamored for a general return to ancient ideals, principles, dress, tonsure, and side-arms, to which they still clung. During the Tokugawa period Corea had regularly sent embassies of homage and congratulation to Japan; but, not relishing the change of affairs in 1868, disgusted at the foreignizing tendencies of the mikado's Government, incensed at Japan's departure from Turanian ideals, and emboldened by the failure of the French and American expeditions, Corea sent insulting letters, taunting Japan with slavish truckling to the foreign barbarians, declared herself an enemy, and challenged Japan to fight. The divulging of this news, after vain attempts to repress it, acted like a moral volcano.

About this time, a Liu Kiu junk was wrecked on eastern Formosa. The crew were killed by the savages, and, as it is said, eaten. The Liu Kiuans appealed to their tributary lords at Satsuma, who referred the matter to Tōkiō. English, Dutch, American, German, and Chinese ships had, from time to time, been wrecked on this "cannibal" coast, the terror of the commerce of Christendom. Their war-ships vainly attempted to chastise the savages. Soyéjima, with others, conceived the idea of occupying the coast to rule the wild tribes, and of erecting light-houses, in the interests of commerce. China laid no claim to eastern Formosa, all trace of which was omitted from maps of the "Middle Kingdom." In the spring of 1873, Soyéjima went to Peking, and there among other things granted him was an audience with the Chinese emperor. He thus reaped the results of the diplomatic labors of half a century. The Japanese embassador stood upright before the Dragon Face and the Dragon Throne, robed in the tight black dress-coat, pantaloons, and white neck linen of Western civilization, bearing the congratulations of the young mikado of the Sunrise to the youthful emperor of the Middle Kingdom. In the *Tsung Li Yamen*, Chinese responsibility over Eastern Formosa was disavowed, and the right of Japan to chastise the savages granted. A Japanese junk was wrecked on Formosa, and its crew stripped and plundered, while Soyéjima was absent in China. This event piled fresh fuel on the flames of the war feeling, now popular even among the unarmed classes. The only thing waited for before drawing the sword was the arrival of the embassy.

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* *Medical Statistics, not including Naval and Military Medical Staff, Hospitals, and Students.*—There were in the empire in 1874: 1 Government hospital; 21 public hospitals (assisted by Government grants in aid); 29 private hospitals; 23,015 physicians practicing according to Eastern, and 5247 according to Western, science; 5205 apothecaries; 361 mineral springs; 944 patent medicines in use. There were, in 1875, as many as 25 foreign surgeons and physicians in Japanese Government employ, with 250 students in the Medical College in Tōkiō, and 75 in that at Nagasaki, instructed by German, Dutch, and English professors.

In its subordinate objects the embassy was a signal success. Much was learned of Christendom. The results at home were the splendid series of reforms which mark the year 1872 as epochal. Moral, social, legal, political, educational, and material changes were so numerous and sweeping as to daze the alien spectator on the soil, and cause him to ask again, "Can a nation be born at once?"

In its prime object the embassy was a magnificent failure. Beyond amusement, curiosity, thirst for knowledge, its purpose was constant, single, supreme. It was to ask that in the revision of the treaties the extra-territoriality clause be stricken out, that foreigners be made subject to the laws of Japan. The failure of the mission was predicted by all who knew the facts. From Washington to St. Petersburg, point-blank refusal was made. No Christian governments would for a moment trust their people to pagan edicts and prisons. While Japan slandered Christianity by proclamations, imprisoned men for their belief, knew nothing of trial by jury, of the habeas-corpus writ, or of modern jurisprudence; in short, while Japan maintained the institutions of barbarism, they refused to recognize her as peer in the comity of nations.

Meanwhile, at home the watch-word was progress. The sale of orphan female children to brothel-keepers, the traffic in native or European obscene pictures, the lascivious dances, even to nudity, of the singing-girls, the custom of promiscuous bathing in the public baths, and of the country coolies going naked or nearly without clothing, were abolished. Public decency was improved, and the standards of Christendom attempted. The law entered that the offense might abound. Many things absolutely innocent became at once relatively sinful. It was an earnest effort to elevate the social condition. With a basis of education and moral training in the minds of the people to underlie the Government edicts, complete success may be hoped for; but even in the mikado's empire the moral character of a people is not made or unmade by fiat. Marvelous progress has, however, been made. The slanderous anti-Christian *kosatsŭ* were also taken down, and the last relic of public persecution for conscience' sake removed. The engraving, page 368, represents a vanished curiosity. A noble step was still further taken in the face of a bigoted priesthood and fanatic conservatives. All the "Christians" torn from their homes at Urakami, near Nagasaki, in 1868 and 1869, and exiled and imprisoned in Kaga, Echizen, and other provinces, were set free and restored to their native villages. This measure had long been urged by Hon. Charles E. De Long, Sir Harry Parkes, Mr. F. O. Adams, and Count Turenne. In this year (1872) I made a tour of one month, over nine hundred miles, to Shidzŭöka, Kiōto, Fukui, and along the Sea of Japan, to near Niigata, thence through Shinano and Kōdzuké. I went to spy out the land and see how deeply civilization had penetrated. A week's journey was also made through Kadzusa and Awa, another in Shimōsa and Hitachi, and three separate trips for purposes of research in Sagami, Idzu, and Suruga. My intense enjoyment of the classic ground was shadowed by the vivid realization of the poverty of the country, the low estate of the peasantry, the need of something better than paganism, and the vastness of the task of regenerating an agricultural nation. The task, though great, is not hopeless. I was pleased to find education thoroughly extended, schools everywhere, and boys and girls alike studying with the help of such new improvements as slate and pencil, blackboard and chalk, charts and text-books on geography, history, reading, etc., translated from standard American school-books.

In Europe, Iwakura and his colleagues were cognizant of home affairs. With eyes opened by all they had seen abroad — mighty results, but of slow growth — they saw their country going too fast. Under the war project lay an abyss of financial ruin. It must be crushed. Shrewdly they laid plans, warily they kept silence, suddenly they struck the blow. The war scheme, brought up in a cabinet meeting, was squelched. The disappointment of the army was keen, that of expectant foreign contractors pitiable. The soldiers vented their rage in curses, the contractors in printed mud. Finding it useless to resist the crushing power of Iwakura, backed by Ōkubo, Kido, Katsŭ Ito, and Ōki, the ablest men of the cabinet, Goto, Soyéjima, and Eto resigned and retired to private life.

The volcano hardened to an outer crust. The war-loving samurai looked upon Iwakura as a peace-at-any-price man. He was also intimately connected with the financial scheme, now promulgated, of commuting, with a view to final extinction, the samurai pensions. The nation, groaning under this burden—the legacy of feudalism—must throw it off, become bankrupt, or go back to isolation. It was throttling the life of the nation.

It has been said that "the actual government of Japan is despotism, tempered by assassination." The old spirit was not yet dead. On the evening of January 14th, outside the castle moat, and near the palace-gates, the U Dai Jin was returning from an interview with the emperor. In the twinkling of an eye, his bettō was cut down, the driver wounded, and the sides of the carriage pierced and cut to ribbons with spear-points and sword-blades. Iwakura, wounded in two places, leaped out on the edge of the moat. He fell, and rolled into the water. The foiled assassins, in the pitch-darkness, not daring to linger for search, and unable to see or find their victim, made off. In spite of wounds, cold, and immersion, the U Dai Jin recovered. Soon afterward, nine rōnins—eight from Tosa and one from Satsuma—were arrested, and their crime proved. The U Dai Jin pleaded that mercy be shown them. In vain. The nine heads rolled into the blood-pit.

On the 17th of January, the ex-ministers, Goto, Soyéjima, Eto, Itagaki, with Yuri, of Fukui, and others, sent in a memorial, praying for the establishment of a representative assembly, in which the popular wish might be discussed. They complained that authority lay neither with the crown nor people, but with the officials in power. Their request was declined. It was officially declared that Japan was not ready for such institutions.

Hizen, the home of one of the great clans of the coalition of 1868, was now the chief seat of disaffection. With perhaps no evil intent, Eto, who had been head of the Department of Justice, had gone back to his home in Hizen, an example which many of his clansmen followed, among them Katsŭki Kéguro, a student educated in Albany and London. It was the old story of sectionalism against national interests. It was miniature secession. Scores of officials and men, but very few students, bound by oath and duty to the National Government, which had nourished or educated them, assembled with arms and traitorous intent in Hizen, and raised the cry of "On to Corea!"

Here was armed rebellion. Were the flames to spread, all Kiushiu would be involved. In the midst of the impending civil war, the foreign ministers pressed the payment of the last installment of the Shimonoséki indemnity, expecting that Japan could not or would not pay it, but would grant more one-sided concessions. In pride and anger, the Japanese passed over the money-bags, and closed the contemptible business forever.

The political barometer now began rapidly to fall. The Hizen war-cloud gathered blackness. The storm broke in war-fires and battle-blood. The rebels attacked the castle, and killed the garrison. Elated, they waited to see all Kiushiu join them. Their reckoning was fifty years behind the age. The days of Old Japan were passed. The era of steam, electricity, and breech-loaders had come. From the national capital darted the telegraphic lightnings. On the wings of steam, the imperial battalions swooped on Saga, as if by magic. The rebellion was annihilated in ten days. The leader, master-spirit, and judge was Ōkubo, modest in demeanor, wise in council, but in the field the lion-hearted hero that knows no fear. Eto, Katsŭki, and ten other ringleaders were sent to kneel before the blood-pit. The sword fell as each chanted his death-song. The heads of Eto and Shima were exposed on the pillory. The National Government was vindicated, and sectionalism crushed, perhaps, forever.*

The story of the Formosan affair is more familiar to my readers. Thirteen hundred Japanese soldiers occupied this island for six months. In the few skirmishes with the savages, breech-loaders prevailed over arrows and smooth-bores. The imperial troops were commanded by Saigō Yorimichi, brother of Saigō Kichinosuké. They built roads, and kept camps, and made fortifications in the style of modern engineering and military art. The attitude of China at first had been that of the sleeping crocodile that allows the tiny bird to enter its mouth to pick its teeth for food. Incited, however, by foreign influence in Peking, the sleepy nation woke in wrath and shame at the rebuke of Japan. The Chinese Government began to urge their claims on Formosa, to declare the Japanese intruders, and to menace hostilities. For a time, war seemed inevitable. Again the man for the crisis was Ōkubo, who went to Peking. The result of this was that the Chinese paid, in solid silver, an indemnity of seven hundred thousand dollars, and the Japanese disembarked. To outsiders in Europe, the whole affair seemed but a "tempest in two tea-pots;" but, morally, it was sublime. Japan, single-handed, with no foreign sympathy, but with positive opposition, had, in the interests of humanity, rescued a coast from terror, and placed it in a condition of safety. In the face of threatened war, a nation having but one-tenth the population, area, and resources of China, had abated not a jot of its just demands, nor flinched from the wager of the battle. The righteousness of her cause was vindicated. China now occupies Eastern Formosa. The expedition cost Japan five millions of dollars. Seven hundred victims of disease in peaceful graves sleep under the camphor-trees on the templed slopes of the Nagasaki hills.

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* In this campaign, over 40 villages and 1600 houses in Saga were burned, and 350 of the national troops and 400 of the insurgents were put *hors de combat.* About 500 persons thus lost their lives by war's accidents, and 195 were punished with hard labor, imprisonment, or degradation from the rank of samurai. Eto was discovered in disguise, by means of a photograph for which he had sat, to begin a "rogue's gallery," when Minister of Justice, in Tōkiō. Ōkubo proved himself a Jackson, not a Buchanan, and made Saga both the Sumter and the Petersburg of the Hizen secession.

The Corean affair ended happily. In 1875, Mr. Arinori Mori went to Peking. Kuroda Kiyotaka, with men-of-war, entered Corean waters. Patience, skill, and tact were crowned with success. On behalf of Japan, a treaty of peace, friendship, and commerce was made between the two countries, February 27th, 1876. Japan has thus peacefully opened this last of the hermit nations to the world.

Japan was among the first to accept the invitation to be represented at the centennial of American independence. A commission was appointed, of which Ōkubo was made president, and General Saigō Tsukumichi vice-president.

Let us now award to every nation due honor. The Portuguese discovered Japan, and gave her slave-traders and the Jesuits; the Spaniards sent friars, slavers, and conspirators; the Dutch ignobly kept alive our knowledge of Japan during her hermit life; the Russians, after noble and base failures to open the country, harried her shores. Then came Perry, the moral grandeur of whose peaceful triumph has never been challenged or compromised. The United States introduced Japan to the world, though her opening could not have been long delayed. The American, Townsend Harris, peer and successor to Perry, by his dauntless courage, patience, courtesy, gentleness, firmness, and incorruptible honesty, won for all nations treaties, trade, residence, and commerce. The Dutch secured the abolition of insults to Christianity. To the English was reserved a quiet victory and a mighty discovery, second to none achieved on the soil of the mysterious islands. English scholarship first discovered the true source of power, exposed the counterfeit government in Yedo, read the riddle of ages, and rent the veil that so long hid the truth. It was the English minister, Sir Harry Parkes, who first risked his life to find the truth; stripped the shōgun of his fictitious title of "majesty;" asked for at home, obtained, and presented credentials to the mikado, the sovereign of Japan; recognized the new National Government, and thus laid the foundation of true diplomacy in Japan. It is but fair to note that Americans have, in certain emergencies, derived no small advantage from the expensive show of English and French force in the seas of China and Japan, and from the literary fruits of the unrivaled British Civil Service.

Let us note what Americans have done. Our missionaries, a noble body of cultured gentlemen and ladies, with but few exceptions, have translated large portions of the Bible in a scholarly and simple version, and thus given to Japan the sum of religious knowledge and the mightiest moral force and motor of civilization. The standard Japanese-English and English-Japanese dictionary is the fruit of thirteen years' labor of an eminent scholar, translator, physician, and philanthropist, J. C. Hepburn M.D., LL.D. The first grammar of the Japanese language printed in English, the beginnings of a Christian popular literature and hymnology, the organization of Christian churches, the introduction of theological seminaries, and of girls' schools, are the work of American ladies and gentlemen. The first regular teachers in their schools, and probably half their staff in their colleges, are Americans. In the grand work of agricultural and mineral development, in the healing art, and in jurisprudence, education, and financiering, Americans have done valuable service.

Foreigners suppose the present Government to be modeled on the French system of ministries, whereas it is simply the modernized form of the constitution of the Osei era (see pages 103, 104): 1. the Emperor; 2. the Dai Jō Kuan; 3. the Sa In, Left Chamber; the Genrō In, or Council of State; 4. the U In, or Right Chamber, Council of Ministers or Heads of Department (Shō), which number ten (see page 598). The Dai Jō Kuan also directs the three imperial cities (*fu*) and sixty-eight ken, or prefectures. The "provinces" are now merely geographical divisions.

In accordance with the oath of the mikado in Kiōto, in 1868, that "intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire" (see page 318), about four hundred foreigners, from many countries, have been in the Civil Service of the Government. All these, with but two exceptions, are simply helpers and servants, not commissioned officers, and have no actual authority. To their faithful and competent advisers they award a fair measure of confidence and co-operation. To the worthless, nepotic, or those who would play the lord over their employers, they quietly pay salary and snub. Whoever expects to be master will find himself a cipher. Nevertheless, whosoever would serve well will surely rule.

Can an Asiatic despotism, based on paganism, and propped on a fiction, regenerate itself? Can Japan go on in the race she has begun? Will the mighty reforms now attempted be completed and made permanent? Can a nation appropriate the fruits of Christian civilization without its root? I believe not. I can not but think that unless the modern enlightened ideas of government, law, society, and the rights of the individual be adopted to a far greater extent than they have been, the people be thoroughly educated, and a mightier spiritual force replace Shintō and Buddhism, little will be gained but a glittering veneer of material civilization and the corroding foreign vices, under which, in the presence of the superior aggressive nations of the West, Dai Nippon must fall like the doomed races of America.

A new sun is rising on Japan. In 1870 there were not ten Protestant Christians in the empire. There are now (May, 1876) ten churches, with a membership of eight hundred souls. Gently, but resistlessly, Christianity is leavening the nation. In the next century the native word *inaka* (rustic, boor) will mean "heathen." With those forces that centre in pure Christianity, and under that Almighty Providence who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will in time take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that, in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the Sun-land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS.

I.

JAPAN IN 1883.

Our record of events in the last chapter closed with a notice of the treaty made with Corea, February 27th, 1876, a diplomatic triumph which so silenced the disaffected, and so strengthened the power of the Government, that immediate advantage was taken of it to disarm the samurai. In response to a public sentiment already grown strong, and especially to the memorial of December 7th, 1875, from Yamagata, the Minister of War, the Premier Sanjō, on the 28th of March, 1876, issued a proclamation abolishing the custom of wearing two swords: "No individual will henceforth be permitted to wear a sword unless he be in court dress, a member of the military or naval forces, or a police officer." This measure, first advocated by Arinori Mori, in 1870, now became law throughout the land—even in Satsuma.

The Coreans responded promptly to their treaty obligations. A Japanese steamer was sent to Fusan; and the embassy from Séoul, numbering eighty persons in all, landed at Yokohama May 29th, the ambassador receiving audience of the mikado June 1st. These Coreans were the first accredited to Japan since 1835, and none had come as far east as Yedo since the last century. Then they were the guests of the shōgun; but now direct official relations with the mikado were resumed, after a lapse of nearly a millennium. These men, in huge hats, and white, blue, and pink cotton or silk robes, were profusely entertained in Tōkiō. They visited the public buildings, schools, founderies, and arsenals, inspecting the curious things of the nineteenth century, but avoiding all white foreigners as though they were reptiles, and embarked for home June 18th.

Meanwhile the mikado, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, set out on a tour overland to Yezo. No emperor of Japan had ever visited the northern provinces, and the delight of the people at seeing their sovereign was intense. Visiting Nikkō and the castled towns along the route, the emperor made himself everywhere visible, allowing no check to be placed upon the business or behavior of the people, except that which their own sense of respect imposed. Among the excellent fruits of this tour were: the erection of a monument to the patriot Rin Shihei;[*] the making public of the documents and relics of Father Louis Sotelò;[†] and the gracious reception of an address to his majesty from the Greek Church Christians of Sendai, which augured the near future of complete religious toleration. The imperial journey, begun June 2d, was continued until the middle of July. His return to the capital amid many demonstrations of popular joy was soon after signalized by another bold stroke of power. On the 5th of August the measure, long before conceived, of extinguishing the hereditary pensions and life-incomes of the samurai, was proclaimed. Commutation in Government bonds, at from five to fourteen years' purchase, was made obligatory upon all. The scheme provided that the largest incomes should be extinguished first, and, when completed, will relieve the national Treasury of an annual burden of about $20,000,000. This act of the Government, which lightened the enforced poverty of thirty millions of people, and compelled the privileged classes to begin to earn their bread, was warmly welcomed by the masses.

On the 21st of August another measure in the interest of public economy and of centralization was carried out: the empire was redivided, and the sixty-eight *ken* or prefectures were reduced in number to thirty-five.

These radical measures enforced by the mikado's advisers—an irresponsible ministry, possessing slight facilities for adequately gauging public opinion—were not executed without protest within and without the cabinet. In the south-west, especially, were many earnest men, narrow and unprogressive, perhaps, who grieved deeply over the decay of old customs, the secularization of the Divine Country, the arbitrary policy and personal extravagance of "the bad councillors of the emperor," and his "imprisonment" by them, the influence of foreigners, the toleration of Christianity, and the loss of their swords and pensions. Among the leaders of these conservatives were Mayébara and Uyéno—the one a discharged office-holder, and the other a man of seventy—whose followers organized clubs named Jimpu (Divine Breath, or Wind) and Sonno-Joi (Reverence to the Mikado, and Expulsion of the Barbarian).

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[*] Rin Shihei, a native of Sendai—whose work *San Koku Tsuran To-setsu* ("General View of the Three Kingdoms [tributary to Japan], *i. e.*, Corea, Yezo, and Riu Kiu"), was printed in 1785, and translated by Klaproth in 1832—was born in 1737. A far-seeing patriot, he studied military strategy while making pedestrian excursions over the whole of Japan, especially along the coast, and by learning from the Dutch at Nagasaki and the Russians in Yezo. He was keenly alive to the subject of national progress and defense. His maps and books fell under the eye of the censors (p. 295) of the shōgun, who ordered the plates of his publications to be destroyed, and had him thrown into prison, from which he never came out alive.

[†] Father Louis Sotelo was a Spanish Franciscan friar, who, with Hashikura Rokuyémon, a retainer of the daimiō of Sendai, sailed across the Pacific in a Japanese ship (p. 246) to Mexico in 1613, and thence reached Seville and Rome. They had audience of Pope Paul V., and Hashikura was made a Roman senator. They returned by way of Mexico to Japan; but Hashikura was compelled to renounce his faith, and Sotelo was martyred at Nagasaki. (See Hildreth's "Japan," pp. 158, 199.)

On the 24th of October a party of nearly two hundred of these fanatics, dressed in beetle-headed iron helmets and old armor made of steel and paper laced with silk, and armed with spears and swords, attacked the imperial garrison at Kumamoto, in Higo. They succeeded in injuring about three hundred of the troops before they were dispersed, taken prisoners, or had disemboweled themselves. Other uprisings, more easily quelled, took place in Kiushiu; while in Chōshiu, Mayébara led five hundred armed men vainly against the new order of things, in which rifles, cannon, telegraphs, and steamers played their part. As by some new Jove, with hands full of thunder-bolts, these Titans of a later day were transfixed by the lightnings hurled from Tōkiō in the form of steamers and rifled artillery. Quiet was entirely restored by December. A few heads were struck off, hundreds of the *chōtéki* were exiled or degraded, and another of the throes of expiring feudalism was over.

The next insurrections were by men equipped in calico, with rush hats and straw sandals, gathered under banners of matting inscribed with mottoes daubed on in ink, and armed with spears made by pointing and fire-hardening staves of bamboos. These embattled farmers were enraged because the taxes had been changed from kind to money, and, instead of being assessed on the produce, were laid on the soil. Assaulting the local magistrates' offices, they had to be dispersed by the military, in some cases only after bloodshed. Time, good roads, banking facilities, clearer understanding of the purpose of the Government, have already changed temporary distress, caused by innovations, into satisfied prosperity.

These violent expressions of the real grievances of the agricultural class, on whom the burdens of taxation mainly fall—three-fourths, or $50,000,000, of the total revenue of the empire ($69,000,000), being drawn from the tax on land—hastened another beneficial reform. On the 4th of January, 1877, the national land-tax was reduced from three to two and a half per cent.—a loss to the Treasury of about $8,000,000. The local tax, formerly amounting to one-third of the land-tax, was reduced to one-fifth, or nearly one-half. About the same time two other sweeping measures of economy, intended as an offset, were carried out. Besides thus directly relieving the people, the salaries of nearly all the Government officers and the expenses of the departments were reduced, several thousand office-holders were discharged, the Department of Religion (Kiō Bu Shō) and the Prefecture of Police were abolished, and their functions transferred to the Home Department, and a saving of about $8,000,000 annually effected, to balance the loss to the Treasury from reform in the tax on land. Such a movement in official circles, popularly called a *jishin* (earthquake), met with the keen satisfaction of the majority, the joy of the citizens and peasantry being "beyond imagination." The Government now began to be less afraid of Satsuma; less careful, also, perhaps, to keep informed of the state of public opinion, since the press laws were excessively stringent, and there was no safety-valve for discontent.

The year 1876 will ever remain memorable as the critical year in Japanese journalism, when the severity of the press laws and Government prosecutions was more than equaled by the courage, firmness, and patience of a noble army of editors and writers, who crowded the jails of Japan, and joyfully suffered fines and imprisonment in order to secure a measure of "the freedom of the press"—a phrase which is the watch-word of liberty, not only in Europe and America, but among the Japanese also, in whose language it has become domesticated in common speech, like the new words which science, religion, and advancing political knowledge require for their expression.

Closely connected with all measures of genuine reform is the name of Kido, "the finest intellect" and "the brain and pen" of the revolution. While other leaders were eager and able to break down, Kido was pre-eminently the builder-up, and his genius essentially constructive. Himself the purest representative of the mind of Japan, he had applied the logic of the cardinal doctrines of Japanese politics—the divine right of the mikado to govern his people—and feudalism fell. He believed in discussion, in the wisdom of the majority, and so he established newspapers and pleaded for representative assemblies. He incarnated the soul of peaceful progress. He opposed alike the Corean and Formosan war projects, and the too rapid capitalization of the samurai's pensions. He applied himself to master the details of local administration, and carefully studied the problems of taxation and municipal procedure, both at home and in Europe and America. To rare political ability he joined an unselfish patriotism and a stainless record. Amidst all the clash of opposing interests which the destruction of the old and the creation of new institutions called out the voice of Kido was ever authoritative. While Ōkubo represented the foreign side of the revolution, and Saigō the military genius of Old Nippon, Kido embodied in himself the best elements of New Japan. He had been especially earnest and influential in bringing about the reforms in taxation and governmental economy, and in the calling together of a deliberative body of the *ken* and *fu* magistrates, which, meeting in Tōkiō in 1875, was opened by the mikado in person, and presided over by himself. He was now hoping to conciliate the disaffected samurai of Kiushiu and the one man whom they trusted, after having been, as they believed, betrayed by Ōkubo and the irresponsible ministers in Tōkiō. Had Kido lived, the sad and costly civil war might not have broken out. In the moment of his country's greatest need this noble patriot, overwearied and wounded in spirit, was seized with a disease which soon made him understand that his work was nearly over. He died at Kiōto, May 27th, 1877.

Ever since 1868 Satsuma had remained the one portion of the empire unassimilated to the life of progressive Japan. The old clan which of old had awed the Yedo shōguns now terrified the rest of the country. Goaded by hatred and long-cherished revenge, the Satsuma men, without any sympathy with the nation at large, had led in the overthrow of their enemies, the Tokugawas. The political education of most of the clansmen was purely feudal. Their compass of duty, vibrating between reverence to the mikado and hatred to barbarians, pointed to personal loyalty as their lodestar. Anything broader in scope than the old elements of Japanese politics—loyalty to their chief, clan-fights, struggles between rival factions for the person of the mikado, the reign of the sword held by the idle and privileged classes, the grinding of the peasantry, and the expulsion or subordination of foreigners—in a word, the virtues and the vices of feudalism—was not within their horizon. As for Saigō, their leader, with all the qualities in his character so attractive to a Japanese, he lacked genuine patriotism, and probably aspired to be simply another "man on horseback," furnishing to history one more illustration of the Japanese variety of Cæsarism. Had not this ninth decade of the nineteenth century been one of steam and electricity, instead of armor and arrows, the Tōkiō ministers might have kneeled at the blood-pit as *chôtéki* while Saigō dictated to Dai Nippon as Sei-i Tai Shōgun. Providence meant it otherwise. The old style of Japanese Cæsarism was over.

After the revolution large numbers of Satsuma men had been appointed to posts of honor in the army, navy, and police force, while Saigō and Shimadzŭ Saburo were offered seats in the Cabinet; but one after another the liberal political measures were carried out against the sentiments of men steeped in the vices of feudalism. Peace with Corea, commutation of pensions, the abolition of swords, and the contempt cast upon the wearing of the top-knot—as significant of the feudal spirit to a Japanese of the old school as a Pawnee's war-lock is to the red rider of the prairie—were too much for both Saigō and Shimadzŭ. The former, retiring to Kagoshima, founded a military school, which was soon attended by the flower of Satsuma's youth, while nearly twenty thousand men in Satsuma and Ōzumi, living with their faces to the past, looked to Saigō as their master. The writer cherishes very vivid remembrances of walking unarmed in Tōkiō, and meeting face to face in narrow streets these fiery men of the old swashbuckler spirit. With their hair shorn off their temples, a general wildness of expression in their faces, a scowl of mingled defiance and contempt in their eyes, with their protruding swords and long, red-lacquered scabbards, they seemed the incarnation of fanatical patriotism and diabolical pride. Their favorite proverb was, "Though the eagle be starving, he will not eat grain," and rather than earn their living by vulgar trade, and accept the new order of things, they would gratify their thirst for blood. So great was the influence and prestige of Satsuma, that the impression became general throughout the country that the Government was afraid of this one sullen clan. What lent additional danger to the situation was, that a large arsenal, equipped with steam machinery and full of military stores, together with two powder-mills, capable of turning out thirty thousand pounds of powder daily, stood near the city of Kagoshima.

Hitherto all revolts against the imperial authority had been minor and sporadic, and led by men of no special fitness for their task. That which we shall now describe was organized by the ablest military mind, backed by the best fighting blood in the empire. Had the Government remained inert much longer, the plans of Saigō would have been matured, and with ampler resources the issue might have been different, or the struggle prolonged to the ruin of the nation.

Wisely the rulers in Tōkiō resolved to precipitate the crisis, or at least unmask Saigō's designs, and a vessel was sent to Kagoshima, in January, 1877, under Admiral Kawamura, to remove the gunpowder. An attack threatened upon it by boats full of armed men was avoided by the admiral, but the arsenals and powder-mills were seized February 1st, 1877, by a body of two thousand five hundred samurai. At this time the mikado and most of his Cabinet were in Kiōto, whence they had come to inaugurate the opening of the railway between Kobe, Ōzaka, and Kiōto, which was celebrated on the 5th of February. At once recognizing the gravity of the situation, they dispatched the flower of the army and police to Kiushiu in steamers. All doubts as to Saigō's personal participation in the uprising were set at rest by his appearing before Kumamoto castle, to which he laid siege.

The Island of the Nine Provinces was ordered to be placed under martial law, and Saigō, now named Saigō Takamori, was degraded from his rank as Marshal of the Empire, and Prince Arisugawa no Miya was appointed to the supreme command. Saigō and his generals, Kirino, Beppu, and Shinohara, were branded as *chōtéki*, but Shimadzŭ Saburō remained loyal. The insurgent ports were blockaded, and fresh levies of troops were made and hurried forward. After a siege of fifty-five days, during which Kumamoto castle was nobly defended by Colonel Tani and his little band, Saigō was compelled to retreat.

The war soon became scattered. The imperial army, under Yamagata and Kawaji, marched in two large divisions from Kumamoto and Kagoshima, intending to inclose the rebels in a cordon. After many bloody skirmishes and a great battle, the two divisions effected a junction. Saigō Tsukumichi, a brother of the rebel leader, took the field in July, during which month, owing to the hard fighting, six thousand of the mikado's troops were killed or wounded. While the imperialists were largely raw levies from the peasantry and middle classes, the rebels were in the main the veteran samurai of 1868. Even their women fought under the rebel banner. Defending themselves in some instances by making a shield of the light, thick floor-mats, or *tatami*, the rebel swordsmen, by a sudden charge, drew the fire of the troops harmlessly, and rushing on them with their swords butchered them easily.

On the 16th of August, Saigō Takamori's forces, reduced to less than ten thousand men, were attacked at Nobéoka, an old natural stronghold, and the bloody conflict resulted in a complete victory for the imperialists. With a few hundred followers the rebel leaders escaped into Hiuga, whence, on the 2d of September, they made a dash on Kagoshima, and held it two weeks. Thence they were driven out to Shiroyama, a few miles from the city. There, on the 24th of September, Saigō, Kirino, and Murata, having less than four hundred followers, were attacked by fifteen thousand troops of the imperial army, with mortars, cannon, and rifles. Armed only with swords, the little band fought, scorning quarter. Many of them committed *hara-kiri*, and Saigō was beheaded by one of his friends, who as a favor performed this act of kindness. Not one of the imperial soldiers was killed. The three leaders and nearly three hundred of the band gladly met their death with unquailing courage, proud to die in blood by their own or at their comrades' hands, knowing no greater glory than to imitate Kusunoki and the ancient models of that ferocious military virtue of Old Japan—*Yamato damashii.*

This was the mightiest rebellion, inspired by the spirit of the past, against which the mikado's Government has had to cope. It was the supreme effort of defiance of the forces of feudalism and misrule against order and united government. The Old met the New—mediævalism was pitted against the nineteenth century, and failed. "What Saigō could not achieve, no imitator will presume to attempt." The rebellion cost Japan fifty millions of dollars. The rebel troops of Satsuma, Ōzumi, and Hiuga numbered 39,760, of whom 3533 men were killed, 4344 wounded, and 3123 missing. Of the imperial army, probably an equal number or more suffered the fate of war, a very large proportion of wounds being cuts from the old two-handed sword-blades. In the cities and villages of Japan, once quite free from the sight of legless and armless men and the results of gunshot wounds, the spectacle of empty sleeves, of men hobbling on crutches, and of bullet-scarred victims of gunpowder wars, is no longer a rarity. In the treatment of the rebels the Government displayed a spirit of leniency unknown to Asia, and worthy of the Christian name. Of the 38,163 persons tried in Kiushiu, there were 295 acquitted, 35,918 pardoned, 20 fined, 117 degraded from the class of samurai, 1793 condemned to imprisonment, with hard labor, for terms varying from thirty days to ten years. Twenty persons were decapitated.

Notwithstanding the war in the south, the enterprises of peace went on. The National Industrial Exhibition at Uyéno, on the site of the battle-ground of 1868 (p. 315), which was closely modeled upon the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, was opened August 21st, and closed November 30th, and was in every respect successful. During this time the cholera broke out in Japan, but by the stringent enforcement of sanitary measures its ravages were slight. Out of 11,675 cases, there were but 6297 deaths—a victory of science no less renowned than that of the army at Nobéoka.

The year 1878 marked the first decade of the mikado's government by means of an irresponsible ministry. The oath made by His Majesty in Kiōto in 1868 to form a deliberative assembly had never been fully carried out. The earnest men in office were perhaps too busy to remind the mikado of his promise; but the equally earnest men outside, continually advancing in political knowledge, and seeing one cause of the troubles that afflicted the nation in the official ignorance of public sentiment, had lost no opportunity to make their convictions known. By agitation in the newspapers, by memorials to the Government, by public lectures, the subject was pressed. One or two steps had been taken. In 1875 a Senate (Genro-in, or House of Eders) had been established, and an assembly of the ken governors — the creation of Kido—held one session in the capital, but only one. Under the pretext of the mikado's journey north in 1876, and of the war in Kiushiu in 1877, the meetings of this body had been adjourned, greatly to the irritation of those who clamored for it as a national right, and complained both of the excess of personal government, and of the flagrant defiance of popular rights as based on the mikado's oath.

Yet, more rapidly than the petitioners dreamed, the era of personal government was drawing to a close; and, as usual in Japanese politics, the new era was to be ushered in by assassination. Ōkubo was murdered in the public highway in broad daylight May 14th, 1878.

Within one year Japan lost her three ablest men—Kido, Saigō, and Ōkubo. Of all these, Ōkubo, by temperament, training, and character, was best fitted to be the interpreter of foreign ideas to his colleagues. Resolute, daring, ambitious, his will was iron and his action lightning. His burning desire, to raise his country from the low level of semi-civilized states to the height of equality with the proudest nations of the earth, created in him a ceaseless energy, that showed itself in a long list of reforms with which his name is inseparably associated. He expected almost to see his country regenerated in a life-time. His chief idea was the thorough unification of Japan, and the extirpation of all vestiges of the feudal spirit and of sectionalism. He believed that a railway built from Yezo to Kiushiu, even if it paid no dividend for a thousand years, would be of incalculable advantage to the country in unifying the people. In order to hasten the growth of a century in a decade, he considered, perhaps too blindly, a strongly centralized Government to be of the first necessity, and in this opinion he was seconded by his colleagues of like mind.*

Hence the error of these able men in not estimating at its proper value the equally eager desire of men outside the Government to take part in the tasks of civilization. Kido had warned them not to cling too closely to the traditions of paternal government, and the charge began to be made that Ōkubo was an enemy to public discussion and popular rights. Again the assassin's sword cast its shadow.

On the evening of May 13th, 1878, having been warned of the impending danger, Ōkubo expressed before a party of friends his belief in the decree of Heaven, that would protect him if his work were not yet done, but which otherwise would permit his death, even though he were surrounded by soldiers. His words were prophetic. He spoke better than he knew. His work—the work of personal government—was over; the era of representative government had begun. The next morning, while on his way to the mikado's palace, unarmed, he was murdered by six assassins, who were said to have been runaways from the Satsuma rebellion. The mikado immediately conferred upon his dead servant the highest rank, and elevated his sons to the nobility. The funeral cortege, in which princes, nobles, and the foreign diplomatic corps joined, was the most imposing ever seen in Tōkiō.†

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* I remember, while present at a dinner given by the junior Prime Minister, Iwakura, at his house in Tōkiō (July 16th, 1874), an American lady asked him what had impressed him most while in America, and especially at Washington. He answered at once, "The strength of the central Government, which for a republic seemed incredible to me."

† Ōkubo's tall, arrowy form, luxuriant side-whiskers, large, expressive eyes, and eager, expectant bearing, gave him the appearance of a European rather than an Asiatic. When in Tōkiō I enjoyed frequent conversations with this distinguished statesman, the last of which was on the eve of leaving Japan for America (July 16th, 1874), during which Ōkuko asked many questions about American politics. When about to leave I informed him of my intention to write a work on Japan, explaining as best I could the recent revolutions, that Americans might understand their true nature. Ōkubo's piercing black eyes shone with pleasure for a moment, but immediately a shadow passed over his handsome face, and he said, "Your purpose is an excellent one. I am glad, and even grate-

The long step forward toward representative institutions was taken July 22d, by the proclamation for the calling of Provincial Parliaments, or Local Assemblies, composed of one delegate from each district (*kori*), which were to sit once a year in each ken. Under the supervision of the Minister of the Interior, these bodies are empowered to discuss questions of local taxation, and to petition the central government on other matters of local interest. The qualifications for members and electors are limited by ability to read and write, and the payment of an annual land-tax of at least five dollars. Each registered voter, who must be twenty years of age, must himself write his own name and the name of the candidate voted for on a ballot. In this one respect the Japanese excels the American method. The foundations for further improvements were now broadly based.

To anticipate, and pass over details, except to notice the constant agitation kept up by new engines in Japanese politics—the press, the lecture platform, and the debating club—the mikado, yielding to the irresistible pressure of public opinion, expanded and confirmed his oath of 1868, in the famous proclamation of October 12th, 1881: "We therefore hereby declare, that We shall in the 23d year of Meiji (1890) establish a Parliament, in order to carry into full effect the determination We have announced ["gradually to establish a constitutional form of government"], and We charge our faithful subjects bearing our commissions to make, in the mean time, all necessary preparations to that end. With regard to the limitations upon the Imperial Prerogative, and the constitution of the Parliament, We shall decide hereafter, and shall make proclamation in due time."

Three political parties in Japan are now distinctly organized, each with its newspapers, clubs, mass meetings, and peripatetic lecturers, or "stump-speakers." They are the Constitutional Monarchists, Liberals, and Constitutional Reformers, with minor cliques representing various phases of radicalism or conservatism. Local societies cherishing socialistic, communistic, and even nihilist principles add to the variety of opinions now distinguishable in a once hermit nation, whose entire stock of political knowledge, a generation ago, consisted of the two ideas of personal loyalty and hatred of foreigners. As a Japanese writer remarked in the *Jiyu Shimbun*—the organ of the liberals — "The impulse of progress and innovation has invaded the na-

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ful, that you intend to explain our affairs to your countrymen, but I wish that some one would write an instantly popular book explaining to our own people the intentions of the Government. Too many of them refuse to understand."

tion with the strength of a rushing torrent. A totally new Japanese empire is in process of establishment."

Let us now glance at Japan's foreign policy and state-craft. With the Restoration of 1868 was born the desire to thoroughly consolidate the empire, and bring its outlying portions into closer relations to the throne. Some students of history will also say that the long-slumbering lust of conquest awoke to new vigor. A school of Japanese thinkers claimed that the fullest expression of nationality would include not only Riu Kiu, Yezo, Saghalin, and the Bonin Islands, as constituent portions, but also Corea and Eastern Formosa, as tributary dependencies—the last claim being based on Japanese settlement, as well as lack of Chinese jurisdiction. The solution of the Formosan and Corean problems was, as we have seen, soon reached. The Bonin Islands, first held in fief by Ogasawara, a daimiō, in 1593, and visited by a party of explorers from Nagasaki in 1675, who gave the name Munin, or Bonin (no man's), had been neglected by the Japanese for centuries, though long a noted resort of whalers. In 1823 the American Captain Coffin, and in 1827 Captain Beechy, an Englishman, visited the islands; and Commodore M. C. Perry, in 1854, stocked them with sheep, goats, and cattle. In 1877 there were on the islands a motley company of seventy persons, chiefly sailors from whaling-ships, Americans, Englishmen, and Hawaiians. In 1878 the islands were formally taken possession of in the name of the mikado, and a local government established by Japanese officers. Coffin Island will probably be the terminus of the proposed trans-Pacific submarine cable from San Francisco to Yokohama.

Saghalin and the Kurile Islands had been the debatable ground between the Japanese and Russians since 1790, the subject of conferences and mutual remonstrances, and the scene of some border-ruffianism and bloodshed. In 1875 Admiral Enomoto, at St. Petersburg, concluded a convention by which Japan received all the Kurile Islands, or Chi-shima, and Russia the whole of Saghalin. The Kuriles are rich sealing and fishing grounds, and Saghalin is now a flourishing penal settlement. The empire of Japan, as seen on the map of the world, now swings, by a long chain of islands at either end, between Kamschatka and Formosa.

The island of Yezo was placed under the care of a special ministry —the Kai Takŭ Shi, or Department for the Development of Yezo— and so administered until the year 1882. Its mineral and agricultural wealth, as exploited by American scientific men, is noted in the Appendix to this work. Many millions of dollars were spent in developing Yezo, under the oversight of Kuroda Kiyotakŭ—the negotiator of the Corean treaty, and a military leader of no mean abilities, as shown in the civil wars of 1868 and 1877. On January 11th, 1882, General Kuroda was appointed Cabinet Adviser, and the property and industrial undertakings of the department were sold—a proceeding which provoked a furious controversy among the political societies. On the 8th of February, Yezo was divided into the three ken, or prefectures, of Hakodaté, Némuro, and Sapporo, and governed like the rest of the empire.

Before examining into the matter of Riu Kiu let us glance at Corea, with which a more vigorous policy was determined upon immediately after the Satsuma rebellion. A legation was established in Séoul, and Hanabusa, one of the ablest of Japan's rising young men, appointed minister. In the Coreans the Japanese saw themselves as they had been—hermits in the market-place—and many of the foreigners' experiences with them before the opening of their ports were repeated in Corea, the Japanese in this case being the aliens and reputed aggressors. A fresh treaty opened Gensan (Corean, Wönsan), on the north-east coast, May 1st, 1880, and three months later a second embassy of portly Corean men, in red, pink, green, violet, and azure, visited Tōkiō, to pray that the opening of the port of In-chiŭn, near Séoul, be postponed. The Japanese refused their request. The Coreans were now divided into conservatives and radicals, or progressives and reactionists. Even among the liberals some favored friendship with and imitation of Japan, while others looked to China as ally and model. One view of the Japanese which gained ground in Corea, especially in 1881, was, that the Japanese were arbitrary and high-handed in their dealing, and an Exclusion-of-the-Japanese Party began to form. Evidently the same state of feeling characteristic of Old Japan existed in Corea, in which all the elements of a political explosion lay ready. To blind hatred of all foreigners there was added a conservative bigotry willing to fan popular passions and superstition into a flame, while of two great feudal houses in bitter hostility to each other, one was in, and the other out of power.

A third party, or embassy, composed of Corean liberals anxious to study civilization and progress in the neighbor-country, came to Japan in 1881. At this time it was uncertain whether the reactionists or progressives would sway the policy of the Séoul government. The young king, who had come to the throne in 1873, was backed in his enlightened policy by his consort and her relatives, the king's ministers; but arrayed against them were the Tai-wen Kun, the late regent, and father of the king, with his feudal retainers, and the conservative and reactionary literati who looked to him as their exponent and guide. As this old man had persecuted the Christians and driven off the French in 1866, and the Americans in 1871, and was still full of physical and mental vigor, he was a hopeful leader. The jealousy and bitterness between his family (Ni) and that of the queen's (Min) kept increasing daily. (See "Corea, the Hermit Nation.")

The treaty with the United States was made May 9th, 1882, at In-chiŭn, and soon after conventions were signed with Great Britain and other European nations. Drought prevailed throughout the country, and the bigoted conservatives wrought upon the superstitions of the masses by ascribing the lack of rain to the anger of the spirits, because treaties had been made with foreigners. The soldiery of the capital, led chiefly by officers of the house of Ni, were on the verge of mutiny because of arrears of pay. They were further exasperated because, while their rations of rice were stopped, or at least curtailed, the foreigners (Japanese) had plenty. These apparently trifling causes, acting at a time when the relations of the two noble houses of Min and Ni (the queen's and the ex-regent's, respectively) were so strained, provoked a bloody riot at Séoul, July 23d, 1882. The populace and soldiery attacked the rice-granaries, the Japanese legation, the royal palace, and the barracks, at which a picked force of native military were being drilled by a Japanese lieutenant. Four of the court ministers and a number of minor Corean officers were slain. The Japanese, after holding the mob at bay for over seven hours, rushed out of their burning quarters, charged the crowd, and made a dash for the royal palace. Finding no help there, they crossed the river and marched to In-chiŭn. While asleep in the governor's house they were again attacked, and started for the sea-shore. After some hours spent on the water they were rescued by the British survey-ship *Flying Fish*. There were but twenty-six survivors out of about forty persons. Séoul and the Corean Government were now under the control of the Tai-wen Kun and his mob.

Immediate and thorough preparations for war were made in Japan, and Hanabusa, after audience with the mikado in Tōkiō, was sent back to Séoul, which he entered August 16th, with an escort of five hundred men. After delays and a menace of war ample apologies were made, and the demands of Japan were acceded to. Corea agreed to pay $50,000 to the families of the slain and $500,000 to the Japanese government, to dispatch an embassy to Tōkiō to offer apologies, to allow an armed escort in Séoul, and to extend farther privileges to Japanese officers and residents in Corea. Hanabusa was soon after promoted to be minister to Russia. A large deputation of Coreans visited Tōkiō in October, making a long stay, and receiving much attention from foreigners as well as natives.

China's action after the Corean riot and usurpation of Tai-wen Kun was remarkable and unjustifiable. Dispatching a large fleet, with several thousand soldiers, to the peninsula, the capital was occupied, and the king restored to power. Tai-wen Kun, entrapped on board a Chinese gun-boat, was kidnapped and taken to China, to live imprisoned as an exile. This object of high-handed assumption of power in a really independent state, and only nominally tributary, was evidently to checkmate the suspected designs of Japan, to assert Chinese supremacy, and to warn her ambitious neighbor that a third affair, like those of Formosa and Riu Kiu, was no longer possible.

This warlike policy of China is but an indication of the state of feeling between the rival nations, which must at some future day eventuate in war. Ever since Japan's full assumption of sovereignty over Riu Kiu, the relations between China and Japan have been strained. At this little island-kingdom, noted alike for its sugar and its peaceful character, let us now glance.

On a Mercator map of the Western Pacific, looked at from the east, the mikado's empire (cutting off Yezo) resembles a silk-worm erect, and spinning from its head (Kiushiu) a thread of islands which are strung along southwardly to Formosa. To this lengthened cord the name Okinawa (long rope) was very anciently given. The name—which the Japanese pronounce Riu Kiu, the Chinese Liu Kiu, and the islanders Loo Choo, which means sleeping dragon—well describes this land of perpetual afternoon. The people, numbering one hundred and twenty thousand—of whom as many as one-tenth lived on the public treasury—are true Japanese in origin, language, and dynasty, their first historical rulers having been descendants of the renowned Tamétomo. As, however, the Riu Kiuans—calling China their father, and Japan their mother—sent tribute in junks to both countries, cultivated religious, literary, and friendly relations with either, both rival empires claimed the little kingdom. So long as neither nation asserted supreme right all was well. The Ming dynasty had given the

Riu Kiu king a silver seal, and to his kingdom a name signifying "hanging-balls," intimating that the thirty-six islands of his petty domain were a fringe of tassels upon the skirts of China's robe. Hidéyoshi once demanded that the islanders should pay tribute only to Japan; but the Corean war coming on, he had never enforced his demand. In 1609 Iyéhisa, the daimiō of Satsuma, conquered the islands, and secured their tributary allegiance to his house and to the shōgun. China, however, knew nothing of this act of Japan until after it was over; nor, on the other hand, does any restriction seem to have been laid on the Riu Kiuans sending an annual tribute junk to Ningpo, China. Fifteen embassies from Riu Kiu visited Yedo, for investiture of the island-king, or to congratulate the shōguns upon their accession to power, between 1611 and 1850; but the same policy was pursued toward China also. Both Corea and Riu Kiu were political Issachars bowing down between two burdens and two masters. After the revolution of 1868 Riu Kiu was made a *han* of the Japanese empire, and the king acknowledged the mikado as his suzerain. When, for the sake of the Riu Kiuans wrecked and murdered on Formosa, the Japanese sent an expedition to chastise the Botan savages, they took a step forward, and reducing the king to the status of a retired daimiō, erected Riu Kiu into a ken, or prefecture, like the other parts of the empire. To this the Riu Kiuans did not all agree, and continuing to send a junk to Ningpo, acted as suppliants for China's mercy; while the Peking government considered that Japan was feloniously cutting off the fringes of China's robe.

Under Japan's rule the sleepy dragon is waking up. Trade with Corea has begun, and with the other ports of Japan increased; and old customs are giving way to more enlightened methods of life. Yet still the irritation between Japan and China continues. China having already a large naval force and a numerous soldiery, the questions of increasing the number of costly iron-clad war vessels, of building new forts, of enlarging the army, and of levying taxes in order to provide the sinews of war, have engaged the attention of the Cabinet in Tōkiō during the past year. A hundred vessels of war and a standing army of one hundred thousand men are not considered too many in case of war with China; but to provide and maintain such a force would require vastly augmented resources, such as Japan, in this century at least, will never possess, her estimated total revenue for 1883 being but $66,814,122, of which every dollar is required. Forty ships and forty thousand soldiers are thought to be the minimum for safety.

in defense. Such enlargement of war material means, unfortunately, curtailment in the amount devoted to education. A national debt of $349,771,176 (May 31st, 1882) acts as a wholesome check upon too rapid expenditure. A revision of the treaties with foreign nations which will secure to Japan the rights of a sovereign state, especially the power, now wrongfully denied her, of regulating her own tariff, may enable her to swell her revenue, and thus in some measure provide for that collision with her giant neighbor which seems inevitable.

Christianity in three forms, Greek, Roman, and Reformed, is now a potent factor in the development of the nation. At the opening of the ports, in 1859, the Roman Catholics, with the advantage of historic continuity, began their labors at Yokohama and Nagasaki. The Holy Synod of Russia, five Protestant missionary societies — four American and one English — sent their agents to Japan. For ten years they were unable to make many disciples, and none openly, on account of the jealous hostility of the Japanese Government. The old anti-Christian edicts were enforced, and a native became a disciple of Jesus at the risk of his life. Some of the first teachers of the foreigners were thrown into prison, and several thousand villagers from Urakami, near Nagasaki, were deported to northern provinces, away from the influence of their French teachers. Meanwhile the language was being mastered, and the work of healing, teaching, and translation engaged in. The first Protestant church in Japan was organized in Japan by the Rev. J. H. Ballagh, of the Reformed Church in America, March 10th, 1872; the edifice, costing $6000, standing on part of the Perry treaty ground. Other churches were soon organized, the first in Tōkiō, and the fourth in Japan, being on the 3d of September, 1873. During this year the anti-Christian edicts were removed, and Christian churches established in the interior, since which time the Christians have worshiped unmolested. Most of the important evangelical societies in Great Britain and the United States are now represented in the missionary work in Japan, and Sunday-schools, theological seminaries, native Christian associations, the press, Christian literature, Bible and tract distribution, public discussions, and open-air meetings are among the varied means used for the diffusion of Gospel truths.

To Protestant missionaries belongs the honor of having translated the Bible into Japanese. Eighty years of Roman Christianity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries failed to give the people of Japan the Scriptures in their own tongue. Gutzlaff, in 1838, and S. Wells

Williams, in 1839, at Singapore, made the first attempts, which, after several tentative translations by Brown, Verbeck, Hepburn, Green, and others, ripened in the fruit of a complete Japanese New Testament in the high middle style of the language. This event of national importance was celebrated by a public meeting of the missionaries and native pastors in Tōkiō, April 19th, 1880. Many thousands of copies have been sold throughout the empire, and the Bible has now millions of readers. There are now probably forty thousand nominal Christians among the mikado's subjects. Shintō does not seem to flourish in the air of the nineteenth century, though Buddhism, especially the "Reformed" or Shin-shiu sect, which claims ten millions of adherents, is vigorously contesting with Christianity the possession of Japan.

The wondrous assimilation of the salient features of modern civilization by the Japanese has smoothed the path for success in Christian missionary labor which is marvelous. The literary hostility to Christianity was not at first great, nor is it yet of a character to inspire respect for the Japanese intellect. Nearly all the ammunition of the priests, pagans, and opponents of the new faith is furnished by translation from Occidental sources. The literary, medical, and pedagogic work of the missionaries has borne a mighty harvest of good to the nation at large, while the friendly rivalry between the common schools and the missionary educational institutions is most wholesome. The influences of the religion of Jesus are penetrating deeply into the social life of the people, and rooting themselves into heart and intellect alike. Licentiousness, intemperance, and lying are the moral cancers of the national character; but the ideals of Jesus are seen by an increasing number of the people to be the best inspiration to individual and national progress.

II.

JAPAN IN 1886.

The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-six, the nineteenth of the Restoration, and of the reign of Mutsŭhito, the one hundred and twenty-third mikado of Japan, finds the empire at peace, and in full career of progress. The emperor, now thirty-three years of age, is surrounded with a new generation of advisers. The old heroes and counsellors of '68 have mostly passed away. The old nobilities—of court and of land—have shrunk to a status almost wholly non-political. With new men and times come new measures and problems.

Notable among those of national fame who have "changed their world" have been the junior premier Iwakura Tomomi, a noble of highest rank, and the elder prince Arisugawa. At an age still counted as mid-life by European statesmen, Iwakura sank in the plenitude of his influence, dying of an hereditary disease July 20, 1883. Born in Kiōto in 1825, of most illustrious ancestry, whose blood flowed from imperial and Minamoto stock, Iwakura was made personal attendant upon the Mikado Koméi at the age of twenty. Educated in traditions of antagonism to the Yedo system, he was, in 1861, on account of his opposition to the marriage of an imperial princess to a Tokugawa, forced into exile. Living in retirement and with shorn head during several years, he was yet in active communication with the leaders of the impending crisis; and in 1868, to the surprise of the Yedo authorities, he emerged at the head and front of the new movement. Until the age of forty-three he had never seen foreigners, but on his first interview with Sir Harry Parkes was converted to belief in their equality, humanity, and abilities. Heartily accepting the principles of western civilization, he sent his three sons to study under Guido F. Verbeck, at Nagasaki, and thence to the United States. For fifteen years he was the close counsellor of the young mikado, who in 1871 personally visited his subject, and said, "It is to you, under the favor of the gods, that we owe the flourishing condition of the empire." It was Iwakura who, when opportunity like a flame softened the national heart as wax, bade the mikado with his divine prestige stamp it, and give to the fusing mass the express image of a nation by the abolition of feudalism. Utterly fearless of all personal consequences, this foremost man among the nobility pressed to their conclusion the results of the revolution during his twelve years of incessant toil. Emerging scathless from repeated attempts upon his life, he died quietly in his bed. Buried with all possible funereal pomp, he received from the mikado the posthumous title of Dai Jō Dai Jin. Like Moses, having led a nation from narrow horizons to a higher outlook, he died at the right time. His death, as we shall see, paved the way for a closer union of the throne and the people. No successor to Iwakura—well named "Rock-throne"—could be found, while from below the new man for the new work was at hand.

Arisugawa Takahito no Miya, a prince of the blood and of the highest rank, father of the military leader who bore the imperial brocade banner in 1868, died January 24, 1886. Among others who have bowed to the harvest of death were many of the old daimiōs, the illustrious merchant Godai, of Ōzaka, several female children of the mikado, and so many promising young men who had entered or were anticipating public life, as to suggest painfully the weakness of the Japanese physique. The percentage of deaths among the students abroad and at home is a constant source of sorrow and disappointment. Of one hundred youths who begin their preparatory studies in the foreign language schools, not over five win their degrees at the Tōkiō University, over forty dropping out on account of disease or weakness.*

Other causes than the knock of Pallida Mors have operated in the retirement from public view of men once prominent. The tendency of Japanese politics, in its evolution towards the goal of 1890, has been to eliminate entirely the old nobility, and to advance to power men for the time bred in the lower social ranks. The composite government which rose on the ruins of the dual system in 1868 was founded on the theory of a union of the throne with the people, the only intermediary being the kugé, or court nobles. This took the form of a triple premiership of Dai-jins; Sanjō and Iwakura filling two of the three highest offices, while the details of administration were carried on by the ministers, who were men of the samurai class. Gradually the forces of intellect, of natural ability, and of education manifested themselves, driving out inferior men, unable to cope with the new problems of statecraft or to resist the pressure from below, and elevating to influential position the able men of low rank. These demanded not only office and hearing, but tangible recognition, in the form of social advancement, from the throne itself. In response to public opinion the mikado issued an edict dated June 6, 1884, which readjusted the system of nobility. In the newly-created orders of princes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons, were found many men once in the class of gentry only, who had performed distinguished services on behalf of their country. Nearly three hundred persons in the aristocracy of intellect were thus ennobled on the basis of merit. Orders and decorations have also been distributed with lavish hand to both natives and foreigners. It is expected that the nobles will furnish the personnel of the Upper House of Lords or Notables for the Parliament of 1890.

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* Kéiki, "the last tycoon," was reported to have died in 1884. This was a mistake. In 1890 we read of his visiting the hot springs of Itami. On the 14th of April, 1889, a monument to his retainers slain in the civil war of 1868–70 was unveiled at Uyéno, Tōkiō.

To this goal the forces of Japanese politics have kept steadily moving, though with many fluctuations and vicissitudes, among which have been the rise and fall of parties, plottings, riots, dynamite, suspicion, imprisonments, trials, release or executions. For various reasons the Liberal party was dissolved in October, 1884.

Within the Government circles there had been occasional shiftings of office without radical change; but a movement of almost revolutionary import took place at the end of 1885. The death of Iwakura, and the apparently approaching senility of Sanjō, gave the opportunity; while necessity, in view of the strides of time that wait for no man, forced the issue. With the unexpected suddenness of an earthquake shock, every member of the old court party was retired from active office, while young men educated abroad—Ito, Inouyé, Mori, Enomoto—stepped into the highest offices.

By recommendation (on paper at least) of Sanjō, and by decree of the mikado, December 22, 1885, the triple premiership, the privy council, and the ministries as then constituted were abolished. In their place a cabinet was established, at the head of which was a minister-president of state. The old boards of government, with a new one of communications (railways, telegraphs, mails), were reorganized in such a way as to discharge from public employ about eight thousand office-holders. The new crystallization of political forces is in the interest of democracy and economy, as well as of executive uniformity and vigor. All in the new cabinet are men of modern ideas, culture, and conviction, while the Asiatic features of the Government have retired into shadow. The Mikado Mutsŭhito now meets his ministers in council, deliberates with them, and must share personal responsibility. The throne, by having several courses of intermediaries quietly and safely removed, is more nearly "broad-based upon the people's will." It may be that the future parliament will check any undue tendency in the ministry to bureauocracy. As yet it is uncertain whether the form of representative government in Japan will most closely approach the British or the Prussian model. It will be a bitter disappointment to the liberal patriots if the ministry is to be made responsible to the sovereign and not to the parliament.

The temptations which beset Asiatic nations in adopting the salient features of modern civilization to embark upon costly schemes of reform and equipment are great, and the possible dangers are greater. The Japanese Government seems wisely anxious to study economy and avoid undue expenditure. Besides reducing the once abnormal force of office-holders, western methods of book-keeping have been introduced into the public service, and the financial estimates for each year are reduced to the lowest point. The total national revenue for the nineteenth fiscal year of Meiji was $74,695,415, and the expenditure was $74,689,014. About $20,000,000 is applied yearly to the extinguishing of the national debt, which in 1885 was $245,427,329.

The customs returns of trade since 1868, published in July, 1886, shows that the foreign commerce of Japan is healthfully developing. In 1869 the exports were less than $13,000,000, but during each of the last five years they have not fallen below $30,000,000. The imports in 1868 were valued at ten and a half, in 1880 at thirty-six, and in 1885 at twenty-eight millions of dollars. The excess of imports over exports during eighteen years of foreign trade amounts to fifty-one millions. Great Britain has been the largest importer, but her imports have fallen from nineteen millions in 1880 to twelve millions in 1885. The United States takes most of the silk and tea of Japan, and returns machinery and oil, two-thirds of the exports to Japan being in petroleum. Japan's silk crop, in all its products, is valued at eighteen and a half millions of dollars, and her tea crop at over thirty-five millions of pounds. While the yield of tea has increased threefold since 1868, the price has fallen one-half. In the manufacture and export of art-products there has been a marked increase. This is manifested not only in the customs returns, but in the houses, gardens, and museums of Europe and America. Japan is already recognized as "the land of dainty decoration," and her art has added new elements of delight and surprise to the world's store.

The social revolution which has affected all classes in the mikado's empire has given rise to new industries and handicrafts. The concentration of capital, the improvement of labor, and the elevation of the working-classes through the influence of schools and the cheapening of justice, have changed the entire industrial system. The pitiful tales of the laborer's wrongs, as told in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," seem now mythical. The introduction of machinery and the establishment of large arsenals, founderies, mills, steamship and railway companies, seem to prove that Japan is not only providing for her own needs, but is developing her resources in order to enter as a competitor for the manufacturing supremacy among Asiatic nations. Fully equipped railroads, men-of-war, steam and sailing vessels, houses in European style, the product of native brain and muscle, are no longer curiosities. Patents are issued, inventions are encouraged, and museums are established in most of the large cities. In exhibitions of industry held in the provinces and capital, art, mechanical ingenuity, trades, and business are stimulated to higher excellence. In the expositions held in Europe, America, Australia, and India, the artistic ability, manual dexterity, and inventive genius of the Japanese have won abundant recognition. An exhibition of Asiatic products is to be held at Uyéno, in Tōkiō, in 1890.

It is a noteworthy fact that the opening of Japan to the world was coincident with the age of iron, steel, steam, and electricity. The telegraph, introduced in 1869, has become a net-work of fifteen thousand miles of wire. Four cables connect the island empire to the Asian main-land, two making landfall at Vladivostok, one at Fusan in Corea, and one at Shanghai in China. The telephone and the electric light are seen in the large cities. Of railways there were, in the summer of 1885, 265 miles open, 271 miles in course of construction, and 543 miles in contemplation. Except the railway from Sapporo to Poronai in Yezo, these roads are constructed and equipped on the British model. Most of the survey, engineering, and constructive work, and all of the mechanical labor on the new roads, are done by natives. The trains, engines, and offices are worked by Japanese, and the wood and lighter metal portions are made at home, the heavy castings, engines, and rails being brought from Great Britain. The Japan Mail Shipping Company employs a large fleet of steamships and sailing-vessels in their coasting trade and passenger lines to China, Corea, and the island portions of the empire. In 1885 the postal department forwarded nearly one hundred million letters and packages.

The return, in 1884, of the principal of the Shimonoséki Indemnity, so long unjustly withheld by the United States from Japan, has been of some assistance in carrying out her schemes of national improvement. Besides postal and money-order arrangement with the United States, a treaty of extradition was ratified by the Senate June 21, 1886. This important diplomatic action places Japan, so far as the American Government is concerned, upon the same footing as that of the most enlightened nations in Europe. In these two acts the United States leads the way in encouragement and recognition of Japan's purpose to assimilate her civilization to that of Christendom.

Ever since the American flag was first carried round the world by Major Shaw, of the United States First Artillery, the part played by our country towards Asiatic nations has been in the main kindly, honorable, and unselfish. In the renovation of Japan this disposition to assist and not to retard her progress has been manifest. In 1878, in Tōkiō, the Japanese themselves, in their own language and way, celebrated, with congratulations and rejoicing, the quarter-century of the arrival of Commodore M. C. Perry in Yedo bay.* Our American teachers, missionaries, and scientific men in active labors on the soil; our ministers in their diplomacy; our hospitable schools, homes, and friends in need welcoming the students;† our Government in treaties, have all shown a desire to assist Japan which is as sincere as it is morally beautiful. The standard political literature of the United States, translated and widely read, has done much to educate Japanese opinion, and to show how liberty may exist under law. Science, religion, the press, and public-schools are now training the Japanese people for their coming responsibilities. Nearly six hundred young men have, since the first exodus in 1865, been educated abroad at the public expense, most of them in the United States. An equal or greater number have attended foreign schools at their own charges, while the number of travellers and those who have intelligently studied western civilization cannot fall short of three thousand. The Japanese have now their legation, consulates, bank, clubs, and a Christian church in the United States. At least three thousand in various industrial capacities are living in Europe, China, Hawaii, and other countries. No year passes without seeing delegations of public inspectors or private students abroad, all restlessly eager to know the secrets of power possessed by the western nations.

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* See the "Life of Matthew Calbraith Perry, a Typical American Naval Officer," by the author of this work.

† The subject of the Japanese students abroad, how they came first to New Brunswick, N. J., with personal notes, statistics, etc., has been treated by the author in a pamphlet published in 1886 by the Rutgers College Alumni Association. During the civil war in Japan the Japanese students were unable to receive any remittances. A company of gentlemen and ladies in the Reformed [Dutch] Church was formed to loan them money without regard to future repayment. This generous behavior was warmly appreciated by the mikado's government. On the eve of their departure from the United States, in 1872, the ambassadors Iwakura and Ōkubo, in a letter to the Rev. John Mason Ferris, D.D., wrote: "The generous conduct exhibited by yourself and other gentlemen in this instance, as well as in all matters of educational interest pertaining to the Japanese youth, will do more to correct this impression [that "foreign nations did not entertain kindly feelings toward our people"], and will do more to cement the friendly relations of the two countries, than all other influences combined."

Though the Japanese long ago accepted the axiom that "education is the basis of all progress," yet their efforts in intellectual advancement have been impeded by their long use of the Chinese graphic system. The best years of a student's life must be devoted to learning thousands of arbitrary characters in order to know how to read. To be a learned man in the Japan of to-day one must know, besides his own language, the cumbrous Chinese system of writing, with much of its body of learning, and, in addition, the English or some other modern European language. No youth are more burdened in obtaining an education than are the Japanese. Hence the vast sacrifice of health and life among them, and their early intellectual decay.

Fully realizing these indisputable facts, the thinking men of this generation have resolved to break the yoke, to cast off the incubus, and to free the intellect of the future. In 1884 the Roma-ji Kai, or Roman-letter Association, was formed in Tōkiō, and has now six thousand members, native and foreign, among whom are all the missionaries. Their purpose is to supplant the Chinese character and native syllabary by the Roman alphabet as the vehicle of Japanese thought. They have demonstrated that all possible sounds and vocal combinations can be expressed by using twenty-two letters. They print a newspaper, edit text-books, and will transliterate popular and classic texts in the chosen letters of the alphabet now most widely used over all the earth. It has been proved that a child can learn to read the colloquial and book language in one-tenth of the time formerly required. The reform is making rapid progress; and if, as seems very probable, the natives universally adopt the system, the gain to mind and body will be like that of adding youth and years to a nation's life.

By an imperial decree, issued November 29, 1884, the English language was made part of the order of studies in the common-schools. Over three million children and youth now attend daily the public institutions of learning. Education is both compulsory and free. English seems destined to become the speech of the educated and the vehicle of knowledge for all the mikado's subjects.

The progress of Christianity shows no sign of check or halt. To all three forms of the faith converts are flocking, but indications seem to show at present (1886) a greater relative gain to the churches of Reformed Christianity. The majority of the two hundred Protestant missionaries now working in the white harvest-field of Japan are Americans. The writer saw the organization of the first Protestant Christian church in Japan in 1872. There are now nearly two hundred organized churches (about half of which are self-supporting), with a membership of over thirteen thousand. In 1885 the adult converts baptized numbered 3115. Native Christian helpers, assisting the foreign teachers, number about two hundred and fifty, of whom seventy are ordained ministers. The native Christians contributed in 1885 over twenty thousand dollars. The systems of heathenism are waning, and the chief supporters of Buddhism are now old men and women. The shaven-pated priests no longer hold the monopoly of fees for the performance of burial rites. Both belief and burial are now free. Religious liberty has become a fact. The attitude of the intelligent people is that of friendliness towards what they believe to be the best religion and the one which Japan ought to have.

Japan's opportunity seems unique in history. Under Divine Providence she began renascence at a time coincident with the highest development of the forces—spiritual, mental, and material—that control human society. Christianity, the press, and steam are transforming the nation. Under such continuing auspices people and rulers confront the twentieth year of Meiji (Enlightened Peace), the twenty-five hundred and forty-seventh "from the foundation of the empire," and the eighteen hundred and eighty-seventh of the Christian era.

III.

JAPAN IN 1890.

Taking our survey of Japan in 1890, and writing in mid-August with the election returns before us, it seems that the one event which dwarfs all others since the year 1886, if not indeed since the Japanese became a nation, is the proclamation of the Constitution of February 11, 1889. In accordance with this instrument, the emperor shares with his people the work and responsibilities of government.

The possibility of an Asiatic nation's becoming constitutional and representative in government excites surprise and even incredulity in the minds of Western people. Since the solidity and permanence of any form of political organization must depend upon how far it is rooted in the past, and is in accord with the genius and necessities of a people, let us examine the process by which the present status of Japan has been attained. Is the Constitution of 1889 a manufacture or a growth?

A rapid view shows us that in all Japanese history the central force has been the reverence of the people for the throne, while the actual administration has always been in the hands of some one family, clan, or clan combination. Passing over the "ages eternal" of mythology, and reckoning that the traditions of the house or tribe of Yamato are trustworthy from the fourth century, then the imperial line of Japan has been in existence, by blood and adoption, nearly sixteen hundred years. Yet, excepting the individuals Nobunaga and Hidéyoshi, the actual rulers of the empire have been men of the Fujiwara, Taira, Minamoto, Hōjō, Ashikaga, and Tokugawa families; and, since 1868, of the "Sa-cho-to," or the Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa clan combination. For the first time in Japanese history the intermediary of family or clan control of the throne is now to be abolished. The meaning of the Constitution of 1889—the expansion of the oath of 1868—is that the emperor invites his PEOPLE to share with him the duties of government. This time it is not a family, a clan, or a combination, but the nobles, gentry, and people; but who are the people?

As there has been no true history of Japan yet written—that is, one which sifts utterly the truth from early and late fable and mythology—

so there exists no accurate history of the Japanese people. What passes for history in the bald and dry native annals is the story of their conquerors, masters, and tax-collectors. We see clearly outlined, however, the separation of classes. At first there were only tribes and chiefs, the subjugators and the subjugated, agriculturists and nomads. Then, in a long course of war, the soldiers, finding nearly permanent employment, keep sword, spear, and armor, while the farmers clinging to hoe and hook, two classes are formed out of the mass of inhabitants beyond the court and beneath the nobles. Those men, whose business it was to *samurai* the mikado—that is, to serve or attend upon the orders of the emperor, made up the military class; the farmers, as being next below, forming the most ancient and honorable of the lower classes. Among the social grades, formed by gradual evolution and isolation during the intervals of peace, may be named the merchant, artisan, and people of other occupations, even to the outcast *eta* and *hinin.* Since 1868 all the grades below the samurai, or gentry, have been fused into one class, the *hei-min*, or people.

The chief feature in the old Japanese political system was its tendency to dualism. The division of the people into soldiers and farmers, and of officers into civil and military, or *kugé* and *buké*, was a process which, in the absence of foreign pressure or enemies, ended in a division of the functions of government into those of the throne and the camp, with two rulers and two capitals. Gradually this process of dualism became one of disintegration. Authority slipped from the centres, and was held locally by province lords, or daimiōs, each striving for himself; until, duarchy having degenerated into feudalism, Japan had no unity, but was a mass of warring factions. Politically or socially, the comminution could no further go. Even when "the man on horseback" by military force was able to clamp together some sort of a political edifice, the order thus kept was only of the sort possible when there was no pressure from the outside, and when no foreign enemy threatened. For over two centuries the military despotism of Tokugawa held in peace by a most elaborate and complicated system an empire which consisted of about three hundred petty kingdoms, within each of which was a social conglomeration of a dozen or more different classes.

Old Japan was a museum of political curiosities, while on the graded shelves of the social classification was catalogued every specimen, from a god to the creatures labelled "not human." Under outward splendor and picturesqueness, only a few far-seeing men saw that, first of all, Japan needed unity; fewer discerned that the country must have government by men and not by custom; fewest yet that to be a great nation Japan must have a people.

Heretofore "public opinion" has been the exclusive property of the samurai. "The people," in the modern, not to say the American, sense, have not yet grown to consciousness, though the 11th of February, 1889, was the day of birth. Nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of Japan have been simply burden-bearers and tax-payers; now they are becoming "the people." Japan, having cast off dualism, feudalism, and other divisive elements, has entered upon a higher process of unity. The people are now learning who and what they are.

Glancing now at the various forms of government, we discern in the early ages a rudimentary feudalism, probably brought by the Yamato conquerors from the Amoor or Sungari valleys. After this follow in order centralized monarchy, duarchy, elaborate feudalism, and then, in 1868, a composite government formed on the theory of a union of the throne and "the people"—that is, the samurai. In this government, the chief intermediaries being the triple premiership and other various minor and temporary political expedients, the actual administration was carried on by able samurai, formerly men of low social rank, but well fitted for the work in hand. In a survey of the twenty-one years of the government of Meiji several facts stand out prominently; the first is that the former ruling class of daimiōs and other nobles, and the people, have had very little, if any, political power; second, that the Meiji statesmen have shown in their actions a curious, perhaps admirable, combination of opportunism and far-sighted statecraft; third, that natural force, ability, and education have driven out incompetency; fourth, that despite all obstacles, they have led the nation steadily forward to the goal set before them at the Restoration, and far beyond it; fifth, that Japan is to-day vastly less the land of lies and sham than in the old days of seclusion, and is more and more the country of reality and truth.

In brief, Old Japan was the result of certain conditions, chief of which was isolation from the rest of the world. So long as no leaven from without was dropped into the mass, the old constitution of society and government could remain stable. When, however, in addition to the movements in the minds of scholars and thinkers previous to A.D. 1853, which of themselves would have precipitated revolution and compelled reconstruction, there was poured into Japan the ferment of Christian civilization, the entire structure was doomed. A new society, as well as a new government, must arise. Despotism, division, and sectionalism had to give way in order that national unity should emerge. The old society, split up by feudalism, priestcraft, and ignorance, must be first simplified, and by education, enlightenment, and freedom the nation be strengthened and uplifted. Public opinion, as the basis of national action, must be the real, though regulated, feeling of all, from emperor to *eta*. In the attainable ideal system the humblest member of the body politic is a man, and the highest nothing more.

That there were men who before 1853, the year of Perry's arrival at Uraga, thus thought and felt, and to this end devoted their lives, is manifest from tradition, history, and the writings of such men as Takéno Choyé, Watanabé Kuazan, Hashimoto Sanai, Fujita Séinoshin, Sakama Shuri, Yoshida Toraijiro, Yokoi Héishiro, Matsudaira Yoshinaga, daimiō of Echizen, and many other noble morning-stars of reformation. Under various pretexts, whether of opposition to foreigners or to the Bakufu, these far-sighted patriots "veiled their larger purpose." Highest in rank and influence, and most eager for national unity and representative government, the pupil of Yokoi Héishiro, and probably the ablest of all the daimiōs, was Matsudaira, lord of Echizen, who had already begun to form, in his own dominions, before Perry's arrival, a miniature of the New Japan of the Meiji era. He was one of the first to propose to the Yedo Government the calling of a council of daimiōs to deliberate upon the American proposal to enter into treaty relations. In thus seeking the "public opinion" of the country as represented by the feudal clans, and in the holding, during many days and nights in 1854, of the great council of both active and retired daimiōs, in Yedo, we see the first step towards the national parliament of 1890.

Yet this very step revealed the weakness of the despotism of Yedo thus called to confront a new problem. To behold the Yedo autocrats, who had hitherto by force required only instant obedience of their vassals, humbly inviting them to conference was a startling revelation to men who watched every movement of the Bakufu. The samurai were aroused at once, but finding few or no leaders among their masters, the daimiōs, who, with the noteworthy exceptions of Echizen, Mito, Hizen, Tosa, and Uwajima, formed a Sahara of mediocrity, the thinking men turned for leadership to the court nobles in Kiōto, and then strove to win their feudal masters to their side.

When confronted by Townsend Harris, and by the envoys of Europe who followed after, who demanded residence and trade, there was a choice, to the bakufu, between two methods of policy. One was represented by Ii Kamon no Kami, who, with probably a noble motive, chose the method of the autocrat, increasing despotism under the plea of necessity. The other method was represented in the person of Matsudaira, daimiō of Echizen,* who had national modern and Western ideas, and believed that all acts of government should be upon the basis of public opinion. The one was destined to illustrate the truth that government in Old Japan was "despotism tempered by assassination." The other lived to see grandly illustrated the capacity of the nation for representative and constitutional government, dying in 1890. Heartily trusting the wisdom and abilities of the enlightened men of the southern and western clans, he, when Supreme Director of Affairs, in 1862, released them and the daimiōs from Yedo, made Kiōto the real capital, and there opened the then possible avenues for the expression of opinion.

Largely through the influence of Echizen, while resident at the palace during several months, the acts of the court were done in accordance with the policy suggested by the clans. In the deliberations of the men who formed the Government proclaimed January 3,1868, Echizen, with his troops, being then guardian of the palace, this enlightened daimiō, besides pleading for union of all the political forces, old and new, without civil war or estrangement, urged above all things the necessity of a national parliament. Though the outbreak of war and the shedding of blood were keen disappointments to him, he persevered in the work of national unity and reconstruction. By an oath of the mikado (p. 318) the five principles of the new government which form this Constitution of 1868 and the basis of New Japan—expressed in their verbal form by Yuri Kinmasa, a samurai of Echizen, and pupil of Yokoi Héishiro—were published and established. In accordance with the promise that "a deliberative assembly should be formed, and all measures be decided by public opinion," the first parliament was opened in Kiōto in 1868, the representation being in the persons of samurai only, each clan, according to its numbers, sending one, two, or three members. When Yedo was made the *kiō*, or capital, and named Tōkiō, a second parliament of two hundred and seventy-six members, two hundred of whom were present, convened April 18, 1869. This new body was named Shiugi-In, or House of Commons. After discussing various questions, especially that of a new Constitution, and rejecting the proposition to relinquish the wearing of swords (p. 400), this assembly died a natural death. It was, in the temper of its members, so far behind the needs of the time, and of the ideas of the progressive leaders in the Government, that it was likely to defeat the very ends proposed in its creation.

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* The Marquis Matsudaira Yoshinaga, or Shungaku, whose portrait is on page 308, was born in Yedo, A.D. 1827, and died in Tōkiō, June 2, 1890. In 1838 he was adopted as a son by the daimiō of Echizen, and in 1843 became active ruler in Fukui. He introduced various reforms in the arts of development and defence. He built a gun factory, cannon foundery, and powder-mill; introduced vaccination, Dutch medical practice and military tactics, the study of Dutch, and the translation of Dutch books; organized a hospital, a medical school, a college of literature, invited Yokoi Héishiro, the renowned Higo teacher, to be his counsellor, and made Fukui a hospitable place for scholars and far-sighted patriots. All this was done before 1854. At first opposed to foreign intercourse on account of the weakness of Japan, and the opponent of Ii Kamon no Kami, he became, in 1862, one of the most progressive men in Japan. After holding many offices of high honor under the government of Meiji, including the presidency of the university and head of the revenue department, he received from the mikado the highest honors possible to a living subject, rising to the second degree of the first rank.

Although the petition of Goto, Yuri, and others, in 1874 (p. 574), was rejected, and substitutes for a national assembly were supposed to exist in the Sa-In, or Senate so called, formed in 1871, its members being nominated by the premier, and in its successor the Genro-In, also called a Senate, yet no decisive movement towards national representation was made until 1873, when a meeting of the governors of the prefectures was called in Tōkiō (p. 587). Nevertheless, in the creation, in April, 1875, of the Genro-In, or Senate, and the Dai Shin-In, or Supreme Court of Appeals, and the promise in the same decree to "gradually confer upon the nation a constitutional form of government," we see the first clear step towards the modern division of government into the executive, legislative, and judicial branches. In July, 1875, the promise to call a council of provincial officials "so that the feelings of the people may be made known, and the public welfare attained," was fulfilled. The seventy province-governors were addressed by the emperor, and Kido was made president. Actually more influential upon the people, however, than this too conservative body was the action of certain advisers of the governors coming up with them, who met in Tōkiō, and petitioned the Government for a national assembly based on popular suffrage. Adjourned in 1877 (p. 589), it was not in 1878 accepted as the boon desired by the nation, even though the foundations of local government by popular representation (p. 589) were laid in the decree of the emperor. Then followed two years of amazing activity in agitation for the long-desired parliament. Led by Itagaki, Okuma, Goto, Soyéjima, and others, public opinion, to which nobles, gentry, and commoners contributed, compelled the proclamation of October 12, 1887, naming 1890 as the year of the national assembly.

While thus, on the one hand, the political education of the people in local affairs was provided for, so that the nation should have at least eight years of preparatory training in representative government, Count Ito Hirobumi was sent to Europe to study and compare the constitutions and laws of Western nations. Shortly after his return, in 1884, it became increasingly evident that the Constitution of 1890 would approach the German rather than the British model. In December, 1885 (p. 599), a long step forward was taken in the reorganization of the cabinet. During the next four years Ito and Inouyé were able guardians of the national policy. Especially were their abilities manifest during the protracted treaty negotiations, and the intense political excitement consequent upon the desire of the liberal agitators that English rather than Prussian principles should be emphasized in the new Constitution. The fears of the liberals led by Count Itagaki of Tosa were, however, confirmed by the remarkable imperial rescript of December 25, 1887, by which several hundred persons were ordered away from the capital.*

In April, 1888, a new body called the Privy Council was formed, of which Ito became president, while Kuroda filled the position of premier. In this body active debate upon the new Constitution began in May, and proceeded until February 11, 1889, when the long-awaited instrument was proclaimed.

Exactly to the day, almost to the very hour, thirty-five years after the American treaty-ships were in sight of Idzu, the emperor Mutsuhito took oath to maintain inviolate the government according to the Constitution, the documents attesting which he, before the assembled audience of nobles, officers, and foreign envoys, handed to Kuroda, the Minister-president of State. Extraordinary popular demonstra-

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*A discussion of "Coercion in Japan," in *The Nation* of February 16, 1888, precipitated a violent newspaper controversy on both sides of the Pacific. Among other protests it was declared that the article had "a curious air of anachronism about it." Yet within two years, besides several futile attempts at violence or assassination, the lives of two cabinet ministers (Mori and Okuma) were assailed, the one by knife and the other by bomb; the ministry then in power was replaced by one more radical, while a strong reaction in public sentiment followed.

tions of joy and approval followed in the capital and provinces. For the first time in Japanese history the emperor rode beside the empress in public. Posthumous titles of nobility granted to the dead, illustrious rewards to the living, amnesty to prisoners, and other marks of imperial favor carried joy to many hearts. The horrible blot on the day's beautiful record was the assassination of the Minister of Education, Arinori Mōri, by a Shintōist fanatic.

The Constitution proper consists of sixty-six articles,* treating of the emperor, the rights and duties of subjects, the Imperial Diet, the ministers of state and the Privy Council, the judicature and finance, with supplementary rules. With the laws proclaimed at the same time, the articles number three hundred and thirty-two. In the first chapter relating to the emperor the foundation-principle of the whole past of the nation is reaffirmed. "The mikado's person is sacred and inviolable. He combines in himself the rights of sovereignty, and exercises them according to the provisions of the present Constitution." Japan is still "the mikado's empire."

Hitherto the rights of the common people have never been acknowledged, defined, or guaranteed. Chapter II. is of immediate interest to thirty-eight out of the forty millions of Japanese people. Their status is to be determined by law. They have the right of abode and of changing the same. Except according to law, they are not to be arrested, detained, tried, or punished. Trial is always to be by judges determined by law. The right of domicile and freedom from search, the secrecy and inviolability of letters, the freedom of religious belief, and the liberty of speech, writing, publishing, public meeting, association, and petition within the limits of law, are guaranteed to every subject. Under the sun of Japan these are indeed new things.

The Diet assembles once a year, and is opened, closed, prorogued, and dissolved by the emperor, to whom the initiative of amendments to the Constitution belongs. Deliberations are public. The ministers of state may take seats and speak in either House, but are responsible to the emperor and not to the Diet. In the judicature exercised by courts of law in the name of the emperor the trials are public, and the judges are persons properly qualified, and irremovable except for offence. Expenses and revenue of the State require the consent of the Imperial Diet, but the fixed expenditures based by the Constitution upon the powers appertaining to the emperor, the organization of the different branches of the administration, and the salaries of all civil and military officers, such expenditures as may have arisen by effect of law, or that relate to the legal obligations of "the Government," shall neither be rejected nor reduced by the Diet without the concurrence of the Government. Expenses of the Imperial House do not require the consent of the Diet except for increase. The chief weapon of a hostile majority—the stoppage of supplies to the ministry in power—is thus removed.

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* See the writer's article in *The Forum* of April, 1889, entitled "Representative Government in Japan"; the pamphlet containing the text of the Constitution (Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama); "Commentaries on the Constitution of the Empire of Japan," by Count Ito Hirobumi, translated into English by Miyoji Ito, Tōkiō, 1889; and Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," Tōkiō and London, 1890. This latter work is a mirror of contemporary Japan, and an encyclopædia of valuable information. Also, the letters of J. H. Wigmore in *The Nation*, July, and *passim*, 1890; and "Constitution of the Empire of Japan," Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

The government of Japan, then, is organized on the basis of immemorial tradition, with modern features that follow the German rather than the English model. A definite amount of executive power is reserved to the emperor and the ministers who are responsible to him. Under the written lines of the Constitution are the watermarks of compromise, and the party lines are marked out by the instrument itself. Against the rushing stream of democracy, like their own mountain torrents, the conservatives will be the dikes (or *ja-kago*, p. 531) to keep hard and fast the imperial prerogative. The progressives will at once begin to demand greater powers for the Diet, a broader electoral base, and greater control of the finances. Revolutions move but in one direction.

The Upper House, or (mixed) House of Peers, consists partly of hereditary, partly of elected, and partly of nominated members. Members of the imperial family, princes, and marquises sit for life. A certain number of counts, viscounts, and barons, elected by the members of their respective orders, serve for seven years. Men of ability and learning nominated by the emperor are life members. A novel and interesting feature is that from each of the imperial cities and prefectures a member (noble, gentleman, or commoner) elected by the fifteen highest tax-payers may serve for seven years. The combined number of nominated and elected men is not to exceed the number of members holding titles of nobility.

The House of Representatives consists of about three hundred members, at least thirty years of age, who pay national taxes to the amount of fifteen *yen*, or dollars, and serve four years. Electors must be twenty-five years old, and pay national taxes to the amount of fifteen dollars. The average number of representatives from each prefecture is not quite seven, the larger having from ten to thirteen members, and three cities (Tōkiō, Ozaka, and Kiōto) twelve, ten, and seven, respectively. In 1887 there were 1,581,726 persons in the empire paying taxes to the amount of over five *yen*, of whom 1,488,700 had the right of voting for members of local assemblies. Of those paying over ten dollars in taxes there were 882,517, of whom 802,975 were eligible to vote, or sit after election in the local assemblies. In these local legislatures 2172 members sat, the number of standing committees being 292. The electorate of the National Diet numbers probably 300,000.

With quietness and order the threefold election passed off in July, 1890, and we are now able to see the general complexion of the first Imperial Diet, and to form some idea of the eagerness of the Japanese to avail themselves of their new privileges. About eighty-five per cent. of eligible voters availed themselves of the franchise, and the number of candidates in each district varied from two to fifteen, there being in Tōkiō ninety-two applicants for the twelve seats, and in eighty other districts three hundred and thirteen.

For the House of Peers, so called, besides the nine members of the imperial family, ten princes, and twenty-one marquises, who sit by hereditary right, fifteen counts, seventy viscounts, and twenty barons, elected by members of their own orders (the nobles numbering nearly six hundred, and one-fifth of these electives being chosen), there were chosen out of the forty-five fully organized divisions of the empire, by the fifteen highest tax-payers in each, forty-five members, of whom thirty-three were *hei-min*, or commoners, eleven were of the gentry, and one was a noble. Other members are to be nominated by the emperor.

Among the successful candidates for the House of Representatives, a rough classification shows as great variety of political opinions as of occupations. In a word, all of the existing classes of the people are well represented. Without space to analyze the political parties, we may say that at present, far more than in Western countries, the so-called national parties are moulded by local and personal influences rather than by abstract questions of policy. "The Government" must confront a majority hostile in form, the election showing conclusively that the voting of the people is an expression of their own will, and not that either of the ministers in office or of the higher powers in authority. To be in any way connected with governmental employ was, in almost every case, to invite certain defeat; while on the other hand few of the old party leaders were chosen as standard-bearers in the new field. All things considered, the issue is most hopeful to the lover of humanity and well-wisher of the Japanese people.

In the reconstruction of her foreign policy Japan has endeavored to have the treaties revised in the interests of mutual justice, to secure the removal of the extra-territoriality clauses, and her treatment by the nations of Christendom as their equal. The long and weary question cannot here be discussed, but is probably not now far from solution. Since 1881 the new Criminal Code, based on the best principles of Western jurisprudence, has been in successful operation; and on the 22d of April, 1890, the new Code of Civil Procedure, and the first portion of the Civil Code, were promulgated. The fruit of fifteen years' labor of foreign and native experts in law are thus set forth. In both the letter of the documents and the spirit of their execution the sincerity of the Japanese in thus preparing to live up to what is expected of them by the world is clearly manifest. Contrariwise, the confidence of foreign nations is equally shaken when such relapses, on the part of "the Government," into the vices of despotism and feudalism as the issue of the so-called Peace Regulations of December 25, 1887, or when the excesses of the *so-shi*, such as the assassination of Arinori Mōri, and the attempt by dynamite on the life of Okuma, October 18, 1889, chill the hopes of those who believe in the right of Japan to claim equality with Western nations.

For a solid basis to our hope in Japan's future we look to the large Christian community now increasing daily. In June, 1890, the churches of reformed Christianity had 34,000 members enrolled; those of the Roman form of the faith over 50,000 souls under their care; while 17,000 or more receive spiritual nurture according to the Greek method. These subjects of the mikado make in all a nominal household of a half-million who hold the promise of this life and of that which is to come through Jesus Christ. The celebration of the complete Bible in Japanese took place in Tōkiō, February 3, 1888. Already the fertilization of the native intellect by Christianity and the Bible is manifest in the new literature. Qualities utterly absent from the older writings are discerned in the essays, philosophy, history, fiction, and journalism. Christian men are leaders in thought and letters. The Japanese are even beginning to write critical history.

During these exciting years of 1889 and 1890, amid the ferment of politics, and the fierce discussion of treaty revision which has wrecked more than one ministry, a strong movement to preserve what is best in the national life, in language, art, government, and every department of achievement has been in progress. Such a movement naturally exhibited some phases interpreted by foreigners to mean reaction; but underneath much that is condemned by the best men of the nation there is a larger purpose that will command the sympathy and admiration of the world. No nation can be great that merely imitates and borrows. With wise selection the Japanese nationalistic movement means, we think, the proving of all things, the holding fast that which is good.

Strong in faith and hope of the prosperous future of this most interesting of Asiatic nations, and in undisguised sympathy with her noble purpose, we leave our inspiring theme of representative Japan. From no nation of Christendom will Japan receive more hearty good wishes than from that in which Matthew Calbraith Perry was born, and which of modern States first began its life and has longest lived under a written Constitution.

IV.

JAPAN IN 1894.

Forty years ago the whistle of the American steamers awoke Old Japan out of her hermit sleep. On the 8th day of July, 1853, the four men-of-war arrived at Uraga. The signal rockets from the forts were answered by the rattle of cables and the splash of anchors, and Japan's new era began.

That 8th day of July prefigured the forty years of history which we now survey. The day was ushered in with fog so thick that the land was hidden. Only at intervals could the rocky outlines of the coast be discerned. Gradually through the sun-rent curtains of mist the mountains became visible. At meridian Fuji's glorious form loomed into view, and by mid-afternoon the whole panorama of the landscape and blue waters greeted the eye. At sunset the peerless mountain wore a crown of glory. From midnight until four o'clock A.M. appeared from the south-west a meteoric sphere of light that moved towards the north-east, illuminating the whole atmosphere, finally falling towards the sea and vanishing. The next day was one of sunny splendor.

So has it been with Japan, political and social. Foreigners in the morning of their life on the soil found themselves in a fog of ignorance. Everything Japanese seemed veiled in mystery. Hiding the real facts was "a vague embodiment of something which was called 'The Law'; but what that 'Law' was, by whom enacted, and under what sanctions enforced, no one could tell, though all seemed to stand in awe of it as something of superhuman efficacy; its mysteriousness was only equalled by the abject submission it received." No country was then less worthy of its numerous names, all making boast of the sun, of light, of radiancy. Japan was then the Land of Darkness.

Gradually the dawn broke, the fogs of mystery were riven, and the real Japan was discovered. Yet before the cloudless day was ushered in, that great meteoric movement from the south-west towards the north-east—the uprising of the great clans which made New Japan and seated the Emperor in Tōkiō—took place. Like the coming of the Sun-goddess out of her cave was the emergence of the mikado into the white light of public duty. The mystery-play was over. To-day Japan is worthy of her name—Sunrise. It is the 9th of July.

Now, information on a thousand subjects is freely furnished by the Government. Foreign scholars have penetrated the arcana of literature, have challenged and dissected tradition, chronology, and claims even of the Heaven-descended dynasty. The Japanese themselves, applying Western methods of collection, comparison, classification, and research to their national treasures, land, language, and history, are coming to self-revelation as never before. They are seeing themselves as they are. The process is not wholly safe to individuals, and freedom of speech and of the press are not yet what we count freedom. Yet there is at present probably as much liberty as can safely be enjoyed. One signal proof of the willingness of the Government to let light shine on what was once hidden, is its annual publication, "*Résumé Statistique de L' Empire du Japon.*" *

Japan as wonder-land is as surprising in things vanished as in things created during these forty years. Gone are Tycoon, the duarchy, feudalism, the old codes, customs, ideals, personalities. In their places has come one government differentiated in three functions—executive, legislative, and judicial—with all the outward appliances of modern civilization. New social, industrial, and ethical systems are in process of formation. With much of the ancient and picturesque ignorance and superstition have disappeared some things that were worth keeping, yet in New Japan the new codes, ideals, and ambitions are vast improvements on those of the old days. The Japanese have determined to take their place not only among the nations of the world, but of Christendom, and to be found in the front rank. Nothing less than this will satisfy them. Already, the record of forty years is amazing, and the surprises are not all over.

Yet who have been the creators of New Japan? The natives or the foreigners? Would the Japanese of themselves have attained to the status already reached in this twenty-seventh year of Meiji? Are there not, apart from exterior influences, a power and a personality on the soil of the New that were not in the Old Japan? As secret, as concealed as leaven, were they not as potent?

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* This manual for 1893, packed with figures skilfully tabulated, maps, diagrams, tables of weights and measures, comparatives, averages, totals, and other requisites for the student's eye, tells an eloquent story of Japan's progress. Area, population, agriculture and industry, commerce and public improvements, facilities of transportation by land and sea, private and public finances, education, religion, hygiene, charities, with details of justice, police administration, army and navy, and civil service at home and abroad, make a statistical appendix to this work of ours no longer necessary. This invaluable publication has for seven years been compiled and edited by Mr. Ishibashi, chief of the Imperial Bureau of Statistics in Tōkiō, author with Mr. E. Satow of a pocket dictionary of English-Japanese. I had the pleasure of first meeting Mr. Ishibashi when he was chief interpreter at the Foreign Office, in 1871, Mr. Térashima Munénori being then Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs (pp. 399, 402).

Japan is not unique in history, not a case of entire self-reformation. Without the leaven from Christendom this oriental lump would not be as it is seen and felt to-day. The aliens employed by the Japanese have not told their story, yet, as Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," says, "The foreign employé is the creator of New Japan." As certainly as on the foundation-stones of the Japan of the Meiji era belong the names of Rai, Sakuma, Yoshida, Yokoi, Fukuzawa, and a host of others who, while living, were unrewarded non-officeholders, so also should be inscribed those of the *Yatoi Tō-jin*, or "hired foreigners." Whether in Japanese pay or not, as hirelings, or as guests, or as forces healthfully stimulating, who from their own governments or societies received stipend, or self-impelled wrought for Japan's good, their work abides. The world may forget the singer, but the song is still heard.

For over a century the earnest thinkers of Japan went to school to the Dutch at Nagasaki. These Europeans, professing to be neither benefactors nor missionaries, but only merchants and physicians, gave their pupils a long object-lesson in civilization. Pilgrims thirsting for knowledge came from all over the empire to learn of the Hollanders, and dispersing homeward filled the country with centres of light. Maligned by their enemies in faith and by their rivals in commerce, the work of the Dutchmen for a century in supplying a hermit nation with books, science, and medicine, has been unknown or underrated. The Dutch laid the foundations of scientific knowledge of the Japanese and their country, secured the abolition of the insults to Christianity, and made the way easy for Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris. It would be hard to find a single native pioneer of progress in the early years of Meiji—statesman, diplomatist, military leader, physician, man of science, interpreter, author, preacher—who was not directly indebted to the Dutch.

Not, however, until the decade following the apparition of Perry did foreign influence become an overwhelming force and the foreign employé a permanent figure. Beginning probably with the American Professor Pumpelly, who wrote "Across America and Asia," the Japanese Government and individuals enlisted a great army of auxiliaries from abroad. In what branch of science or friendly service are the makers of New Japan not indebted? English scholarship as represented by Satow, Aston, Chamberlain, McClatchie, Gubbins, and others, first rent the veil from ancient Japan, and gave to native students the impetus to that critical and comparative study of their own language and traditions which they are now beginning bravely to pursue. British experts organized the navy and trained the lads that are now officers and the junk-sailors that are now smart marines and skilful artillerists, created and equipped the Osaka mint, struck the coinage of which no Japanese is ashamed, and established the vernacular newspaper, now the mighty power that even prime-ministers and Emperor must reckon with. Frenchmen reorganized the army, codified the law, and built the Yokoska dockyard. The Germans have directed the higher medical education of the country. "Not less a feat than the reform of the entire educational system was chiefly the work of a handful of Americans." The posts, the telegraphs, the railways, the light-houses; the trigonometrical, geological, and geodetic surveys; improved mining methods, prison reform, sanitary reform, cotton and paper mills; manufactories of many kinds, chemical laboratories, water-works and harbor-works, and a hundred other improvements which have enriched the country, and which strike the eye and excite the admiration of the tourist—"all are the creation of the foreign employés of the Japanese Government." *

True type of the foreigners who not merely advised or inspected, but who wrought by example and precept, patiently teaching technical details, was the German Dr. Gottfried von Wagener, whose personal friendship the writer enjoyed while a fellow-worker in the Imperial University from 1871 to 1874. Dr. Wagener, born in Germany in

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* It is not probable that the future Japanese historian will deign to use as important material for his narrative any of the little accordeon-like publications entitled *Yatoi Tō-jin* such as we have before us. While the throne and the figure-heads and a multitude of names such as already clog the pages of the Japanese annals will doubtless occupy vast space on the historian's page, yet a glance at the little brochure giving names, salaries, and occupation of the "hired foreigners," is like a visit to the power-house of an electric railway. Here are the generating forces, and the wheels, belts, and motors, while to the outside world the brilliancy and speed of the moving trains astonish the spectator. Here are some of the names picked out at random: Pumpelly, Tracey, Hawes, Douglas, Cargill, Savatier, Verbeck, Brinkley, Brunton, Knipping, Capron, Antisell, Eldredge, Scott, Wilson, Simmons, Geerts, Wagener, House, Divers, Gower, Lyman, Murray, Smith, Boissonnade, Palmer, Chamberlain, Müller, Hoffman, McCartee, Gowland, Milne, Mason, Clark, Clarke, Ingalls, Baelz, Conder, Miquel, Bertin, etc., etc., with scores of others who have during longer or shorter periods of time imparted the secrets of Western science, learning, or technical skill, and patiently shown the Japanese how to do likewise.

1831, was a master of applied science when, in 1870, he entered the service of the daimiō of Hizen to improve the methods of porcelain manufacture at Arita, in which he happily succeeded so far as the resources of that province would then admit. One of his notable triumphs was in the introduction of coal as fuel. Besides his services in education at Tōkiō and Kiōto, he assisted materially in preparing the art exhibits of the Japanese at Vienna and Philadelphia. He established the Artisan's School in Tōkiō, revolutionized the *cloisonné*-enamel industry, and invented the famous *Asahi yaki* (Morning-sun faience), or pottery with varied colors under the glaze. The writer has never known a man who combined more nobly for the benefit of his fellow-men self-absorption in science with absolute self-effacement in disposition. He died at Suruga Dai in Tōkiō, November 8, 1892.

In the higher work of moral education and reform, the Christian missionary is a noble figure. The first teachers of language, literature, science, and philosophy; the first dispensers of medicine and healing, active in charitable relief, constantly stimulating to the Government and people by their hospitals, schools, colleges, preaching and advocacy of moral reforms; training tens of thousands of natives in the arts of self-government and parliamentary procedure; supplanting the old Confucian and Chinese codes of ethics with nobler ideals and practice, the teachers of Christianity have prepared the nation for the adoption of a higher form of civilization. Greater even than the wants of modern material forces and appliances, by the confessions of her own most thoughtful men, is Japan's need of moral power.

True types of the servant of servants, for Christ's sake, to the people of Japan, are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, who have done so much to break down the barriers between natives and foreigners. After thirty-three years of service in school, dispensary, home, and study, Dr. Hepburn left Yokohama for the United States in October, 1892. The story of the "American Missionary in Japan," of influences and results, and of native appreciation, has been modestly told in part by Dr. M. L. Gordon.* Since the reaction against everything foreign, which began in 1888, the Christian churches and schools have suffered. Yet the loss, or rather the retarded acceleration of progress, signifies "no real change of purpose in the national mind." "Japan for the Japanese" does not mean more than healthy patriotism. Digestion and assimilation are as necessary as reception. Christianity, now rooted in the soil and no longer a mere exotic, can live its own life in the hearts and the minds of the people. Christian theology can live and grow expressed in terms of far-oriental as well as in Greek or Latin terminology. The Japanese Christians will create their own theology and adapt it to the national consciousness more healthfully, truthfully, and spiritually than can foreigners. In treating of "The Theological Movement in Japan,"* we have summed up our impressions as follows: "The Japanese genius, as vitalized by the Holy Spirit, tends to assimilation rather than to mere acceptance. Vigorously has the Christian consciousness of Japan cast off the sectarian and provincial creeds of merely English-speaking Christendom. Refusing the swaddling-bands of the Scotch, Yankee, and Anglican phases of the faith, it has sought the simplicity that is Christ. . . . They, with the Bible in hand, sought the shortest path to Christ." Already the record of independent native Christian life, work, and literature is a noble one. It shows clearly that the believers in Christ in Japan want the Christianity of Christ not in non-essential and accidental alien forms, but in its reality and purity as far as it can be apprehended and assimilated by them.

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* "An American Missionary in Japan." Boston. 1892.

The statistics for the year ending March 31, 1893, furnished by Rev. Henry Loomis of Yokohama, show that the Christians of the Roman order number 44,812 in 244 congregations; those of the Greek order number 20,235 in 219 congregations; those of the Reformed order number 35,534 in 365 local churches. Baptisms for 1892 were: for the Roman, Greek, and Reformed phases of the one faith, 5324, 952, and 3731, respectively. Thirty-one organizations, usually called "Protestant," illustrate more of Christian unity than diversity, since five of these divisions comprise 33,390 Christians, all the self-supporting native churches being affiliated with these groups. At present, the religion of Jesus in Japan is better represented by the parable of the leaven than by that of the mustard-seed. It is influencing the national life deeply, while not phenomenally increasing its superficial area. Buddhism, still the religion of the majority of the mikado's subjects, is being quickened into wholesome activity. It has yet to show whether it can hold the heart and intellect of New Japan.

Let us now turn to a survey of political history and see what has been the root and the offspring of the forty-years' movement. We shall inquire what is down at the bottom of the ceaseless unrest in national politics, especially in the long conflict, not between the people and the Throne, but between the people and the Government.

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* "The Outlook" [*The Christian Union*], April 1, 1893.

The meteoric phenomenon of the night of July 8, 1853,* prefigured in its brilliancy, direction of movement, and apparent end the uprising of the two (or three) great clans which, since 1868, under every form of government, have ruled the mikado's empire. "It made its appearance in the southward and westward, and illuminated the whole atmosphere. . . . It pursued a north-eastwardly course in a direct line for a long distance, when it fell gradually towards the sea and disappeared."

So might a prophet have foretold the course of the coalition headed by the great Satsuma and Chōshiu clans, which we have described in Book I., Chapter XXVIII. Fifteen years after the meteor seen from the *Susquehanna's* deck, the "*Sat-chō*" captured Kiōto and inaugurated New Japan. Twenty-one years more had to pass before the promise in the imperial oath to summon a parliament was fulfilled. To-day we write of the fifth session of the Imperial Diet—that august assembly representing the nobles, gentry, and people of the country ruled since 1868 by the Sat-chō. The story of the two elections and of the five sessions is that of a fierce and not wholly bloodless struggle between the Liberal parties and the Government, or, more exactly, of the people against the two mighty clans intrenched behind the throne.

The net results of four sessions seem at first almost trivial, and the story is soon told. In the first session of 1890–91, the hostility of the Opposition was against the cabinet led by Count Masagata. A reduction of the Budget to the extent of six and a half millions of *yen* was secured, and a collision on the very threshold of representative government was happily averted. The second session of 1891–92 opened even less hopefully for the Government, and, after a severe struggle, ended in dissolution. The Kai-shin and Jiyu parties were so joined in implacable opposition that the cabinet ministers soon found that the situation was beyond their control; and so invoking the Emperor's executive interference, they appealed to the country through fresh elections. How far active government influence was brought to bear unfairly to secure a more tractable temper in the Diet cannot be stated, yet it is evident not only that the estrangement between the popular and the official classes was increased, but that the Government was bitterly disappointed in results. The new Diet opened May 6th, 1892.

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* "Perry's Narrative." Appleton's N. Y. edition, p. 272.

Although in this third session the Budget was not considered, yet the Government escaped a formal, by receiving indirect, but real, censure. A new and eclectic cabinet, not yet the creation of the Diet, but chosen by the Emperor and made up of "all the talents," was now formed. It was led by the veteran Ito, "father of the constitution," and author of the best written commentary upon it, while Inouyé became minister of the Home Department. In the fourth session, the Jiyu-to, or Radical party, whose favorite measure—the reduction of the land tax—had been accepted, manifested a desire to work with the cabinet. For months, however, so great were the forces of opposition, that the problem was one of either dissolution or compromise. A reduction in the Budget of nearly nine millions, or a grand total of less than eighty-four millions, was insisted upon. The Opposition appealed to the Emperor, who answered in a state paper of notable ability, in which party strife and politics were ignored, and the "fixed expenditures" reduced by three and a half millions, his Majesty ordering that one-tenth of his own income should be appropriated to secure the results desired. Peace came through the Throne, but the Kai-shin party is still implacable and continues agitation.

The battle ostensibly rages round the Budget, but the real questions at issue are these: Shall the government of the country be by party after the British model, or according to the Prussian method? Shall the Government be really responsible to the Diet, or nominally to the sovereign? Shall the power be in the hands of an oligarchy consisting largely of two clans, or shall the clan spirit be banished, and sovereign and people rule?

The roots of this difficulty go back to the days of the Taikō and Iyéyasŭ, to which rulers the great clans of Satsuma and Chōshiu never gave more than nominal submission. Proudly and sullenly they maintained their semi-independence, and waited over two centuries and a half for revenge. The coming of the alien in 1853 was the awaited signal to begin their work. While individuals were unselfishly consecrated to patriotism, the clans masked self-interest under the plea of loyalty to the mikado, overthrowing in 1868 the shōgunate. If in Kiōto they devoured the prey, in Tōkiō they divided the spoil. No Benjamin or Saul in ancient Israel, no Fujiwara in mediæval Nippon, no American politician, ever so held their grip on the treasury, or excelled the Sat-chō in distributing offices to clansmen. The inside view as eye-witness which the writer enjoyed in Tōkiō during three years, over two decades ago, showed him how grandly the Japanese exceeded the American spoilsmen in nepotism. In this year of Meiji the 27th, the lists of government officers and employés show that the men of only two clans, Satsuma and Chōshiu, still fill a majority of the most desirable offices. In the many changes of ministries, it is "the mats and not the floor" that are rearranged. The Japanese political edifice for twenty-five years past has been an oligarchy cemented by clan spirit. This is the real meaning of the long struggle of the people against the Government, of the Lower House of the Diet against the Ministry. During the year 1893 the effort has been especially to reform the navy, which in *personnel*, declare the Kai-shin politicians, is virtually an organization of Satsuma men. Great as have been the services of the illustrious statesmen of the Meiji periods, it is evidently the deeply settled belief of the people that new times and problems demand new men, and that clan spirit is now an anachronism not to be tolerated or excused. It is time for the meteor of July to fall into the sea, so that the new morning of true national life may dawn.

The men of the Meiji era are now aging fast and passing away. Sanjō Sanéyoshi, General Yamada, Yoshida Kiyonari, and Terashima Munénori have "changed their worlds" since our last chapter was written. Of some of those still in power and influence, like Ito and Inouyé, it can be said that they have opposed the clan spirit, served country and sovereign with pre-eminent ability and faithfulness, and foreseen the needs of the nation. To such patriots, in and out of office, belongs much of the credit of Japan's notable progress in wealth, population, and prestige. For, despite all commotions, dangers, and calamities, the increase is notably great. Whereas in 1872 the population of the empire was but 33,110,000, the census of 1892 shows a total of 41,089,940 souls. There has been hopeful increase also of food supply, savings, manufactures, mines, commerce and industry of all sorts. The national wealth has doubled in ten years. Once Japan was reckoned by Europeans as "hardly worth trading with." In 1892, the total of exports (91,102,753 *yen*) and imports (71,326,079 *yen*) amounted to 162,428,832 *yen*, the increase in one decade being one hundred and fifty per cent. The United States, once having the least of the trade with Japan, now leads every other nation as a buyer and seller, her business aggregating in 1892 44,663,024 *yen*. Five-eighths of Japanese trade is with English-speaking nations. It is from Anglo-Saxondom that the leaders of thought and action derive their chief inspiration. Resisting, for want of space, the temptation to prove and illustrate this assertion, and to show the influence on religion, science, philosophy, and literature, as well as upon politics and national development, of the nations using English speech, we make passing reference to her representation at the World's Columbian Exposition.

It was wholly fitting that Xipangu, the country which the Genoese, in his Spanish caravels in 1492, was seeking, should join with the world in honoring his exploit. The first Asian nation to send ships to America across the Pacific—a sailer to Mexico in 1573, and a steamer to California in 1860—was Japan. In the generosity of her financial appropriation, and the variety and interest of her contribution to the Chicago Exhibition, the mikado's empire was exceeded by only two other countries, while in the permanency and value of her gifts to Chicago she leads the world. Her total space occupied—falling far short of the desire of intending exhibitors—was about 150,000 square feet. Under the roofs of the halls of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, of Agriculture, Fine Arts, Horticulture, Forestry, Mining, Fisheries, and in the street devoted to entertainments, in bazaar and tea-house, her portable products of native industry and genius were visible. Yet, strange as it seems, the only permanent edifices, except the Art Exhibition building, that remain in Jackson Park after the White City has vanished, are the specimens of Japanese historical architecture on Wooded Island. Of the three separate buildings united so as to form to the uncritical eye a single structure, called the Hō-den, or Phœnix Palace, the centre and right and left wings represent three epochs. On the right the Fujiwara style (A.D. 1000–1200), before the days of nails, metal hinges, sliding partitions, but of silken corded and tasselled curtains, such as Sei Shonagon could easily raise (p. 211), may be studied. On the left stands the house typical of the Ashikaga era (A.D. 1333–1579), when matted floors, papered walls and partitions, elaborate metal-work, and other luxuries came into vogue. The main edifice, with its greater number of roof-timbers and detail of decoration, follows the fashion prevalent in Tokugawa times (1604-1868). In its general ground plan the edifice follows the lines of the Phœnix Temple built in Uji in the year 1050.

While the United States has celebrated its first centennial of political union, and the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, Téi Koku Nippon proposes in 1895 to commemorate the millennial of Kiōto. A thousand years ago, in the castle of Héi-an, the mikado fixed his residence, and around him, as the fountain of authority, grew up the *Kio*, or "Blossom Capital."

The year 1894 opens in tumult and with portents that disturb the warmest friends of Japan, shaking their faith in the capacity of an Asiatic race for constitutional government or for participation in the comity of nations. The Diet opened November 25, 1893. The Budget, in six books, containing altogether 1438 pages, estimated the revenue at 90,675,196 *yen* and the expenditures at 85,472,159 *yen.* The House of Representatives, in a spasm of political animosity, first proceeded to expel its speaker, Mr. Hoshi Toru, without any known charge against him as a presiding officer, and then attacked the Budget, hoping to compel a resignation of the Cabinet ministers. On the 19th of December the Government suspended the sittings of the House for ten days, apparently in order to consult what should be done—whether the Diet should be dissolved, or the Ministry either resign or set about reconstruction. Meeting again on December 29th, the House was, after a turbulent session, suspended for another ten days. On the next day the Diet was dissolved.

Thus far the people, as represented in the Diet, have steadily gained. The "military party" in the Government, that wants the reign of force continued, the Diet defied, and the Constitution rescinded, has been beaten. Men of moderate counsels have held control. With them a section of the Jiyu party, led by Count Itagaki, the unfaltering patriot and leader of a twenty years' campaign—peaceful campaign—is disposed to co-operate. They are willing still to wait and not precipitate a crisis. The Kai-shin party demands instant overthrow of clan government. The ten political coteries or groups in the House, differing seriously on minor points, are united in opposition to the Government, and in hearty hatred of that clan rule which, whatever be the political issue, seems doomed.

Meanwhile, awaiting with intense interest the solution of the problems of State and of Church, we note, in closing, the advent of the new book in New Japan and the literary movement so full of promise.* Now that the old literature based on feudalism and Chinese ethics no longer feeds the mind, it is cheering to see that fresh pens respond to the needs of the new age. After Bakin and Ikku have come Yamada, Tsubouchi, and Kotaro Han, in fiction; after Rai Sanyo appears Shimada Saburo in history; after Motoori is Kumé; while in the other paths of thought and inquiry still walks many an earnest pilgrim. Besides embroidering the old annals with romance, there is a prodigious activity among native scholars, who now write their country's story on critical principles and in attractive literary form for the people. On the granite front of the Boston Public Library, in company with the hundreds of names of the literary torch-bearers of every age and country, stand those of Sugawara Michizané and Rai Sanyo. Recognizing the genius of the Japan that is past, Americans welcome gladly the dawn of a day so full of literary promise. Even in the morning of her life, Nippon was called Hi-no-moto (the day's beginning); to-day, in her larger and richer life, may Japan be the Land Where the Day Begins for all Asia.

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* "The New Book in New Japan," *The Literary World*, May 6, 1893. "The Literary Movement in New Japan," *The Outlook*, January 27, 1894.

NOTES AND APPENDICES.

ASSOCIATED IDEAS IN ART AND POETRY.

There are certain pairs of objects which form the main stock of the Japanese artist's designs. With many variations and combinations, they appear over and over again in pictures, on vases, lacquer-ware, trays, dishes, embroidery, bronze, and other articles of use and virtu, and objects of art, and form the set of symbols oftenest employed by the poet. The pine-tree and stork, emblems of longevity, are embroidered on robes, presented to newly born infants. The willow and swallow, and bamboo and sparrow, indicative of gentleness, are seen oftenest on screens, fans, and upright objects of household adornment. The young moon and cuckoo, the bird flying across the crescent, is a poetic reference to Yorimasa, a renowned archer, who shot a hideous beast, having the head of a monkey, body and claws of a tiger, and the tail of a dragon. This monster, who came at night to disturb the rest of the mikado Narihito, 1153, was hit in the eye by Yorimasa's arrow, three feet long, and finally dispatched by his trusty sword. The mikado rewarded him with a famous sword, *Shishi no ō* (king of wild boars), by the hands of a kugé who, when about to present it, heard a cuckoo, and, catching the bird's note, extemporized seventeen syllables, or the first strophe of the thirty-one syllable distich (*honka*). Yorimasa being as good a poet as he was a brave soldier, immediately replied with the second strophe of fourteen syllables. The "open secret" of the poem is thus roughly given in English:

	LITERAL.	OCCULT.
Kugé	The cuckoo	Like the cuckoo,
	Above the clouds	So high to soar,
	How does it mount (like the archer to honor)	How is it so?
Yorimasa	The waning moon (bent bow)	Only my bow I bent,
	Sets not at will (a sped shaft)	That only sent the shaft.

The neatness of the allusion, the skill of the improvisatore, and the liquid cadences (utterly lost in translation) make the poem a joy forever to the ear of the native, as the silver bow and the "Japanese nightingale" are things of beauty to his eye.

The phœnix bird (*howo*) and the *Paulownia imperialis* tree are often together as twin imperial emblems on the mikado's robes, rugs, curtains, and painted or gilded on screens and hanging scrolls. This tree, so common in Japan, is an emblem of rectitude. Its leaves form the imperial *mon*, or crest.

The peony and Chinese lion—a beast which never trod this earth, but which may be seen rampant on temple screens, yashiki doors, panels—form a couplet, with which lovers of the huge and monstrous may regale their vision. Another pair of these Siamese twins of Japanese art are the sleeping wild boar and a cluster of *hagi* (Lespedeza). The mulberry and the goat are put together by the artist, since this animal has the appetite of a silk-worm, and feeds voraciously on mulberry leaves or the paper which is made from its bark.

The hare peeps out of the rushes on many a lacquered box or tray, or is wrought in gold-threaded embroidery. Instead of seeing a man in the moon carrying a bundle of sticks, Japanese fancy beholds this leaping rodent scouring the face of the silver luminary, with *equisetum*, or scouring rush. This is a favorite subject on the lacquered bodies of *jin-riki-sha*.

The red maple leaves and the stag are painted with fine effect on screens. "In autumn the maples crimson, and the stag calls the doe." The Japanese word *iro* means both color and love; and in this stanza, as in a thousand others, the play is on that word. For a lover to send his once loved a sprig of autumn maple is equivalent to giving the "mitten." The leaf and the heart have both changed their *iro* (color).

The cherry-blossom and pheasant are fitly wedded together in poetry and art. The most beautiful bird (*kiji*) is this many-tinted iridescent queen of the groves in the Sun-land, and the bloom of the sakura-tree (*Prunus pseudo-cerasus*), which is cultivated solely for its blossoms, is the national flower of the Land of Great Place. "There are snow-showers which do not descend from the skies," and the falling bloom-flakes spread many a white carpet on the stone paths leading to the temples. It is often as large as a rose, and as beautiful. The plum tree, also admired for its blossoms, is joined with the *uguisu* (nightingale). The plum is, by excellence, the poet's tree, and the nightingale is the poet of birds, loving song more than they all. "Send forth your fragrance upon the eastern winds, O flowers of the plum-tree! and do not forget the spring, because of the absence of the sun," cries a native poet. Not unfrequently does one see the plum-tree stand all leafless in the snow, but adorned with white blossoms, like a bride before the altar. It bursts into clouds of fragrance and beauty in February, the leaves appearing later.

It is said that geese in flying on long journeys carry rushes in their bills, and drop them before alighting on the water, and then alight upon them. The rushes and geese are figured together. A comical couplet is the baboon and the moon's reflection in the water. The long-armed, stump-tailed fool sees the image of the moon in the water, and in vain attempts to grasp it.

The couplet of the chrysanthemum and fox refers to one of the hundreds of the current fox myths and stories. A fox, assuming the form of a lovely woman, bewitched a certain prince. One day, happening to fall asleep on a bed of chrysanthemums, she resumed her normal shape. The prince seeing the animal, shot at him, hitting the fox in the forehead. He afterward saw that his concubine had a wound in the corresponding part of the head, and thus discovered her true nature.

The bamboo and tiger are often seen together on large objects of use or ornament: the tigers, being afraid of elephants, hide in the bamboo jungle. The peach-trees and oxen, a less common design, had reference to a line in a Chinese poem. An emblem of success in life is that of the dragon crossing the summit of Fuji on the clouds. As the small snake becomes a dragon, so does a man of low estate often rise by triumph over obstacles to exaltation and honor.

For a number of the facts here given I am indebted to Captain E. Pfoundes, whose "Budget" of Japanese notes, entitled *Fu So Mimi Bukuro* (Trübner & Co., London), is a valuable thesaurus of condensed information.

THE TESTAMENT OF IYÉYASŬ.

"The Legacy of Iyéyasŭ" is a document whose authenticity is yet to be proved. It purports to be the testament of the founder of the last shōgunate; but a thoroughly critical examination of its claims has not, I believe, been made. It is certain that it was not popularly or generally known in Japan, nor ever reckoned as within the body of standard legal literature. It was translated into English (thirty-seven pages print) by Mr. J. F. Lowder, some years before its publication by him in Yokohama, in 1874. The title of the pamphlet read thus: "The Legacy of Iyéyas (deified as Gongen-sama): a Posthumous Manuscript, in One Hundred Chapters, translated from three collated Copies of the Original," printed at *The Japan Herald* office.

Dr. Walter Dixon, also, in his work on Japan, gives (chapter vii.) another version, with notes and comments. W. E. Grigsby, Professor of Law in the Imperial College in Tōkiō, in a paper read before the Asiatic Society of Japan, has given a scholarly analysis of the document, showing especially its similarity to most ancient law codes, such as those of Solon and Lycurgus, the Twelve Tables, the Mosaic, and the early Teutonic codes. He terms it "the most original monument which Japan has produced in the way of legislation," with which compare Dixon, pp. 269, 270. Whether authentic or not, it embodies the policy of Iyéyasŭ, is a mirror of feudalism, and is of great historic value.

The work consists of one hundred sections, in no logical sequence, and difficult to determine in the original. Of these, sixteen consist of moral maxims and reflections, which are quotations, or intended to be such, from Confucius and Mencius; fifty-five are connected with politics and administrations; twenty-two refer to legal matters; and in seven Iyéyasŭ relates episodes in his own personal history. No sharp distinction is made in it between law and morality, between the duties of the citizen and the virtue of the man. The man who obeys the law is virtuous; he who disobeys it is vicious and low. It is the province of the legislator to inculcate virtue. All that we understand by law—all that embraces the main bulk of modern law, the law of contracts, of personal property, of will, commercial and maritime law—finds no place in this code. This arose from the fact that human life within the daimiōate was regulated by custom, not by agreement; and there was hardly any intercourse between the various daimiōates, because the only property of any importance was land, and no will was allowed. On the other hand, great stress was laid on criminal law, the law relating to landed property, the law relating to the status of persons and classes, to etiquette and ceremonial, to tables of rank and precedence, and to political administration and government. On these points, especially the latter, minute details are entered into with a peculiarity which is striking, when compared with the poverty of the code in respect to those matters which seem to us most important in a system of law. Another of the many points of similarity to ancient codes of law, notably the Mosaic, is the elaborate provisions with respect to the avenging of blood and personal satisfaction for injuries done. The individual does not, as in more advanced societies, give up his right of private vengeance. Great stress is laid on caste distinctions, which are made more sharp and distinct by reducing them to writing, and thus perpetuating the unequal stages into which early society is divided.

Professor Grigsby further remarks that there is one great difference between this and all other early codes, viz., its secrecy. It was in express terms forbidden to be promulgated. The perusal of it was only allowed to the chief councilors of state (*rōjiu*). How can people obey laws if they do not know their nature? A parallel is found in the history of the Aryan race. In Greece and Rome, at the beginning of their history, the knowledge of the laws and their administration was confined to the aristocratic class, and the first struggle of the commons was to force this knowledge from them—a struggle which ended in these codes being reduced to writing and promulgated. The parallel is not complete in respect to writing. In the case of Greece and Rome, the laws were unknown because not written: in Japan, though written, they were yet to be unknown. In early communities, custom has absolute sway. The magistrates, as Iyéyasŭ says, are the reflectors of the mode of government; they interpret, not make, the law. Any additions to the old customs were to reach the multitudes by filtering down through the magistrates, who alone would be conscious that they were new. To the multitude they would only be slight modifications of the customs they had always observed. As a code of laws, this was the character of the testament of Iyéyasŭ, who claims merely to be a transmitter, not a framer, of the law. His work is a compilation, not a creation; a selection from old, not a series of new, laws.

The "Legacy" is invaluable in representing to us the condition of society in feudal Japan. The basis of Japanese life, the unit of civilization, is the family, which is a corporation, the most characteristic mark of which was its perpetuity. The head of the family held a power similar, in nearly all respects, to that of the paterfamilias at Rome, having complete power over the persons and property of his children, and doing as he pleased with both, fettered only by that custom which is the great hinderance to despotism in all early communities. But his liabilities were equally great with his rights. He was responsible for all the ill-doings of any of his family. A Japanese family was not, however, what we understand by the word. It was often not natural, but artificial. Persons whom we should exclude from the family were admitted into it, and those who with us are constant members were sometimes excluded from it. Adoption (*yoshi ni naru*) on the one hand, and emancipation, or the sending-away (*kandō suru*) of a son from the family, on the other, were in constant practice. In Rome, adoption was employed merely to enlarge the family; in Japan, solely to perpetuate it. The son adopted by a man having no male heir filled exactly the place of a natural child; and, in early times at least, he must take the name of the adopting parent. If the adopting parent had a daughter, the adopted son married her, becoming heir himself, in which respect the Japanese custom differed from the Roman, which held that the natural tie of brother and sister was formed by adoption, and hence their marriage was illegal. Only an adult could adopt; but if the head of the family were an infant, he could adopt. This practice was often resorted to in Japan for two reasons—the religious and the feudal; to prevent the extinguishment of the ancestral sacrifices, with the consequent disgrace to the family; and because the land, being held only on condition of military service, if a vassal died leaving no male children, the lands escheated to the lord. The second method which rendered the family artificial were the expulsion and disinheritance of a son from the family, which, however, were only effected when he was of an irredeemably bad character.

Marriage in Japan, which was allowed—rather, enjoined—in the case of a man at sixteen, of a woman at thirteen, was not a contract between the parties or a religious institution, but a handing-over of the bride to the family of her husband by her own family, she passing completely under the control of her husband, both as to person and property, subject to reference to a council of family relations.

So far the internal aspect of the family. Each family, however, was connected with other families, as in early Greece and Rome; and thus about fifty great clans were formed, of which the four principal were the Minamoto, Fujiwara, Taira, and Sugawara, all the families of which were, or claimed to be, descended from a common ancestor. Certain sacrifices were peculiar to each, and certain dignities confined to certain families. Thus the office of kuambaku was monopolized by the Fujiwara, and the shōgunate by the Minamoto clans (the families in succession being, the line of Yoritomo, the Ashikaga, and the Tokugawa). This condition of society was analogous to that in Italy and Greece from 1000 B.C. to 500 A.D. But what is peculiar to Japan is that, with this primitive form of society remaining unchanged, we find a system that did not arise in Europe till about the eleventh century A.D. Thus the superstructure of feudalism was reared on the basis of the family—an incongruous social edifice, as it seems to our minds.

In Japan, then, at the time of the formation of the code, the mikado and the imperial court were above, and not included in, the theory of feudalism, at the head of which was the shōgun, and beneath him the daimiōs, each with a territory of greater or lesser extent, which he farmed out to the samurai, or vassals, in return for military service. In the greater daimiōates these vassals underlet their lands on the same conditions; in other words, subfeudation was common. A vassal not able, by reason of age or sickness, to perform this service abdicated in favor of his son. If a man died without leaving any children, natural or adopted, his property was retained for him by a legal fiction, for his death was concealed till permission was given by his lord for him to adopt a son, and only after such permission was given was his death announced. The necessity of having an heir, that the vassal's land might not escheat to the lord, but be kept in the vassal's family, greatly extended the practice of adoption. If the vassal proved faithless to his lord, both escheat and forfeiture were incurred.

The leading principles of Iyéyasŭ's policy are thus summarized: The position of the shōgun to the mikado was to be one of reverential homage. The shōguns were in no way to interfere with the mikado's theoretical supremacy, but to strengthen it in every way, and show all respect to the emperor's relatives, and the old court aristocracy. Secondly, toward their inferiors the shōguns were to behave with courtesy and consideration. All insult and tyranny were to be avoided, and the weight of power was not to press too harshly. The neglect of this principle, as shown in insolence to inferiors, was the rock on which the governments in nearly all ancient communities struck. This caution proves the consummate knowledge of human nature and the profound mastery of state-craft possessed by Iyéyasŭ. Another recommendation of Iyéyasŭ was, that the government of the lesser daimiōs should be frequently changed. The motive alleged for this was the prevention of misgovernment; but the real reason was, that they might not acquire local influence, and so endanger the power of the shōguns. This was similar in its purpose to the policy adopted by William the Conqueror, in portioning out the territories of his barons among several counties. In England the plan was completely successful; in Japan it failed, as we have seen, because the shōguns never dared to enforce the measure in the case of the greater daimiōs, who were the only ones to be dreaded.

NOTATION OF TIME.

The first systematic attempt at marking and recording time was in A.D. 602, when a Buddhist missionary from Corea, named Kuanroku, brought to Japan a Chinese almanac, and taught its use. From this time, the years, lunar months, and days are counted, and the years named after the characters in a cycle of sixty years, which is made up of one series of ten, and another series of twelve, characters. The cycle of ten series is called from "the five elements," Wood, Fire, Earth, Metal, and Water, each of which is taken double, or masculine and feminine.

The cycle of twelve series is formed, according to the division of the zodiac, into twelve equal parts, to each of which the name of some Japanese animal is assigned. These are the Rat, Ox, Tiger, Hare, Dragon, Serpent, Horse, Goat, Ape, Cock, Dog, Hog.

By making a square, in which twelve lines are drawn horizontally, and ten perpendicularly, we have one hundred and twenty squares, of which sixty are used. Place the ten-series at the top, and the twelve-series on the left side, and the numerals from 1 to 60 in diagonal lines in the spaces from left to right, and from top to bottom. Thus the cyclical name of the year 1711 (see page 288) is "water" - "dragon," or the ten-series name, "water," and the twelve - series name, "dragon." The first year of the current cycle is 1864, and the cyclical name of 1877 is "fire"-" bull," the first belonging to the ten-series, and the second to the twelve-series cycle. (See diagram in Hoffman's "Grammar," page 156.) This method of reckoning time is still in use among the Chinese, Coreans, and the Japanese Buddhist world and priesthood. All Japanese literature is full of it, and it will be printed in the native almanacs for some years to come.

ENUMERATION OF THE YEARS BY YEAR-PERIODS.

From 645 A.D., under the mikado Kōtoku, the system of reckoning the years by chronological periods called *nen-gō*, or year-names, has been in use. In historical works, and in Japanese literature generally, these year-periods are always referred to, and formerly many natives committed the entire list to memory. Others used little reference-tables, kept in their pocket books or near at hand. No special rule or system was observed in changing the names, though the accession of a new sovereign, the advent of war or peace, a great national calamity or blessing, a profound social change or great national event, was made the pretext for adopting a new name. It thus results that from 645 to 1868 A.D. there have been 249 year-names, including those used by the "northern dynasty" during the period 1336–1392, treated of in Chapter XIX. The year-names are appointed by the mikado, and are chosen from sixty-eight Chinese words or characters specially reserved for that purpose. They are often very poetic and striking. (See in Dr. J. J. Hoffman's "Grammar," page 157.) In the following list, it will be noticed that the same syllables recur often. The dates can not exactly correspond to our years, since the Japanese New-Year's-day was often as much as six weeks later than January 1st. A few years ago—1872—the Government fixed upon the year 660 B.C. as that in which Jimmu Tennō "ascended the throne," and Christmas, December 25th, as the day. Hence, in the newspapers, official documents, and books printed since 1872, the time is expressed in "years of the Japanese empire," or "from the foundation of the empire," or "from the accession of Jimmu Tennō." These phrases have a value at par with the Roman "Ab urbe condita," the date of Jimmu's "ascension" being purely arbitrary.

LIST OF YEAR-PERIODS.

	A.D.
Taikua	645
Hakuchi	650
Sujaka	672
Hakuho	673
Shucho	686
Taikua	695
Taicho	697
Taiho	701
Keiun	704
Wado	708
Hoki	715
Yoro	717
Jinki	724
Tempio	729
Tempio Shoho	749
Tempio Hoji	757
Tempio Jingo	765
Jingo Keiun	767
Hoki	770
Téno	781
Enréki	782
Daido	806
Konin	810
Tencho	824
Jowa	834
Kasho	848
Ninjiu	851
Saiko	854
Tenan	857
Jokuan	859
Genkei	877
Ninna	885
Kuampei	889
Shotai	898
Engi	901
Encho	923
Shohei	931
Tengio	938
Tenréki	947
Tentoku	957
Owa	961
Koho	964
Anwa	968
Tenroku	970
Tenyen	973
Jogen	976
Tengen	978
Eikuan	983
Kuanwa	985
Eiyen	987
Eiso	989
Shoréki	990
Chotoku	995
Choho	999
Kuanko	1004
Chowa	1012
Kuannin	1017
Chian	1021
Manjiu	1024
Chogen	1028
Choréki	1037
Chokiu	1040
Kuantoku	1044
Ejo	1046
Tenki	1053
Kohei	1058
Chiréki	1065
Enkiu	1069
Joho	1074
Joréki	1077
Eiho	1081
Otoku	1084
Kuanji	1087
Kaho	1094
Eicho	1096
Shotoku	1097
Kowa	1099
Choji	1104
Kajo	1106
Tennin	1108
Tenyei	1110
Eikiu	1113
Genyei	1118
Hoan	1120
Tenji	1124
Daiji	1126
Tensho	1131
Chosho	1132
Hoyen	1135
Eiji	1141
Koji	1142
Tenyo	1144
Kiuan	1145
Nimpei	1151
Kinjiu	1154
Hogen	1156
Heiji	1159
Eiréki	1160
Oyei	1161
Chokuan	1163
Eiman	1165
Ninan	1166
Kawo	1169
Shoan	1171
Angen	1175
Jijo	1177
Yowa	1181
Juyei	1182
Monji	1185
Kenkiu	1190
Shoji	1199
Kennin	1201
Genkiu	1204
Kenyei	1206
Shogen	1207
Kenréki	1111
Kempo	1213
Jokiu	1219
Jowo	1222
Gennin	1224
Karoku	1225
Antei	1227
Kuanki	1229
Jóyei	1232
Tembuku	1233
Bunréki	1234
Katei	1235
Rékinin	1238
Enwo	1239
Ninji	1240
Kuangen	1243
Hoji	1247
Kencho	1249
Kogen	1256
Shoka	1257
Shogen	1259
Bunwo	1260
Kocho	1261
Bunyei	1264
Kenji	1275
Koan	1278
Showo	1288
Einin	1293
Shoan	1299
Kengen	1302
Kagen	1303
Tokuji	1306
Enkei	1308
Ocho	1311
Showa	1312
Bumpo	1317
Genwo	1319
Genko	1321
Shochiu	1324
Karéki	1326
Gentoku	1329
Genko	1331
Kemmu	1334

SOUTHERN DYNASTY.

Engen	1336
Kokoku	1340
Shohei	1346
Kentoku	1370
Bunchiu	1372
Tenjiu	1375
Kowa	1381
Genchin	1384

NORTHERN DYNASTY.

Rékiwo	1338
Koyei	1342
Teiwa	1345
Kuanwo	1350
Bunwa	1352
Embun	1356
Owa	1361
Toji	1362
Oan	1368
Eiwa	1375
Koréki	1379
Eitoku	1381
Shitoku	1384
Kakei	1387
Kowo	1389
Meitoku	1390
Oyen	1394
Seicho	1428
Eikio	1429
Kakitsu	1441
Bunan	1444
Hotoku	1449
Kiotoku	1452
Kosho	1455
Choroku	1457
Kuansho	1460
Bunsho	1466
Onin	1467
Bummei	1469
Chokio	1487
Entoku	1489
Meiwo	1492
Bunki	1501
Eisei	1504
Taiyei	1521
Kioroku	1528
Tembun	1532
Koji	1555
Eiroku	1558
Genki	1570
Tensho	1573

	A.D.
Bunroku	1592
Keicho	1596
Genwa	1615
Kuanyei	1624
Shoho	1644
Keian	1648
Showo	1652
Meiréki	1655
Manji	1658
Kuambun	1661
Empo	1673
Tenwa	1681
Jokio	1684
Genroku	1688
Hoyei	1704
Shotoku	1711
Hokio	1716
Gembun	1736
Kuampo	1741
Enkio	1744
Kuanyen	1748
Horéki	1751
Meiwa	1764
Anyei	1772
Temmei	1781
Kuansei	1789
Kiowa	1801
Bunkua	1804
Bunsei	1818
Tempo	1830
Kokua	1844
Kayei	1848
Ansei	1854
Manyen	1860
Bunkiu	1861
Genji	1864
Keiwo	1865
Meiji	1868
Meiji (tenth year)	1877

FOREIGN TRADE OF JAPAN.

Year.	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1871	$17,745,605	$19,184,805	$36,930,410
1872	26,188,441	24,294,532	50,482,973
1873	27,444,068	20,660,994	48,105,062
1874	24,223,629	18,014,890	44,225,266
1875	29,467,067	20,001,637	47,481,957

CHIEF ARTICLES OF EXPORTS AND IMPORTS IN 1875.

Imports.	
Cotton goods	$8,974,037
Woolen "	3,846,636
Mixed cotton and woolen goods	2,026,532
Metals	1,164,963
Arms and ammunition	44,586
Miscellaneous*	8,546,835
Eastern produce	4,863,488
Total	$29,467,067

* In the above "miscellaneous," the chief American articles are clocks, petroleum, leather, medicines, flour, provisions, watches, nails, books, shoes, dyes, lead, machinery, and sundries.

Exports.	
Raw silk	$5,620,315
Silk-worms' eggs	731,275
Tea	7,792,244
Copper	569,397
Tobacco	259,687
Camphor	215,642
Wax, vegetable	119,812
Coal	551,360
Dried fish	901,583
Rice	839,619
Miscellaneous	2,573,651
Total	$20,001,637

FOREIGN SHIPPING ENTERED AT THE OPEN PORTS IN 1875.

	Yokohama.	Kobé.	Nagasaki.	Hakodaté.	Total.	
					Ships.	Tonnage.
American (general)	21	9	43	3	76	42,687
" (mail steamers)	79	89	87	..	255	574,644
British (general)	128	55	120	20	323	225,914
" (mail steamers	27	..	..	..	27	26,232
Danish	2	..	9	..	11	4,255
Dutch	2	..	..	..	2	374
French (general)	2	2	5	..	9	2,705
" (mail steamers)	28	..	..	..	28	43,964
German	83	11	17	10	71	21,881
Russian	5	3	9	3	20	6,547
Swedish	8	..	3	..	6	1,163
Other flags	..	..	3	..	3	1,427
Total	330	169	296	36	831	951,523

FOREIGN RESIDENTS AND FIRMS AT THE OPEN PORTS.

R., residents; F., firms.

Nationality.	Yokohama.		Tōkiō.	Ozaka and Kobé.		Nagasaki.		Hakodaté.	Total.	
	R.	F.	R.	R.	F.	R.	F.	R.	R.	F.
American.....	185	20	41	83	7	38	3	6	353	30
Austrian......	15	3	6	5	..	7	..	..	33	3
Belgian.......	17	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	1
British........	620	65	285	235	32	129	9	13	1282	109
Danish........	18	1	2	..	..	11	..	..	33	1
Dutch.......	61	3	17	58	8	6	1	..	142	12
French........	127	..	83	24	3	18	2	..	254	42
German.......	150	..	49	61	12	15	4	..	279	43
Hawaiian......										
Italian.........	19	6	6	2	..	..	..	..	27	6
Peruvian......										
Portuguese....	27	..	3	..	..	5	..	..	35	..
Russian.......	16	..	14	..	..	:	..	3	35	..
Spanish.......	42	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	42	..
Swedish.......	15	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	18	..
Swiss..........	23	7	4	6	3	..	..	..	33	10
Total......	1335	106	510	474	65	234	19	22	2583	258

In the above tables (from the British Consular Trade Report for 1876) all the nations with which Japan has treaty relations are represented, except China; and no return of Chinese commerce is made, except in the totals of imports and exports, in which the value of Chinese merchandise is included. In the table of foreign residents, the children are not reckoned. Of these, there must be about 400 in Japan. Probably 100 foreigners, in the employ of the Japanese, reside in the interior, beyond treaty limits.

LEGENDARY ART AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

On the rotunda of Main Hall, south side, were painted representative Asiatic scenes, objects, and persons. Verging on the centre of the group was a Japanese "poem-card," inscribed in *hiragana*, with the following stanza from a very ancient poet, by one of the Japanese commissioners:

"Waga kuni no Yamato* shima né ni idzuru hi wa, Morokoshi† hito mo, awoga zaraméya;"

or, in English,

"In the ancient Yamato island, my native land, the sun rises: must not even the Western foreigner reverence?"

or,

"When the foreigner comes to my country, the olden isle of Japan, must he not respect it?"

Of the two platforms in the Japanese section, one was devoted to porcelain of

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* Yamato is the ancient name of Japan.

† Morokoshi is an archaic geographical term applied to China, India, or the Western world generally. The penman evidently meant, "Even when Christendom's sight-seers at the Centennial Exposition come into the Japanese section, will they not—nay, must they not—admire our art and country?"

Arita and Karatsŭ, in Hizen; the other, to the bronzes of Etchiu, Kaga, and Kiōto, and the cloisonnée enamel of Owari. Between these two platforms, in the aisle, were gold inlaid bronzes in glass cases. On the eastern side of the section were: 1. Tōkiō porcelain and Satsuma faience (white, cream, buff, and dead gold surfaces); 2. Kutani (Kaga) porcelain (red and bright gold); 3. Séto (Owari) porcelain (blue, white, and liver-colored). In the centre of the section were the gold lacquered work, Kiōto porcelain and faience, screens, wood and ivory carvings, weapons, armor, and ancient copper bronzes and jewels. It was in these articles chiefly that legendary art found its best illustration. Most of the mythical, legendary, poetical, and historical incidents noted in previous pages of this work were portrayed, some of them many times over. The same ideas or symbols were repeated, with slight variations, in bronze, porcelain, lacquer, ivory, wood, silk, or in plastic forms. I have space to notice but a very few of the subjects most frequently treated.

1. *The Sea-god rising out of the Deep.*—Riu Jin (Dragon-god), or Kai Riu Ō (Dragon-king of the Sea), page 498, is the personification of the dragon; and the monarch of the world under the sea appears in many fairy tales and very ancient legends, his palaces being located under the ocean, the Inland Sea, or Lake Biwa. He is a reality still to millions of Japanese people. He is represented in terrible majesty, and of awful mien, rising out of the deep. His helmet and mail is a living dragon—the symbol of irresistible might, motion, and ubiquity. His robes are gold and jewels. Around him the waves mount, part, roll, and churn into white foam-edges, their translucent green curves flecked with silvery foam-bells. He holds in his hands a casket, in which are the jewels that control the ebb and flow of the tides (the powers of the sun and moon[?]), significant of victory, longevity, valor, and invulnerability to Ōjin (page 79), the infant god of war, whom he offers to endow with them. "Quick; take this casket: the opportunity is brief. I deign not long to remain in this upper world," is the expression on his face. In pictures, Takénouchi is holding the infant god when the Dragon-king appears. In several bronzes and ivory carvings his queen (page 498) is represented in robes of shell and coral, with diadem of rare shells.

2. *Endo, the Penitent under the Water-fall.*—On three of the largest and finest bronzes was portrayed this story of mad love, murder, remorse, and penance. Endo, one of the captains of the Kiōto garrison during the Taira rule, a brave and gallant soldier, contracted an unlawful affection for the young and beautiful wife of a fellow-officer. The lady, made aware of his passion, steadily rejected his advances, when the foiled lover threatened to kill her aged mother if she did not yield to his wishes and consent to the death of her husband, or even if she informed on him. In the agony of conflict between wifely and filial love, she finally resolved on a plan whereby she should vindicate her own and her husband's honor, and save her mother's life. This was nothing less than to make herself the victim. Pretending to yield to Endo's suit, she fixed a certain night when she would have him secretly admitted into her sleeping-chamber. On that night she persuaded her husband to be absent; and dressing her hair after the male fashion, she donned her husband's dress, and lay down in his place. The assassin entered through the door left open, slid aside the partitions, and in the dimly lighted chamber saw, as he supposed, the unconscious form of his victim. With one blow he severed the head, but, on holding up the bleeding trophy, saw that it was a woman's, and the object of his passion. In horror and remorse, he rushed to the temple, confessed his sin, shaved his hair, and, though in the midst of winter, went out and stood during twenty-one days under the icy flood. After due suffering by remorse and emaciation, the messengers of the god Fudo appear

in the cloud, or in the foliage above the crags, and declare his penance complete, and grant him pardon. He became a learned and holy monk, and built the great temple of Todaiji at Nara, in Yamato, which Yoritomo endowed, and visited in 1195. His priestly name is Mongaku Shonin (His Exalted Reverence Mongaku). In the bronzes, the shorn monk, his body bound with straw rope, and bared to the waist, with rosary in hand, stands under the icy waters, while snow burdens the dense foliage, and caps the gloomy crags. Remorse, torture, and fear are depicted in his face; while peering through the boughs is Fudo's gentle messenger bearing the flowery wand of peace and pardon; while below, with his frightful scowl relaxed, and his iron-spiked club at rest, the demon avenger proclaims that justice is satisfied, and henceforth the sufferer is to be the holy bonze.

3. *Fish leaping the Water-fall.*—Once, when Kiyomori was on his way to view Kumano water-fall (near Kiōto), in his state barge, surrounded by his chamberlain, nobles, and sword-bearer, a white koi (carp) leaped up out of the river upon the deck of the boat. All rejoiced at this auspicious omen.

The koi leaping the water-fall is a symbol of aspiration and ambition, and an augury of renown. The origin of the symbol is Chinese. In an old book it is said that "the sturgeon of the Yellow River make an ascent of the stream in the third moon of each year, when those which succeed in passing above the rapids of the Lung Men become transformed into [white] dragons."

4. *Takamochi* (page 109), the founder of the Taira family, one night accompanied the mikado on a visit to one of his concubines, who lived at a distance from the palace. As the imperial night-walker was passing what is now Gihon Street, in Kiōto, he met what appeared, in the gloomy darkness and drizzling rain, to be a demon with horns, and rays of fire streaming from its head. The emperor was greatly frightened, but Takamochi boldly seized and threw down the apparition. It proved to be an old priest, going out to light the shrine. He had on a grass rain coat, and a straw cone-shaped hat over his head, under which he carried a lamp, holding his pitcher of oil in his hand. Both parties apologized, and a famous subject for artists was the result.

5. "*The Water-fall of Yoro*" is an ancient story. An aged wood-cutter, no longer able to work, was supported by his dutiful son, who daily set out with axe and cord to cut fagots. These he sold to buy rice and saké, the latter being a necessity to the old man. Finally, times were so hard in winter, and the snow so deep, that the son could not earn enough to buy even a gourdful. One day, while filially grieving over this, as he passed a water-fall near Takada in Mino, with his empty gourd in hand, he looked up, when some of the spray touched his tongue, and he beheld the water-fall turned to saké. His filial piety was rewarded. Joyfully filling his vessel, he returned home, and thenceforward kept the old man's veins warm, and supported him in comfort. Hearing of this wonderful reward of filial piety, the emperor and his train went out to see it; and in honor of the event the year-name (page 613) was changed to Yoro (nourishing old age).

6. *No* is a kind of pantomimic opera, or "lyrical drama," in which the chief actor performs a variety of dances, while a band of musicians, usually behind a looped curtain, plays, and a precentor recites the words and leads the chorus, both of which contain much ancient poetry. The *No* depicts, by word and dance, the ancient mythology and legendary and historic lore. The dancers wear magnificent brocade dreses with long trails, suits of feathers, burnished armor, huge red wigs, and a variety of masks, which represent mirth, sorrow, wrath, serene old age, wicked old age, blooming youth, beauty, deformity, benevolence, malignity, and the various passions. In February, 1872, in Tōkiō, I witnessed a *No* performance by four dancers, twenty musicians, and a singer. All of these belonged to

the mikado's palace bard, and wore their ancient gorgeous robes of crimson and gold brocade. The four sets of *No*, which were first composed in the sixth century, were: 1. "Great Peace," intended to propitiate the gods. 2. "The Joy-attracting Dance," representing the dance of Suzumé and the mirth of the gods before the cave in which the sun-goddess hid herself. These were by four masked performers. 3. "The Dance of the Dragon-god" was by one person in dragon mask and helmet, and robes of resplendent brocade, representing Riu Jin. 4. "The Mountain-god's Dance" was by a very handsome Japanese, in silver baldric and flowing opaline silk dress. In one of the cases at the Centennial Exposition, a collection of the *No* masks in miniature were shown. Most of those in actual use in Japan are many centuries old. The *No* dances and the subjects illustrated in them are repeatedly depicted on Japanese art-products.

7. *The Cock on the Drum* is often chosen by the artist in cloisonnée, lacquer, porcelain, and bronze. It refers to the ancient custom in China of stationing a drum on a stand in front of the magistrate's office. Any one oppressed or maltreated could come, and, by beating the drum, call attention to his plaint, and receive redress. In time of peace and good government, the drum was neglected and never sounded; hence the fowls would mount it fearlessly, and the rooster would use it as a favorite crowing-place. The hen would lead her brood around it. In one of Hokusai's sketches, a vine and leaves have entwined it, and doves are cooing and making love on it. Hence, an emblem of peace.

8. On many of the bronzes one or two horsemen are depicted riding through the waves. In the campaign against the Taira, Yoritomo gave to Takatsuna his fleetest and best charger from the stables of Kamakura, the same for which Kagésuyé, his rival, had vainly asked. At the battle of Fujikawa, the Taira being on the west and the Genji on the east bank, Yoshitsuné ordered the bridge to be cleared of the planks, and the soldiers to unclasp their armor, and swim over. Two horsemen whipped up their horses, and plunged into the stream. The foremost was Kagésuyé, the last was Takatsuna. Takatsuna, from behind, "lied to Kagésuyé," and cried out, "Your horse's girth is loose." Kagésuyé stopped his steed, and tightened the strap; upon which Takatsuna rode up, passed him, landed first, and shouted out his own name in defiance at the enemy and for cheer to his friends. In the report of the distinguished sent to Kamakura, Takatsuna was mentioned first, and Kagésuyé second. Both heroes rode through a shower of arrows, and their fame is as immortal as Japanese art can make it.

At the battle of Ujikawa, near Kiōto, Sasaki, a noted Genji knight, plunged into the river, and in the face of a hail of arrows rode to the opposite shore. He is usually represented brandishing his sword, the arrows being cut in two by his strokes. He may be easily recognized by his crest of four hollow squares, arranged so as to form a lozenge, with a space between each square.

Another famous equestrian feat is that of Yoshitsuné whipping his horse into a headlong gallop down the precipitous sides of the hills facing Ichinotani, in which the Taira were besieged (page 145, note). He was told that only deer and the wild boar could descend the path. Yoshitsuné thereupon clapped his stirrups against his horse's flanks, gave loose rein, dashed down, and the cavalry after him, and reached the lower ground in safety.

When Hidéyoshi marched to defeat Akéchi Mitsuhidé (page 238), the brother of the latter, named Samanosuké, could not in honor fight against his brother, nor could he disobey his lord, Hidéyoshi. Coming to the shore of Lake Biwa, he galloped into the water, rode across the arm of the lake, slew his family, set his house on fire, and then performed *hara-kiri*, to save his name and honor, as one who could fight neither against lord nor brother, yet was not afraid of death.

TEA CROP OF 1875.

The total export of tea amounted to 22,582,152 pounds, of which 16,546,289 pounds were shipped from Yokohama, 4,292,159 pounds from Kobé, and 643,159 pounds from Nagasaki. All Japanese tea is green, and the United States is the chief customer for this tea. About 400,000 pounds were sent to England from Nagasaki in 1875. Some consignments are also made to China for conversion into black tea. The tea is picked in the spring and fall. About nine per cent. weight is lost by refiring or redrying for export. The best tea-producing provinces are Isé, Suruga, Inaba, and Yamashiro, which produce for foreign export 28,000, 26,000, 23,500, and 22,000 pounds respectively. Kiushiu sent 22,000; Yamato, Kawachi, Iga, and Kii sent 12,000; Omi, 9000; Mino, 9000; Shimōsa and Kadzusa, 6000; Tamba, 5000; Echizen and Echigo, 3500; and sundry small districts, 5000 pounds for export in 1875. The area of plantations and crop of tea is increasing steadily every year.

THE CERAMIC ART OF JAPAN.

The first historic notice of the ceramic art in Japan is that of the terra-cotta figures set in the earth in a circle round the dead, in place of the living victims formerly buried up to their necks. After death by starvation, a circle of skulls marked the site of the illustrious dead, like the cairns of Britain. Ancient graves occasionally opened in the vicinity of Nara and Kiōto are found surrounded by a circle of clay images. At the death of the wife of one of the ancient mikados, who had been grieved at hearing the groans of the dying victims buried alive to their necks with the dead Prince Yamato hiko no mikoto, he permitted his adviser to bring a hundred workmen in clay from Idzumo, who made clay images of men, horses, and other things, which were buried in lieu of men with the empress. Potters, brick and tile makers, came over from Corea with other artificers (p. 83) in the seventh century; and in A.D. 724 progress in the ceramic art began by the introduction of the potter's wheel, and continued for five centuries in the working of faience only, pure Japanese porcelain being unknown till the time of Hidéyoshi. In the days of the Hōjō, Kato Shirozaëmon having visited China to study the art, came back and erected his wheels and kilns in Séto, Owari, making, however, only pottery of an improved sort. "Séto-mono" (Séto ware, or séto, like our term "china") is the common name for household crockery in Japan. The making of real porcelain in Japan was begun by the Corean potters brought into Japan by the Japanese who invaded Corea (1592–1597). These captives were settled in Buzen, Higo, Hizen, Ōzumi, and Satsuma, in Kiushiu, where are still the oldest seats of the ceramic industries, and at Yamaguchi, in Nagato, and near Kiōto. About the same time a Japanese from Isé, who had studied the clays, pigments, and methods of the Chinese, settled in Hizen, where he found beds of clay with the varied qualities necessary to produce the famous Hizen wares. It is only in very recent times that the potteries of Owari, Mino, and Kaga have become celebrated; and those near Tōkiō and Yokohama only within the last decade. At present it is notorious that the "old" Satsuma, Hizen, and Kiōto wares are imitated in scores of kilns all over the country. Very few pieces of the highest artistic merit have been produced since the Restoration, as the making of porcelain and faience in Japan has since 1868 degenerated from an art to a trade. In the days of feudalism, masterpieces of the ceramic art were made for princes and lords, for presentation to fellow-daimiōs, the shōgun and court nobles. Such things were not bought and sold. There were, properly speaking, no shops for their sale. Only household crockery was seen in the shops. Fine pieces were not in the trade: a fact which explains what foreigners have so often wondered at; namely, that until eight or ten years ago the rarest porcelain was made in Japan, and occasionally found its way to Europe, yet the keenest-eyed visitor in Japan never saw it on sale. Formerly the artisan was an artist, and worked for low wages and honor. He lived on a few bronze cash per day, yet enjoyed the presence and friendship of his lord. The daimiō visited the potter at his wheel, and the potter sat in honor before his master on the mats of his palace—a place in which the richest trader in the province could not so much as enter. To imprint his stamp, or to scratch with his little finger-nail his name or mark on the bottom of a tea-bowl, or "clove-boiler," or vase, over which he had spent a year or three years, and which should adorn for generations the *tokonoma*, or nooks of a daimiō's chamber, was sufficient reward to the workman already proudly happy in his own work. Of this contented happiness in work which found its reward in honor, not gain, I was more than once a witness. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the government and native art-lovers, and the proper foreign influence, will be able to arrest the downward tendency of Japanese art in ceramics, and restore it to its former glory, even though the social atmosphere and environment are now so wholly changed.

The villages in which faience and porcelain are made, whose names are household words in America and Europe, look like any other Japanese villages. In the dingy, weather-beaten cottages, made of wood, mud, reed, and thatch, the potters work before their paper windows, the force in each "establishment" usually consisting of father and son, rarely of more than three or four men. The kiln or kilns are the common property of a village, built up the sides of a hill, and fired with pine wood, the workmen taking turns in noting the temperature and watching the melting of sample enamels on bits of clay set near the plug-hole.

Often the biscuit is made in one place, and the glazing done at another. Many potters now sell their baked wares to artists in Tōkiō and the large cities, who lay on the colors, decorate, and fire in their own furnaces—a process I have often watched in Tōkiō. New designs are wrought by the artist from a drawing, but stock subjects (p. 581) are laid on from memory, and for the cheaper wares dabbed on. In the potteries the principle of division of labor is well understood, one man making bodies, another spouts, another handles or ears, his specialty. Of late years companies employing capital have centralized labor, and collected workmen in large establishments, improving their fortunes, and, in rare cases, the art.

Japanese porcelain or faience takes its name from the name of the trading town, the place of manufacture, the port whence it is shipped, the name of the province, or the place where it is decorated. The following wares are the most celebrated:

SATSUMA.—The oldest specimens have no colored decoration, and date from about 1624, those of the latter part of the century being but slightly adorned in colors. From the beginning of the eighteenth century, appear figures, landscapes, and the general style of decoration in gold and bright tints called *nishiki* (flowered silk, or brocade). The rich gilding, the harmony of colors, and the delicacy of drawing, have united to give "old Satsuma" ware, which is mostly in small pieces, its renown. Most of it is crackle, called *hibiki* (snake porcelain), the cracks imitating a serpent's skin. The body of nearly all fine Satsuma ware is white, or cream, or buff color, though red, green, chocolate, purple, blue, white, and black glazes, made of native minerals and metallic oxides, are used. All sorts, qualities, and colors are now made and exported from Satsuma. Nearly all Satsuma ware is faience, semi-porcelain, or stone-ware—not true porcelain.

Hizen.—Arita and Karatsu are the chief places of manufacture in this province, Arita alone having over two hundred kilns. The wares made for home use are called Sométsŭki (dyed in patterns, or figured), which has blue paintings under the glaze. The whole design is traced by the artist in black lines, the shades being indicated merely by a stroke. The colored enamels are then laid on; thin when opaque, thick when to be transparent after fusion. Usually the entire decoration is fused at one firing. Hizen porcelain and faience have usually lively tints in the style called *saishiki* (many-tinted). Imari is the sea-port.

Owari and Mino.—Most of the work of these two provinces is Sométsŭki porcelain or blue ware. The finest deep cobalt glazes are from Owari. Vases, flower-holders, tables, wall-pieces, screens, fan and poem-plaques, and large pictures are wrought in faience, coated with a film of finest kaolin, on which artistic symbols and figures are wrought. Séto is the chief place of manufacture, and Nagoya of sale. Owari also is famous for its cloisonné work, both on copper and porcelain. The application of this delicate art of applying enamel in cells or between threads of metal, producing the effect of shining silver or gold among dead tints of minerals, or of metallic outlines with opaque shadings in color, to porcelain, is, in its development, at least, a recent Japanese art.

Kaga.—The characteristic color of Kaga ware is red, produced by rouge or oxide of iron, with bands and lines of gold, and much figure decoration. Five miles from the town of Térai are the clay beds of Kutani (nine valleys), whence the ware is marked and named. The colors and paintings are not done by one firing as in Hizen, but the clay form, the black tracing of the design, the red glaze, and the gold lines receive each a baking.

Kiōto.—At Awata, a village in the suburbs of Kiōto, faience having a yellower tint than the buff wares of Satsuma, but crackled, is made, called *tamago yaki* (egg-pottery), the decoration being usually a few sprays of grasses or flowers, with birds and insects. Eraku ware has gold figures of poets, warriors, Chinese sages, or mythical heroes and creatures, upon a red glaze or dead surface. All kinds of faience and true porcelain are made in Kiōto, the "pierced," the "netted," "sieve," "rice-grain," "egg-shell," "*moku-me*," "watered," "wood-grained," "marbled," "wicker-work," "woven," "veined," "shell-pink," cloisonné, celadon, lacquered, figured in high relief, and in imitation of inlaid gold and bronze work, called *zogan*, etc., etc. "Yaki" is the general native term for baked clay. On Awaji island are made delicate buff crackle and celadon faience. Banko-yaki is made of a tough brown clay in Isé, taking its name after the inventor. The ware (usually teapots and small utensils) is very light and thin, having sprays and splashes, and perfect designs in opaque colored enamels slightly raised from the surface.

Tōkiō and Yokohama.—Very little work is produced in the neighborhood of these places, except imitations, though some are very fine, and will puzzle any one, except a real expert, to tell them from "old Satsuma" or "old Hizen" wares. Scores, if not hundreds, of artists and decorators live in these cities who buy baked ware from Owari, Mino, Hizen, Kaga, and local potteries, and decorate and sell it to foreign customers. Most Japanese pottery and porcelain is stamped, scratched, or marked in color with the name of the place where made, the name of the decorator, or the company which sells it. There is an excellent native work of Japanese faience, in five volumes, by the learned antiquary Ninagawa Noritané. For some good notes, see Official Catalogue of the Japanese Section, International Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. A work on the History, Ideals, Symbolism, and Technique of Japanese Art is in preparation by the author.

DR. J. C. HEPBURN'S METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, FROM OBSERVATIONS MADE FROM 1863 TO 1869 INCLUSIVE, READ BEFORE THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF JAPAN, JUNE 17TH, 1874.

MONTHLY AND YEARLY AVERAGE (1863–1869) OF THE THERMOMETER (FAHR.).

Yearly Average.		Monthly Average.			
1863	59°	January	40°.28	July	75°.31
1864	58°.02	February	41°.22	August	78°.49
1865	59°.13	March	47°.03	September	70°.48
1866	57°.01	April	56°.15	October	61°.58
1867	59°.26	May	64°.07	November	52°
1868	58°.46	June	69°.44	December	43°.45
1869	58°.08				

Average of 1863–1869	58°.22
Highest monthly maximum (August, 1865)	91°
Lowest monthly minimum (January, 1864)	20°

"Yokohama is situated in lat. 35° 26′ N., and long. 139° 39′ E. from Greenwich. It is about thirty-seven miles from Cape King, the nearest point on the Pacific. The Bay of Yedo at Yokohama is about twelve miles wide. The city is, for the most part, built on a plain, about from two to ten feet above high-water mark, at the mouth of a valley opening on the bay. The valley is about a mile wide, and extends back in a westerly direction some three miles, gradually narrowing to a quarter of a mile. It is bounded on each side by a row of hills, about one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is cultivated in paddy fields, is consequently wet and marshy, and is exposed to the sweep of north-east and easterly winds from across the bay, and to south-west and westerly winds through the valley.

"The winds of Japan are at all seasons exceedingly irregular, frequently violent, and subject to sudden changes. The north-east and easterly winds are generally accompanied by rain, with a high and falling barometer, and are usually not violent. The south-west and westerly winds are generally high, often violent, and accompanied with a low barometer. It is from the south-west that the cyclones or typhoons almost invariably come. On clear and pleasant days, which are in excess of all others, there is a regular land and sea breeze at all seasons.

"The rain-fall is above the average of most countries, varying greatly, however, in different years. About two-thirds of the rain falls during the six months from April to October.

"The steady hot weather, when it is considered safe to change to light summer clothing, does not generally set in till the latter decade of June or 1st of July, and ends, often very abruptly, about the middle of September.

"The snow-fall is for the most part light, not often exceeding two or three inches. In 1861, on one occasion, it fell to the depth of twenty inches. The ice seldom exceeds one inch or one and a half inches in thickness. Fogs are rarely noticed, so also is hail. Thunder-storms are neither frequent nor severe. Earthquake shocks are frequent, averaging more than one a month; but hitherto, since the residence of foreigners in Yokohama, no very severe or dangerous shocks have occurred."

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F, for words in Dutch books, or in writings copied therefrom, see under *H*, or *A*. In foreign books, *f* or *ff* is often inserted, or made terminal in a Japanese word which ends in an open vowel. Thus Shikokŭ and Hokusai, appear as Shikokf, Hokffsai, etc.
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H. In Dutch and Portuguese books *f* often takes the place of *h.* See under *F.* In combination, or by *nigori,* becomes *b, f,* or *p.*
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J, derived from *chi* or *shi* by *nigori*, or in combination. See, also, under *Y*, *E*, or *Z.*
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L. There is no letter *l* in Japanese. The name Liu Kiu is Chinese; Japanese, Riu Kiu. The Kurile, or Kuril, Islands derive their name from the Russian Kuril, *to smoke*, from the active volcanoes on them. Saghalin is Russian. See under *R.*
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Nigori, the impure or soft sound of a consonant, expressed in Japanese by two dots or a circle. *Chi* or *shi* by *nigori* become *ji; ho, bo, po; tsu, dzu; su, zu; ku, gu; fo, bo;* etc., etc.
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O, pronounced as *o* in *bone.* Ō denotes prolonged *o.*
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P is the second modification of *h* or *f*, and the first of *b*. Probably no pure Japanese word begins with *p* except onomatopes, or children's words. Double *p* (pp) in a compound word is the strengthening of a vowel and an aspirate into two explosives, a sign of careless speaking, and lack of cultivation. The repetition of the vowel and aspirate is the mark of good lingual breeding. *Nihon* and *Yohodo* of the Japanese gentleman are far more elegant than *Nippon* and *Yoppodo* of the common people. One can tell a person of cultivation by this one sound.
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S, always sibilant, as *s* in *sip*. In combination, *z*. See under *J* and *Z*.
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